★ Aug. 19, 1950

# THE NEW YORKER

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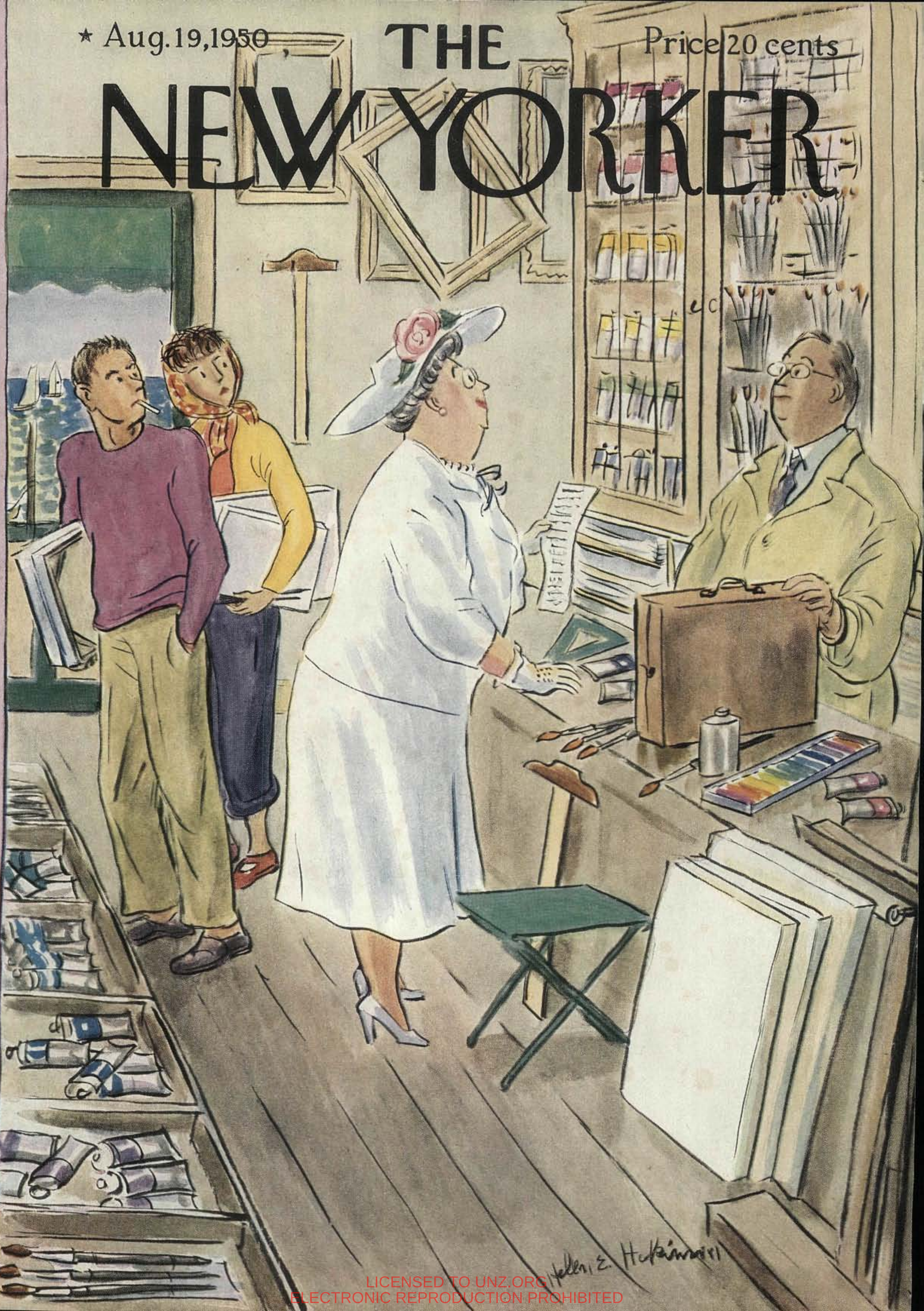
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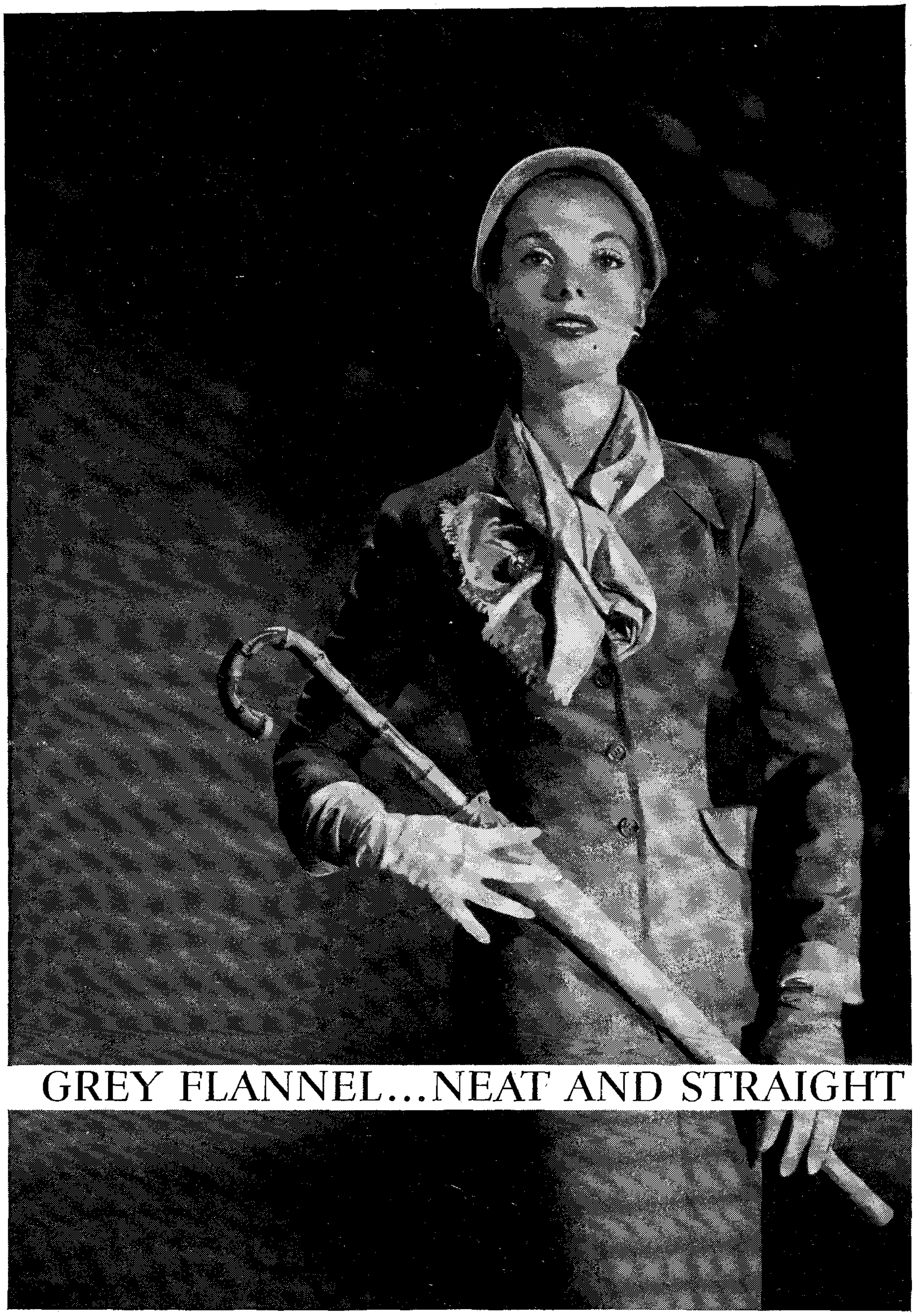

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Cocktail Party**—T. S. Eliot's arresting play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Now with Henry Daniell and Margaret Phillips, as well as Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

**The Happy Time**—A comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy. It is in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

**The Member of the Wedding**—Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel about a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody has unusual humor and pathos. Ethel Waters is enormously moving as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and eight-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Peter Pan**—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has contributed some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

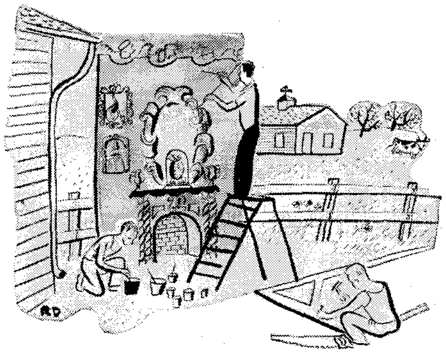
**The Wisteria Trees**—Helen Hayes is lovely and compelling in Joshua Logan's Louisiana version of "The Cherry Orchard," but the play hasn't anything like the tragic distinction of the original. Among the other Russians who have been transplanted to the Deep South are Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs**—**DEATH OF A SALESMAN**: The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Albert Dekker is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS**: The one about a Navy cargo ship during the war. With Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**The Consul**—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Patricia Neway, Gloria Lane, and Lydia Summers. Bruni Falcon substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes**—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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|  |  |  |  | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |

**Michael Todd's Peep Show**—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand;, and the cast includes Lina Romay. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Texas, Li'l Darlin'**—Reopens Monday, Aug. 21. A satire on *Life*, politics, and the State of Texas, with Kenny Delmar, Betty Jane Watson, and a lot of others. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Tickets, Please!**—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**KISS ME, KATE**: "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC**: Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza, but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?**: Ray Bolger's version of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

| | Page |
|---|---|
| BOOKS | 73 |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA | 70 |
| THE RACE TRACK | 52 |
| A REPORTER AT LARGE | 54 |

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**The Live Wire**—A comedy by Garson Kanin, produced by Michael Todd and directed by Mr. Kanin. Donald Oenslager designed the sets, and the cast includes Scott McKay, Sheila Bond, and Jack Gilford. Opens Thursday, Aug. 17. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MISCELLANY

**The Lady from the Sea**—Henrik Ibsen's play is the second in a series of four classic plays being produced by Sam Wanamaker and Terese Hayden. The cast, directed by Mr. Wanamaker, is headed by Luise Rainer. Closes Saturday, Aug. 19. The third production will be Lynn Riggs' "Borned in Texas," a new version of his earlier comedy "Roadside," with Marsha Hunt and Anthony Quinn. Opens Monday, Aug. 21, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 2. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Medium** and **The Telephone**—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Directed by Mr. Menotti. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

**Abingdon**—Thursday and Friday, Aug. 17-18: "The Comedy of Errors." Saturday, Aug. 19, and Monday, Aug. 21: "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." Tuesday, Aug. 22: "Tonight at 8:30." Wednesday, Aug. 23: "The Comedy of Errors." Thursday, Aug. 24: "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26: "The Corn Is Green." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Friday, Aug. 25, at 2:30.)

**Beverly**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Eve Arden in "Over 21." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Brian Aherne in "Dear Brutus." (North Shore Playhouse, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

**Cape May**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Nigel Bruce in "Yes, M'Lord." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N. J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

**Chatham**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "Summer and Smoke." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 23-26: "See How They Run." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

**Clinton**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "Suspect." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: "The Drunkard." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

**Cohasset**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Estelle Winwood in "Hay Fever." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Valerie Bettis, Blanche Yurka, Helmut Dantine, and Sam Wanamaker in Strindberg's "Crimes and

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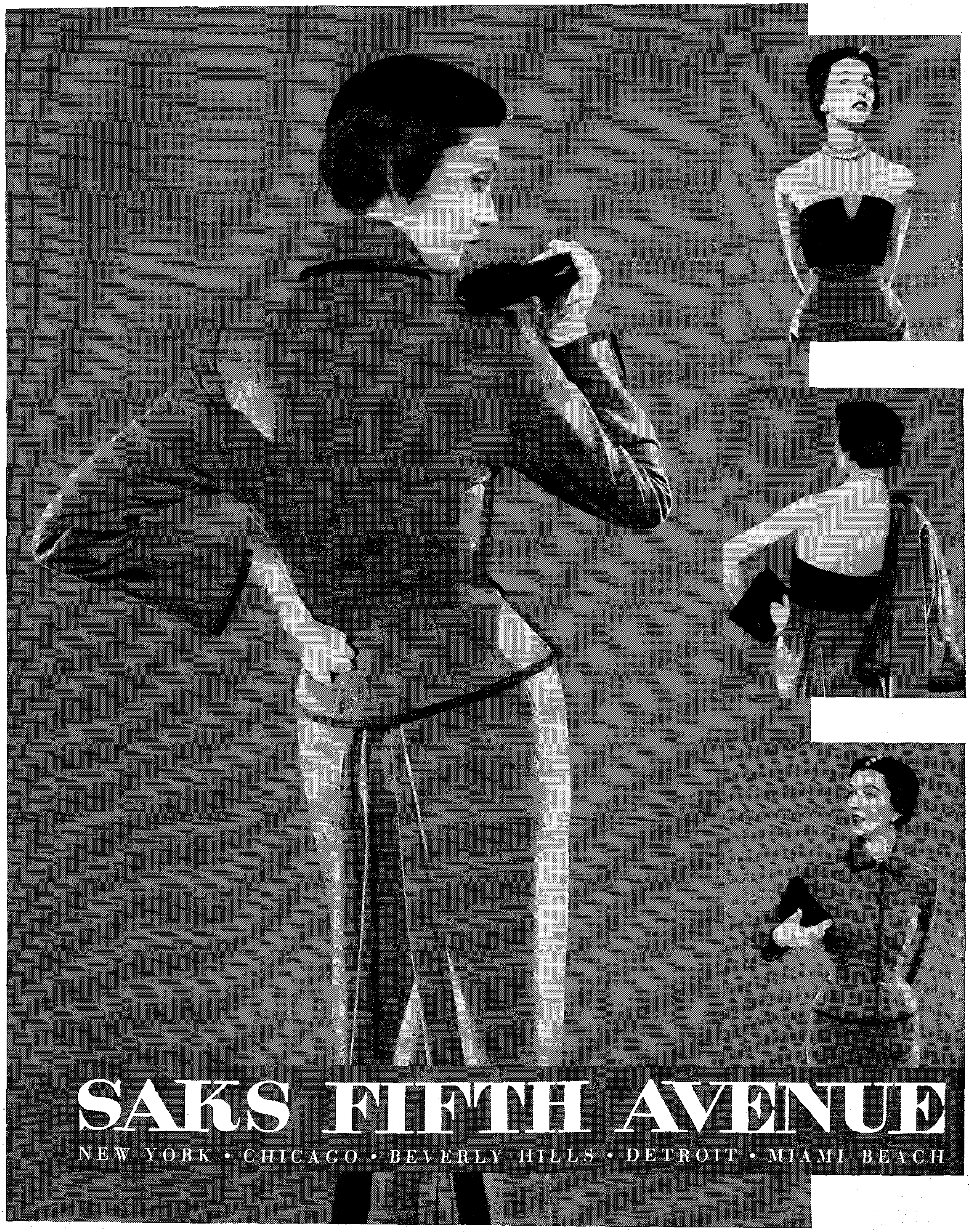

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Crimes." (Cohasset Playhouse, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

**Coonamessett**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Laraine Day in "Angel Street." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Danbury**—Through Sunday, Aug. 20: "The Fortune Teller." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 22-27: "Rio Rita." (Melody Fair, Danbury, Conn. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

**Dennis**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Nancy Guild in "Light Up the Sky." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Sylvia Sidney in "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

**East Hampton**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "Finian's Rainbow." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Jean Parker in "Born Yesterday." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

**Fayetteville**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Eva Le Gallienne in "Hedda Gabler." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26 (final performances of the season): Nancy Carroll and Glenda Farrell in "Clutterbuck." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:45.)

**Fitchburg**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "Blithe Spirit." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Edward Arnold in "Apple of His Eye." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

**Guilford**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: "You Have to Be Crazy," a new comedy. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

**Hyannis**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "The Desert Song." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: "The Merry Widow." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Lambertville**—Through Sunday, Aug. 20: "Brigadoon." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 22-27: "Hit the Deck." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

**Marblehead**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Sylvia Sidney in "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Kay Francis in "The Web and the Rock," a new play by Lester Cohen, based on Thomas Wolfe's novel. (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

**Matunuck**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Jane and Betty Kean in "See How They Run." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Vicki Cummings in "Private Lives." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Millburn**—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: "Naughty Marietta." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Mountainhome**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Vicki Cummings in "Light Up the Sky." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Basil Rathbone and Meg Mundy in "The Winslow Boy." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Mount Kisco**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Freddie Bartholomew in "See How They Run." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Mady Christians in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

**Moylan**—Thursday, Aug. 17: "Nathan the Wise." Friday, Aug. 18: "The Quick and the Dead." Saturday, Aug. 19: "The Cherry Orchard." Tuesday, Aug. 22: "Skipper Next to God." Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 23-24: "The Cherry Orchard." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26: "Nathan the Wise." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

**New Hope**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Sam Levene and Margie Hart in "Light Up the Sky." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Lionel Stander in "Born Yesterday." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Newport**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Marsha Hunt and Anthony Quinn in "Borned in Texas." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Florence Reed in "The Circle." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Norwich**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Edward Arnold in "Apple of His Eye." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Nancy Walker in "On the Town." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Ogunquit**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Leo G. Carroll in "Once an Actor," a new play by Rosemary Casey. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Imogene Coca in "Happy Birthday." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

**Olney**—Through Sunday, Aug. 20: Hildegarde in a song-and-piano recital. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 22-27: Burl Ives in "Knickerbocker Holiday." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Pawling**—Through Sunday, Aug. 20: "Lady Be Good." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 22-27: "Little Women." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

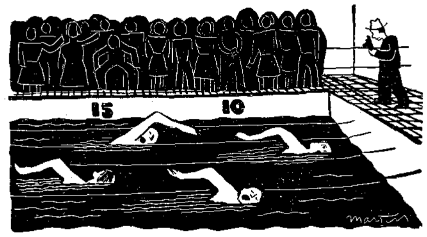
**Peterborough**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "The Fatal Weakness." Starting Wednesday, Aug. 23: "On the Town." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

**Princeton**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19 (final performances of the season): Zachary Scott in "Blind Alley." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

**Provincetown**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "The Golden Cuckoo," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: "Much Ado About Nothing." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

**Saratoga**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Kay Francis in "The Web and the Rock," a new play by Lester Cohen, based on Thomas Wolfe's novel. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26 (final performances of the season): Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Sea Cliff**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Gale Sondergaard and Herbert Berghof in "Barefoot at Canossa," a new play. (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturday, Aug. 19, at 2:30.)



**Skowhegan**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: "Light Up the Sky." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Smithtown Branch**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "Anna Lucasta." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: "Of Sugar and Spice," a new musical. (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

**Stockbridge**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: "The Gay Divorce." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: "January Thaw." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Westport**—Through Saturday, Aug. 19: Lillian Gish in a new play by R. C. Sherriff, "Miss Mabel." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26: Eve Arden in "Over 21." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

**Woodstock**—Through Sunday, Aug. 20: "The Taming of the Shrew." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 22-27: "Saint Joan." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Thursdays at 2:45.)

**Note**—**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival:** Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19: Patricia Bowman, Myra Kinch and her company, and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26: Ted Shawn and his company, La Meri, and others. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9; through Saturday, Sept. 2.) . . . **American Dance Festival:** Dance programs, including several new works, with the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Company, José Limón and his company, Pearl Primus and her group, and others. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Friday at 8:30, Saturday at 2:30 and 8:30, and Sunday at 4:30; through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**Ambassador,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The subterranean Garden, the closest most of us will ever get to Down Under, has Jules Lande's dance band, except on Sundays.

**Astor Roof,** Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Xavier Cugat, that jolly old fiddler, and his mad Mexican mountain music. Alan Holmes' band fills in the chinks nicely. Closed Sundays.

**Biltmore,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra during cocktails, except Sundays, "under the clock," and at dinner, except Saturdays and Sundays, on the Cascades Roof, where Dr. Sydney Ross prestidigitates now and then. No dancing anywhere.

**Bossert,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—The Marine Roof, in mothballs for a few seasons, is again in operation, offering the dance band of Bob Collum and the best view west of Mount Everest. The view begins at six, the band at nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

**Café Society,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Gigi Durston, now a singer of sweet-girl-postgraduate songs, presides here. Will Jordan, a well-armed funnyman, is the court jester. Dance music by Stuff Smith, his jazz violin, and his band. The perennial Cliff Jackson is at the piano during the interludes.

**Diamond Horseshoe,** 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—An enormous and sometimes lethargic minstrel show, fortunately including some fine old museum pieces, such as Walter Dere Wahl, the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, Harry Armstrong, Noble Sissle, and Billy

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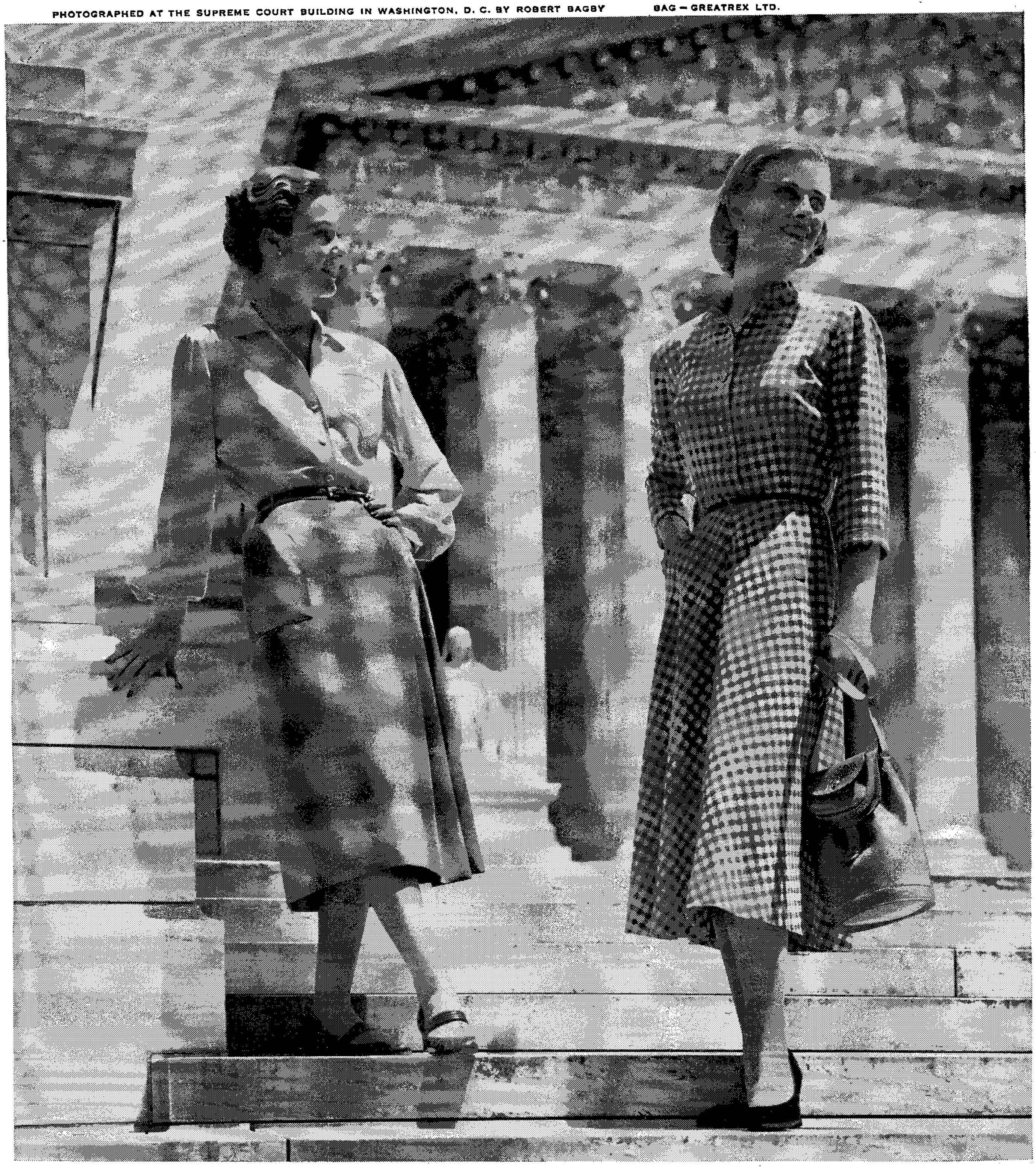

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Banks, none of whom makes a single false move. Dancing—hours of it.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fashionable photographer's studio, open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

**New Yorker,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room, twice a night, has an ice show involving Jean Arlen and some other pretty girls, plus a supply of the usual horseplay. Bernie Cummins' and Peter Kent's dance orchestras. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest cocktail-hour dance music in the Café Pierre, and reappears at dinner and supper. Bernice Byres sings a few songs and Pancho Pistolas plays passionate guitar.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing, and closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**Roosevelt,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell's string band plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

**St. Regis,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—From dinnertime on, the Roof, big, pink, beautiful, and mannerly, has Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras zipping up and down on their moving platforms, and party dresses sashaying up and down the floor. Closed Sundays.

**Savoy-Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

**Statler,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jan Garber's orchestra is in the Café Rouge to take good care of dinner and supper dancers. Closed Sundays.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A hotbed of child life, where Suzy Mulligan sings the lullabies. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

**Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Refugees from the sticky asphalt at ease with the bees in the breeze by the trees. Dancing.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A good substitute for a summer in that dream château on the Loire. This one has air-conditioning, Emile Petti's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and the songs of Bernice Parks.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, at dinner and supper, Griff Williams' large orchestra plays for dancing, and Phil Spitalny's Ladies' Guild indulges in fairly elaborate calisthenics. Sundays, there is no show, but Mischa Borr's band works until midnight. On Monday, Aug. 21, Fran Warren, an artful canary, replaces Mr. Spitalny's sideshow.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Eadie and Rack, co-inventors of the most beguiling piano music in town, have this alcove all to themselves this summer. They're around from nine o'clock on, except Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music, after nine-thirty, for a phrenetic group of midtowners. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, prowler string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio tinkling along after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed plays piano. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Jack Kerr and a newcomer named Marion Paige are the local warblers. Bob Downey and Hazel Webster play piano. . . .

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**NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of inspirational décor. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, where Ellis Larkin plays quiet but persuasive piano, Mabel Mercer offers her musings on the vicissitudes of love in this towering metropolis. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Miss Mercer and Mr. Hamilton take Sunday off; Mr. Larkin takes Monday off. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, an L.P. record of yesteryear's best tunes, strokes his piano from dinnertime on and later is the background for Kay Penton's lazy, languorous, love-in-a-mist singing. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, that indomitable steam calliope, is back with her old pals—Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, who sing nostalgically, and Garland Wilson, who fools around on the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from six to twelve, except Sundays.

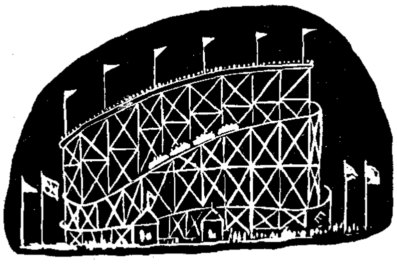
### BIG AND BRASSY

**COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Betty Reilly, a fetching and active lass, knee-deep in a floor show that is largely much ado about nothing. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Billy Daniels, a celebrated balladeer whose footwork will remind oldsters of Ty Cobb stealing home, and Jack Cole and his ballet group, whose footwork is sometimes bewitched, sometimes bothered, and sometimes a bit bewildered. Pupi Campo's and Walter Nye's orchestras are on the revolving bandstand.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Nary a zither player in this hallowed hall, where Wild Bill Davison flexes his mighty wind machine every hour on the half hour. Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Mr. Condon add their own hot licks, and Ralph Sutton puts in some fancy fingerwork on the old upright between sets. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): A great deal of tumult, not all of it strictly essential, by Louis Jordan's Tympany Five, Lester Young's band, and the Les Paul Trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Except Sundays, Joe Bushkin's piano and trio operate at a sparkling hand gallop on a small race track inside the bar of the Mermaid Room. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Lennie Tristano, one of the most inventive abstract pianists, heads a quintet; Dizzy Gillespie and his screech-owl horn heads an unruly group of seventeen more-or-less musicians; Harry Belafonté raises his eloquent voice over the uproar. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night saturnalias. On Aug. 18, Wild Bill Davison and his bully boys (Bobby Hackett, Benny Morton, Frank Signorelli, and George Wettling) will stage a warm reception for Oran Page and his roisterers (Rex Stewart, Wilbur de Paris, Buster Bailey, and James P. Johnson). . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night revelry. This week (Aug. 18), the fun will be in charge of Big Sid Catlett, Big Chief Russell Moore, Fletcher Henderson, Willie the Lion Smith, Gene Sedric, Dick Cary, and Kansas Fields.



### IN THE COUNTRY

**Dancing—GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Bill Cooper's orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Irving Fields' trio, except Mondays.

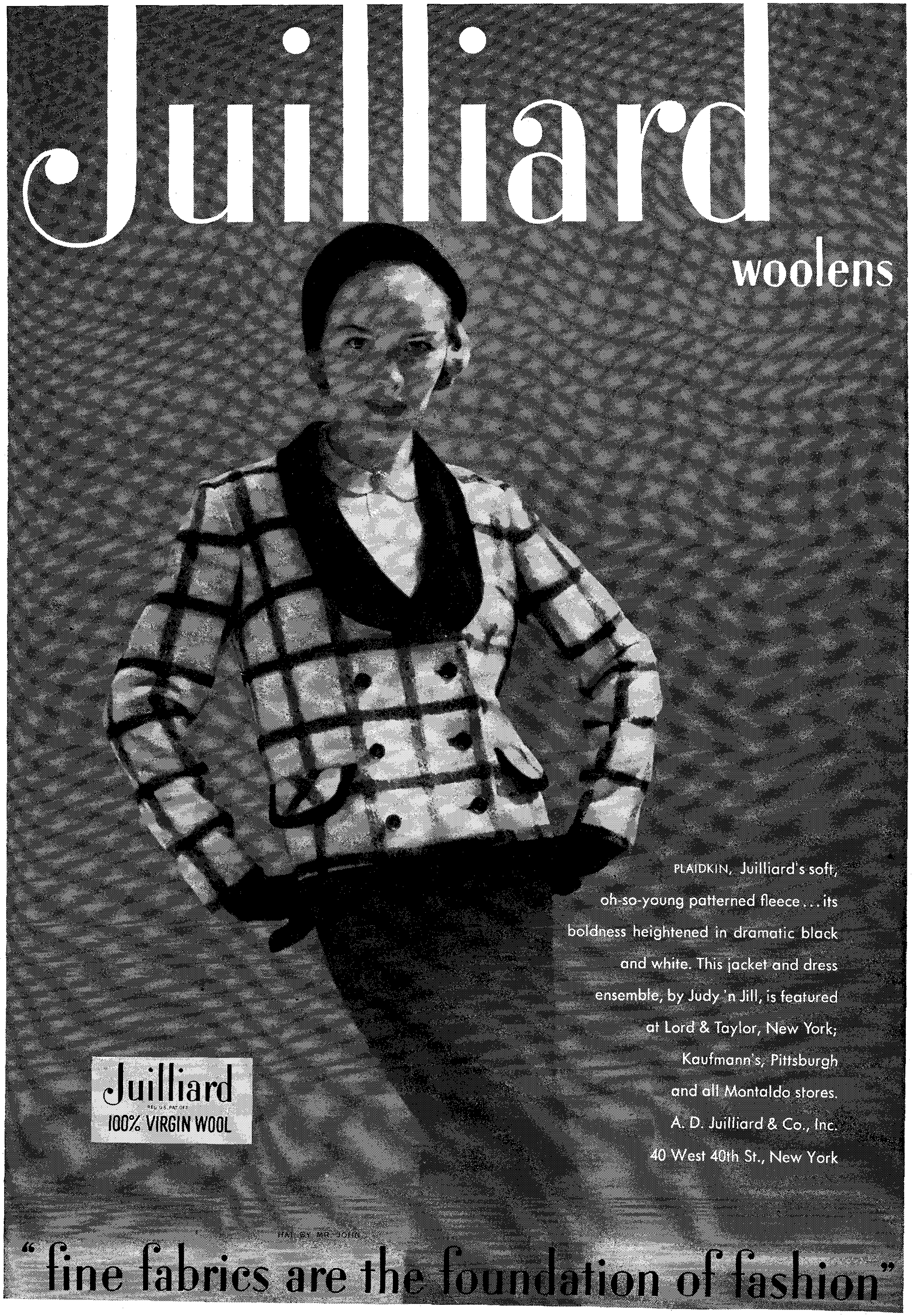
**Dinner**—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays. . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano after ten, except Tuesdays. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Fridays.)

### GALLERIES

**Group Shows**—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings by George Grosz, Doris Lee, Fletcher Martin, and others; through Sept. 1. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twen-



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tieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 8. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of canvases and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others, plus a group show centered on 57th Street scenes and personalities. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant lot of oils and other works by such gallery artists as Paul Klee, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through Aug. 31. . . . **HACKER**, 24 W. 58th St.: Prints by Stanley William Hayter, Karl Schrag, Seong Moy, and others; through Sept. 2. Open Saturdays, 10 to 1:30. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings by the gallery's group, including William Baziotes, Robert Motherwell, and Adolph Gottlieb; through Sept. 1. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, among them John Sloan and William Kienbusch, in a showing of oils; through Aug. 31. . . . **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: The third part of this gallery's seasonal retrospective, with works by Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, José de Rivera, and others; through Sept. 1. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1. . . . **SALPETER**, 36 W. 56th St.: New paintings, in several mediums, by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, and Charles Heidenreich, among others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 30. . . . **WELLONS**, 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Manship, William Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30. Open Saturdays.

**LANDSCAPES**—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Aug. 31.)

**PRINTS**—An exhibition spanning the past half century. Artists of several countries are represented, among them Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Oct. 21.)

**TIBETAN ART**—Religious art objects, including images, masks, sacrificial daggers, and paintings. (Brentano's, 586 Fifth Ave., at 47th St.; through Sept. 1.)

**THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING**—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 1.)

### MUSEUMS

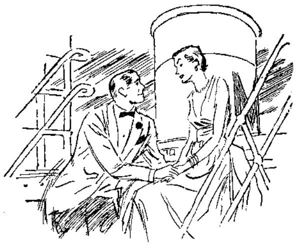
**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A display of work representative of three modern styles—Art Nouveau, Cubist-Geometric, and Free Form—plus a small group of sculptures by Mary Callery, Theodore Roszak, and others. Both through Sept. 10. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Aug. 31.)

**NEWARK MUSEUM**, 49 Washington St., Newark—Twenty-seven pieces of sculpture by such contemporaries as Calder, Lachaise, Zorach,



*Which memory will you cherish most?* Maybe it's the flowers and music of sailing day, or your first star-filled night at sea, or the games you play, the friends you meet, the golden hours you enjoy in a deck chair. Or perhaps it's the memory of true Hawaiian hospitality—at sea and in the Islands. For that vacation you'll remember forever,

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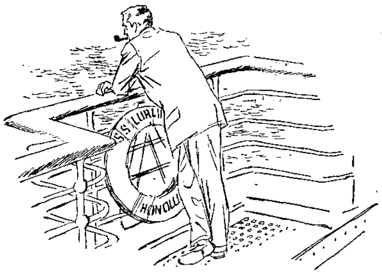
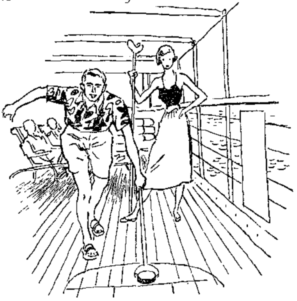
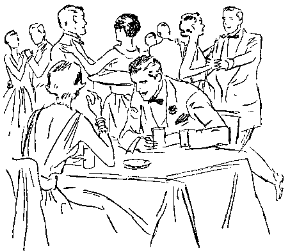


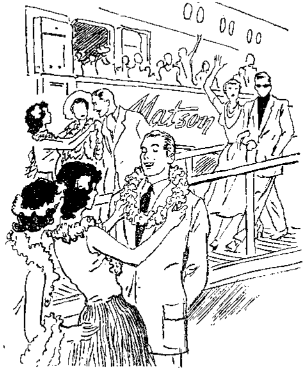
*You relax in the Pacific sun.*



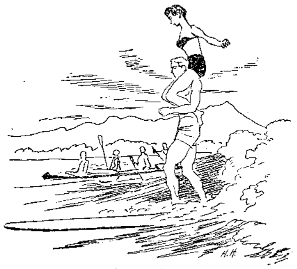
*You play deck games at sea.*



*You dance, dine superbly.*



*You're welcomed warmly.*



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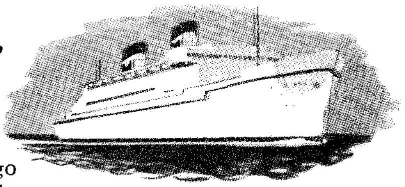

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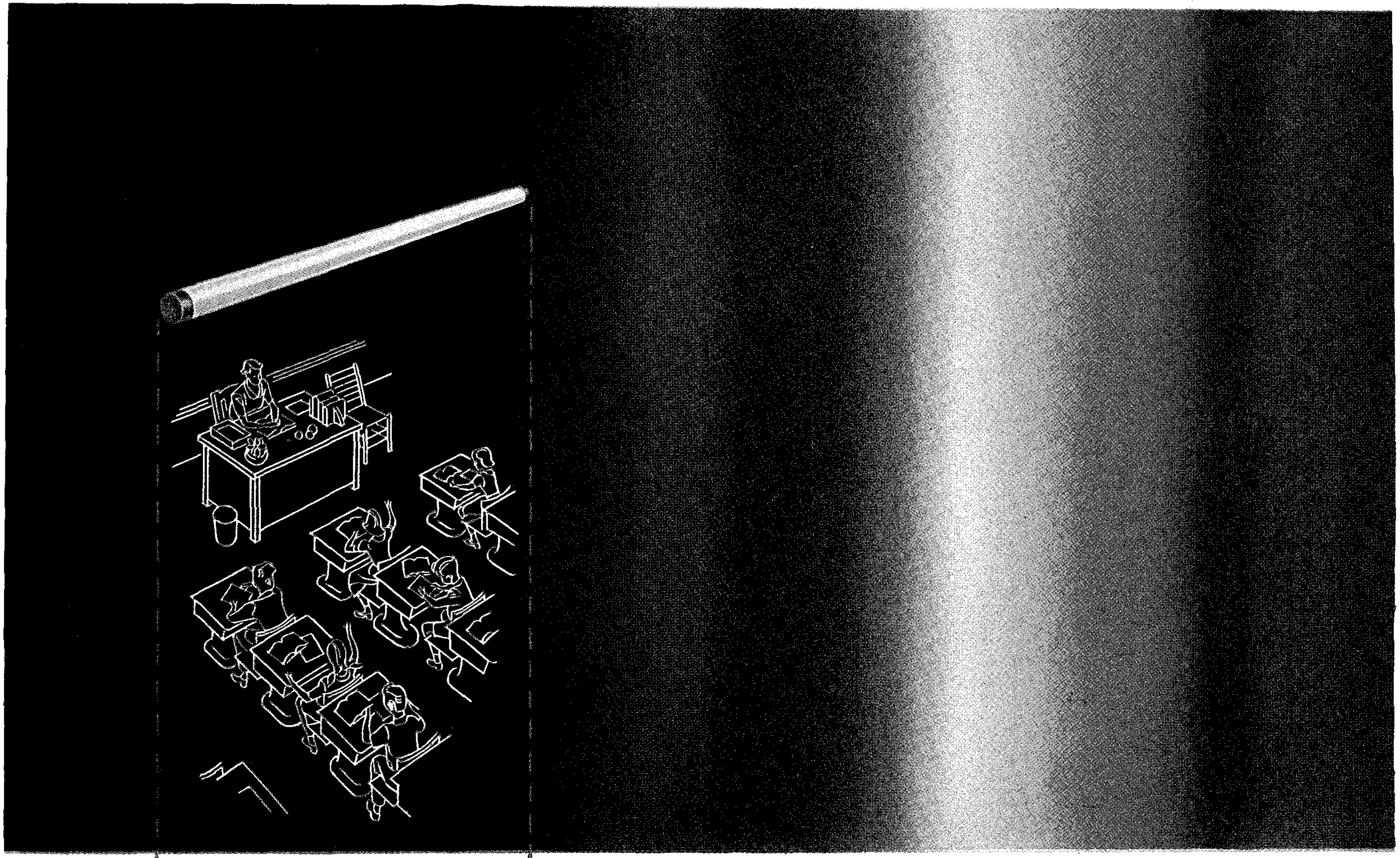

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Epstein, and Maldarelli. (Weekdays, noon to 5; Thursday evenings, 6:30 to 9; Sundays, 2 to 6; through Sept. 30.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Student work from a number of art schools and universities throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 24. . . . CANAAN, N.Y. Berkshire Art Center: John Marin, William Thon, Julian Levi, and others. Daily, 3 to 6; through Sept. 4. . . . DENNIS, MASS. Cape Arts Center: Chiefly water colors and gouaches by such artists as Karl Knaths and Sol Wilson. Weekdays, 9 to noon, 1:30 to 4:30, and 7 to 9:15; through Aug. 31. . . . EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: Twelfth annual exhibition by Guild Hall members. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 6; through Aug. 30. . . . ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: A members' group show; through Aug. 20. Starting the next day, an open show. Daily, 1 to 5. . . . GLOUCESTER, MASS. North Shore Arts Association: Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Anthony Thieme, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Sept. 17. . . . HYANNIS, MASS. Cape Cod Art Association: Elliott Orr, Xavier Gonzalez, and others. Daily, 10 to noon, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10; through Sept. 9. . . . KENT, CONN. Kent Art Association: Twenty-second annual display of members' work. Daily, 2 to 6; starting Aug. 19. . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30; through Sept. 4. . . . NORWALK, CONN. Silvermine Guild of Artists: "Religion in Art," a group show. Daily, except Tuesdays, 1 to 6; through Aug. 26. . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Ogunquit Art Association: Thirtieth annual exhibition of paintings. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30; through Sept. 4. . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS. The Berkshire Museum: Sculpture by Daniel Chester French. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Aug. 31. . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: French and American moderns, including Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and André Lanskoy. Daily, 10 to 10; through Sept. 4. . . . ROCKLAND, MAINE. William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: Oils, water colors, and drawings by about forty artists who have worked on Monhegan Island, among them George Bellows, Reuben Tam, and Milton Avery. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 30. . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: Stow Wengenroth, Gifford Beal, Ted Kautzky, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 6; through Sept. 17. . . . SALISBURY, CONN. George Baer Gallery: Paintings by "The Eight," among whom are Luks, Prendergast, and Sloan, along with work by such younger artists as Karl Schrag and William Kienbusch. Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Sept. 5. . . . NOTE: Around a hundred original drawings by the late Helen E. Hokinson will be auctioned off at the Wilton, Conn., Congregational Church fair on Saturday, Aug. 26, at 11, 2, and 4. The drawings will be on exhibition Friday, Aug. 25, from 10 to 10.

## MUSIC

**CONNECTICUT POPS CONCERT**—Gustave Haenschen conducting the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra in an all-Rodgers-and-Hammerstein program, with Annamary Dickey, soprano; Kay Armen, mezzo-soprano; and Conrad Thibault, baritone. (Fairfield University Field, Fairfield, Conn. Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:45.)

**SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER**—Alan Carter conducting the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, with Stell Andersen, piano. (Manchester, Vt. Saturday, Aug. 26, at 2.)

**BERKSHIRE QUARTET**—A series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thursday, Aug. 17, at 1:30 (double-header). . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 19, at

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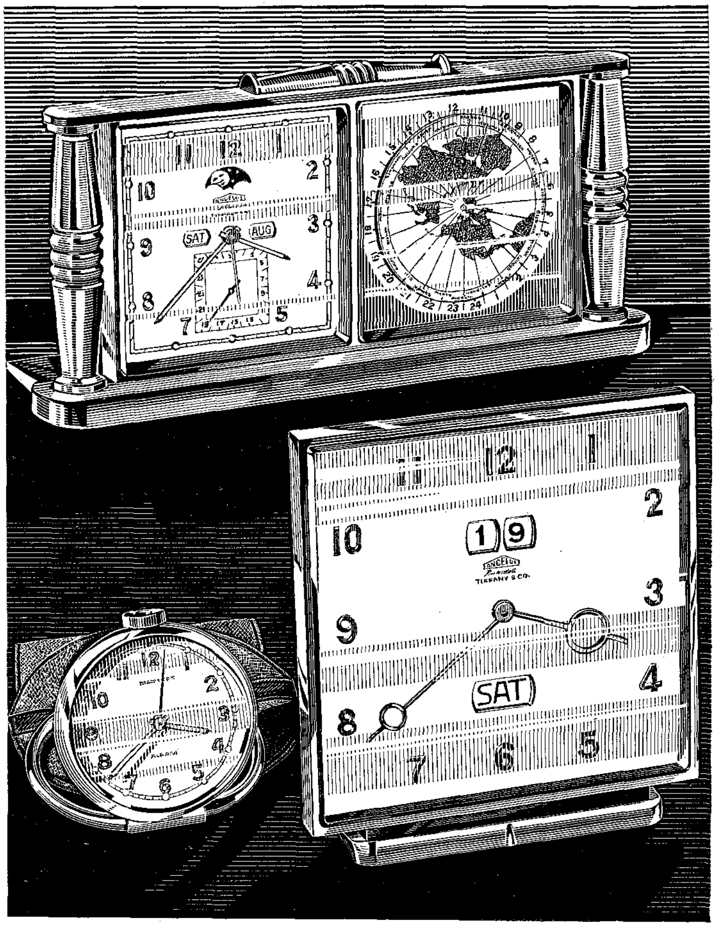

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2:30; and Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 19, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 22-24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 26, at 2.

**Golf**—Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Bonnie Briar Country Club, Larchmont. Through Thursday, Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Minneapolis Golf Club, Minneapolis. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 21-26.)

**Polo**—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. A match in the National Twenty-Goal Tournament, Sunday, Aug. 20. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:30, for the benefit of the *Journal-American* Sandlot Fund; and Sundays at 3:30.

**Racing**—At Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Grand Union Hotel and the Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 19; the Alabama, Wednesday, Aug. 23; the Saratoga Cup, Thursday, Aug. 24; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 26.

**Tennis**—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup Matches. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 25-27. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

**Trotting**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:40; through Monday, Aug. 28. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

**Yachting**—New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New Bedford, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19.)

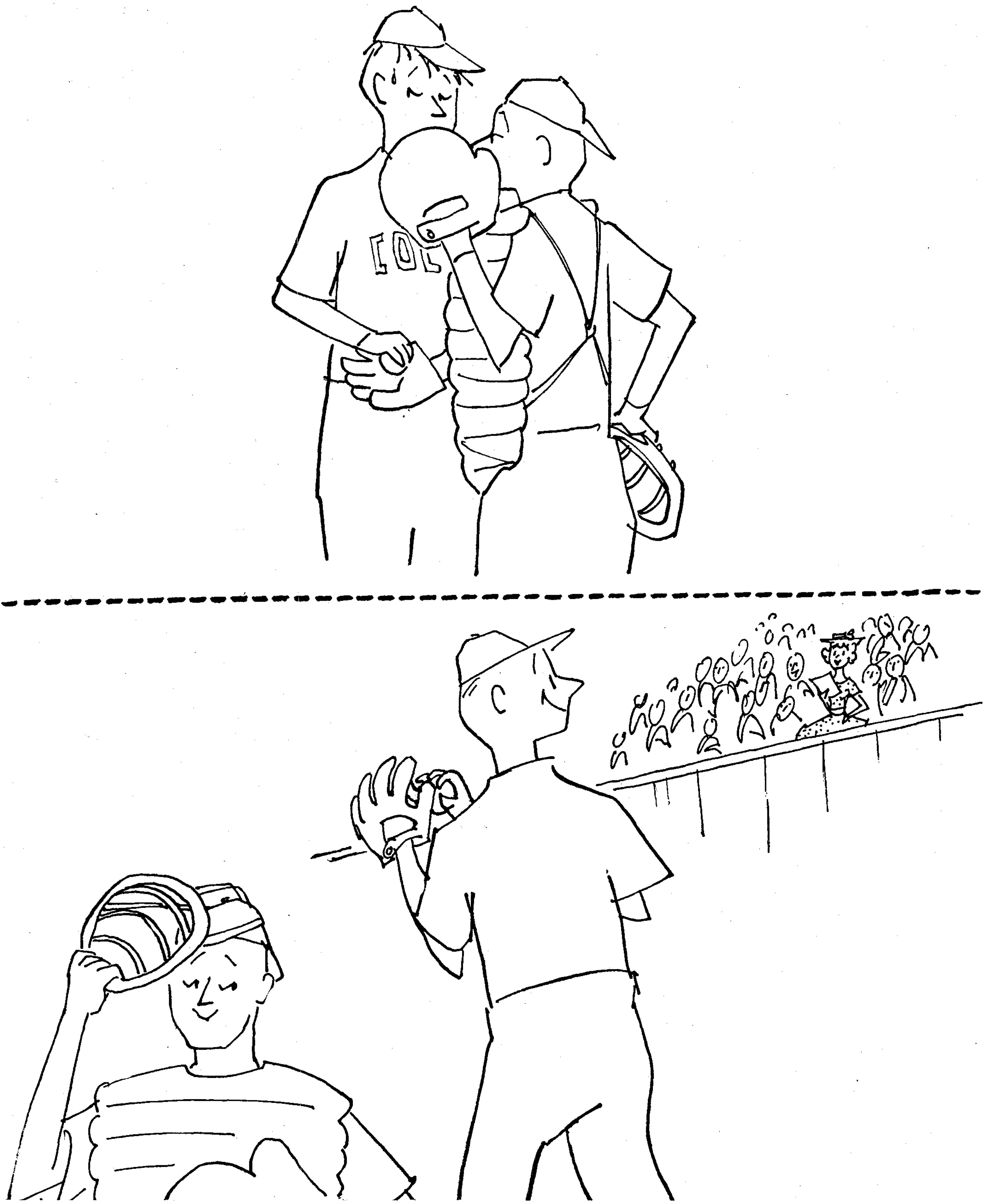
## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

**Hayden Planetarium**—The summer show is called "A Trip to the Moon." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

**Transatlantic Liners**—De Grasse: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 17; sails Saturday, Aug. 19, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Mauretania: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 17; sails Saturday, Aug. 19, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ America: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 17; sails Tuesday, Aug. 22, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Washington: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 17; sails Wednesday, Aug. 23, at noon. . . . ¶ Parthia: Sails Friday, Aug. 18, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Ile-de-France: Arrives Friday, Aug. 18; sails Saturday, Aug. 19, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, Aug. 19; sails Wednesday, Aug. 23, at midnight. . . . ¶ Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Monday, Aug. 21; sails Tuesday, Aug. 22, at midnight. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Tuesday, Aug. 22; sails Thursday, Aug. 24, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Liberté (formerly the Europa): Arrives on its postwar maiden voyage Wednesday, Aug. 23; sails Friday, Aug. 25, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Arrives Saturday, Aug. 26.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nor the power of the magazine that outsells* every weekly, and every other monthly magazine in the world at newsstands—LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

*ABC averages, 12 months, 1949; ABC report, first 3 months, 1950

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**The Bicycle Thief**—The tragedy of a man who loses his bicycle, a necessary tool of his trade. An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, that ranks with the best ever to turn up. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Aug. 20.)

**The Fallen Idol**—A small boy's introduction to a bewildering adult world in which illicit love and violent death figure prominently. A British picture, and a fine one. Bobby Henrey, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan participate. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 18-21. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 22-23. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; starting Aug. 23.)

**Panic in the Streets**—Richard Widmark, as a United States Public Health doctor, and Paul Douglas, as a city detective, turn the New Orleans underworld inside out, tracking down carriers of pneumonic plague. Exciting stuff, excitingly directed by Elia Kazan. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Walter Palance, and Zero Mostel. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; Aug. 17.)

**The Red Shoes**—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

**The Third Man**—A sporadically interesting melodrama about postwar Vienna. Written by Graham Greene and directed by Carol Reed, the film features Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Orson Welles. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; starting Aug. 23.)

**The Walls of Malapaga**—Jean Gabin as an aging French fugitive having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film that is first-rate all along the line. Isa Miranda assists Gabin. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Aug. 22.)

**The Winslow Boy**—An absorbing account of how a beleaguered father clears the name of his son, who has been expelled from an English naval academy because he is allegedly a thief. An English film, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton, and Francis L. Sullivan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

## REVIVALS

**All Quiet on the Western Front** (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

**The Baker's Wife** (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Aug. 22, tentative.)

**Black Narcissus** (1947)—Some nuns on a Himalayan mountain peak. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr, David Farrar, and Flora Robson. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 20-21.)

**City Lights** (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through Aug. 21.)

**Crime and Punishment** (1935)—Harry Baur in a French screen adaptation of Dostoevski's novel. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

**A Day at the Races** (1937)—The Marx Brothers at— well, at the races. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555; through Aug. 18.)

**Dead of Night** (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

**The Forgotten Village** (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

**Harvest** (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Aug. 23, tentative.)

**The Idiot** (1948)—A French interpretation of another Dostoevski novel. With Gérard Philipe. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 18.)

**Marie Louise** (1945)—A story about French children in Switzerland during the war. In French and German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 21.)

**Monsieur Vincent** (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of Saint Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 20.)

**Mutiny on the Bounty** (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555; through Aug. 18.)

**Open City** (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 20-21.)

**Paisan** (1948)—An Italian picture concerning the invasion of Italy. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 23.)

**The Quiet One** (1949)—The documentary story of a tragic young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 17.)

**The Seventh Veil** (1945)—Good music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Aug. 18. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

**Storm in a Teacup** (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. With Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Aug. 17.)

**Symphonie Pastorale** (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor. A French picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 19. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Aug. 23, tentative.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through Aug. 20: "Casablanca" (1942), with Ingrid Bergman, Humphrey Bogart, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ "Top Hat" (1935), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

## THE BROADWAY AREA

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Joan Evans.

**Bijou**, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
**THE RED SHOES.**

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Petty Girl," Joan Caulfield, Robert Cummings.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Abbott and Costello in the Foreign Legion."

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Aug. 18: **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.
From Aug. 19: "The Torch," Paulette Goddard.

**Little CinéMet**, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Aug. 19: "The Lost One" (in Italian), revival; and "One Night of Love," revival, Grace Moore.
Aug. 20-22: "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival, Ferruccio Tagliavini; and "Amami Alfredo" (in Italian), revival.
From Aug. 23: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Treasure Island," Bobby Driscoll, Robert Newton.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Sunset Boulevard," Gloria Swanson, William Holden, Erich von Stroheim.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Furies," Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"No Way Out," Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell.

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Aug. 17: **PANIC IN THE STREETS.**
From Aug. 18: "Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Three Little Words," Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, Red Skelton.

**Strand**, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," James Cagney.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Aug. 20: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian).
From Aug. 21: "Difficult Years" (in Italian).

Super
Dynaflow

*Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.*

# It takes a fine big family

At least two enterprising parents and a real houseful of young fry—that's what it takes to fill this strapping big Buick.

Fill it comfortably, that is.

There's room here for youngsters to stand, sit, or curl up in a seat-corner — with safety *plate* glass all around them.

You can range them on that broad rear seat, knowing that Buick's coil spring ride is smooth there as it is up front—even on picnic-land lanes.

You can count on the steady going of wide Safety-Ride rims and low-pressure tires, the straight-ahead thrust of torque-tube that keeps rear wheels in line.

And you find more fun than anybody!

There's the lift of plenty Fireball power as you ramble up hill and down dale—and the downright comfort of Dynaflow Drive* that ends fiddling with gears and fussing with a clutch.

Then there's this happy thought for the one who minds the family budget . . .

Buick SPECIAL prices begin just *a bit above those on cars in the lowest price class.* And SUPER and ROADMASTER models extend Buick coverage right up to the fine-car field.

Your Buick dealer will gladly show you the car your taste and fortune will take to best. See him tomorrow—make it a family affair.

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

---

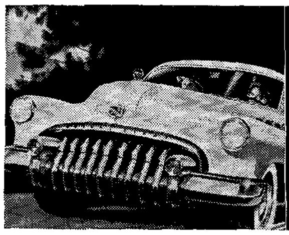
**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*

***Only BUICK has Dynaflow and with it goes:***

**HIGHER-COMPRESSION** Fireball valve-in-head power in three engines. (New F-263 engine in **SUPER** models.) • **NEW-PATTERN STYLING,** with **MULTI-GUARD** forefront, taper-through fenders, "double bubble" taillights • **WIDE-ANGLE VISIBILITY,** close-up road view both forward and back • **TRAFFIC-HANDY SIZE,** less over-all length for easier parking and garaging, short turning radius • **EXTRA-WIDE SEATS** cradled between the axles • **SOFT BUICK RIDE,** from all-coil springing, Safety-Ride rims, low-pressure tires, ride-steadying torque-tube • **WIDE ARRAY OF MODELS** with Body by Fisher.

***FOUR-WAY FOREFRONT***

*This rugged front end (1) sets the style note, (2) saves on repair costs — vertical bars are individually replaceable, (3) avoids "locking horns," (4) makes parking and garaging easier.*



***WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE***

## "Better buy Buick"

***When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them***

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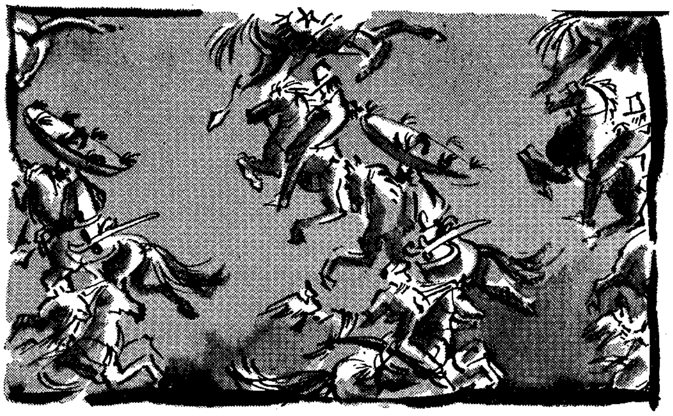
*Your Key to Greater Value*



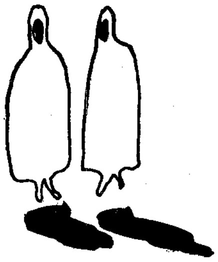
See these fabrics in our modern rooms, eighth floor

# AGADIR BAZAAR*

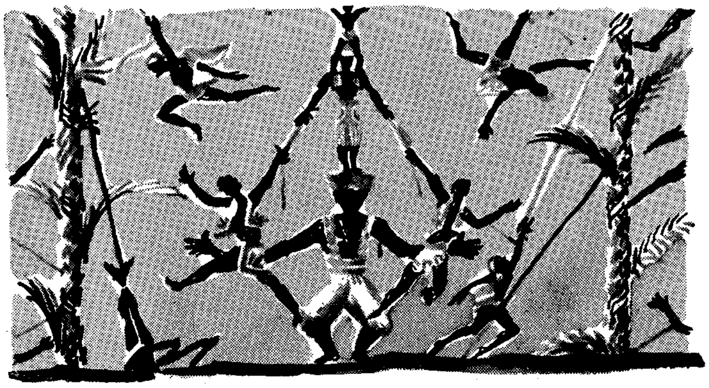
. . . high fashion for your important Fall decorating . . . a new group of fabrics, inspired by the color, mystery and enchantment of Morocco . . . brilliantly interpreted by Jay Gresham . . . reproduced by F. Schumacher . . . available only at Altman's in New York. See their color-splashed beauty lavishly displayed in our miniature "Agadir Bazaar" on the fourth floor.

Cotton prints, rayon antiqued satins and upholstery fabrics (some with matching wall paper) with such storied names as these:

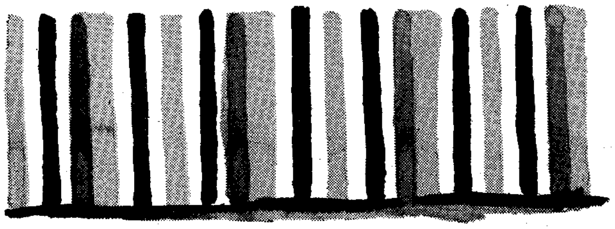
Alhambra
Agadir Bazaar
Casbah Wall
Somali Leopard
Telouet Tile
Tent Stripe
Legionnaires
Tumblers of Rabat
Maroc plaid
Minaret Cloth
Bedouin Boucle



Altman upholstery fabrics, fourth floor



*French Moroccan "Festival of Friendship" held annually in Morocco



**B. ALTMAN & CO.**
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
MURRAY HILL 9-7000

THE NEW YORKER

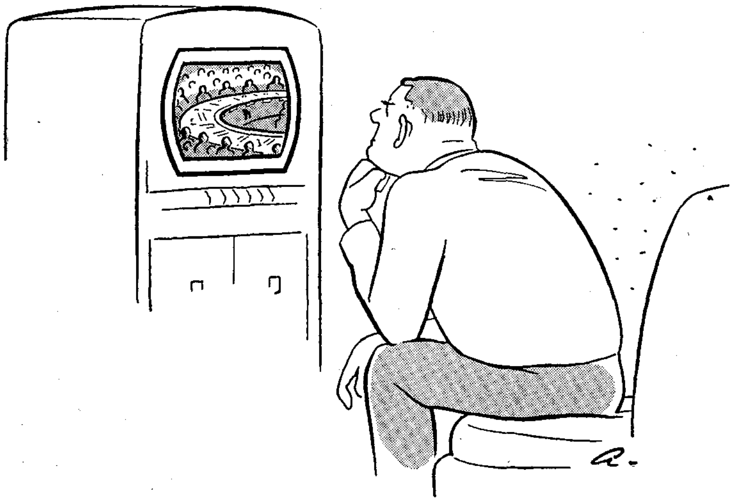
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

JUNGLE DRUMS NOTE: An anthropologist we know is going into the interior of Brazil to study one of the primitive Indian groups there. Before buying his equipment, he checked with the organization sponsoring his trip to find out what items of trade goods are currently most in demand among the natives. Ball-point pens, he was told.

FOR the benefit of any historians who in the future may be called upon to decide the exact moment at which television caught up with and passed radio, we record what happened at 3 P.M. on August 1st. At that hour, the N.B.C. and C.B.S. television networks began their memorable coverage of the meeting of the Security Council that followed Mr. Malik's return, and simultaneously the N.B.C. and C.B.S. radio networks went on the air with a brace of regular afternoon soap operas entitled "Life Can Be Beautiful" and "Nona from Nowhere."

TWICE lately, we have come upon evidence of an astonishing new trend in advertising, an apparent attempt to break up the happy solidarity of the American home, which the ads have heretofore done so much to promote. First, there was a radio commercial for Philco containing the sly hint that "a single-room air-conditioner costs less than a two-week family vacation," and then a Regan Furniture Corporation ad in the *Times* embodying the seductive argument "For less than the cost of a trip to the Rockies or Bar Harbor . . . give yourself an inspiring new setting to look forward to each day—a new, completely planned, beautifully redecorated office." We realize that a newly air-conditioned and redecorated office would be an inspiration to any man, probably spurring him to prodigious accomplishments, but how could the poor devil ever explain to the little woman and the kiddies that he'd blown two summer vacations on his own creature comforts and that for the next couple of years they'd have to be satisfied with a picnic at Bear Mountain or a trip on the ferry to Weehawken?



## *Quick Worker*

FRED ZINNEMANN, director of "The Men," the United Artists picture about paraplegic veterans that has received widespread approbation, has been shooting some sequences of an M-G-M film in and around New York. We went up to 336 West Seventieth Street—or, to be precise, to the sidewalk in front of this address—to see him at work the other morning, and watched him direct the exit from a taxi of John Ericson and Pier Angeli, playing the part of a young couple—an American G.I. married to a girl he met in Italy and brought home with him—in the process of moving, with their new baby, from his parents' place to their own apartment (336 West Seventieth). "Say, they're using a real baby!" exclaimed a man at our elbow, who was identified to us as Stewart Stern, co-author of the script. "They were using a doll," an M-G-M man told us, "but Zinnemann saw this mother and her baby boy looking out a window across the street and asked us to recruit the child. He thought the doll didn't create the right feeling. The baby's three months old, and it's his first job. Name's Arthur Miller. He gets fifty-five dollars a day—a bit player's salary. We had to clear it through a city agency. He's really too old—we use a three-*week* baby in the closeups."

Zinnemann, a short, slender, blue-eyed man of forty-three with fine features and curly hair, joined us during a break. We learned that he was born in Vienna, the son of a doctor, studied violin, gave it up because of insufficient talent, studied law, and gave it up because of boredom. Two movies he saw in Vienna when he was eighteen—von Stroheim's "Greed" and King Vidor's "The Big Parade"—changed the course of his life. "They made me want to become a movie director," he informed us, "so I went to Paris and studied optics, photochemistry, developing, printing, and so forth at the Ecole Technique de Photographie et de Cinématographie." He made his way to Hollywood in 1929 to study sound techniques, and presently got a job as an assistant director. Subsequently, he joined up with Robert Flaherty, the documentary-film master, in Berlin, where Flaherty was trying to arrange the making of a documentary film on Russia with a group of Russians connected with the movie industry in their own country. "They wanted propaganda and we didn't," Zinnemann said. "After two or three months of hanging around, Flaherty gave the thing up. Just listening to him talk was a liberal education for me." Zinnemann returned to Hollywood in 1931, took out citizenship papers, and embarked on a career that included the direction of such M-G-M shorts as "Friend Indeed," about Seeing-Eye dogs, and "The Story of Dr. Carver," about the Negro scientist. "I had a very tight budget and had to use my imagination," he said. "We could use only existing sets and no elaborate machinery. No cranes. No booms. In a picture that required a crowd watching a fire, I was given only ten people. I dressed one as a policeman, arranged the others with their backs to the camera, and had the policeman face them and push them back, to give the illusion of a crowd."

More recently, Zinnemann directed "The Seventh Cross," with Spencer Tracy, and "The Search," a displaced-children film he shot in Germany and Switzerland. "The Men" was photographed mostly at the Birmingham Veterans Hospital, near Los Angeles, and the cast included forty-five of its patients. Zinnemann used real paraplegics as a matter of taste and to achieve authenticity. "I wanted people who would be behaving rather than acting," he said. "The real paraplegics made jokes about their condition that sounded genuine; they'd have sounded horrible coming from actors. The patients *do* joke about their condition, you know. Their point of view is amazing. Some of the ones I used became great movie enthusiasts and started reading Hedda Hopper and so on." Exclusive of rehearsals, Zinnemann shot "The Men" in a little over three weeks. "Teresa" is the name of the movie he was making when we saw him, and he was just finishing it up after nine weeks, including rehearsals and travel time. The story of "Teresa" begins in Italy, and the Italian sequences were shot in Scascoli, a town in the Apennines, near Bologna, which Zinnemann chose because it had been heavily shelled during the war. When he got there, he found, to his horror, that the place had been almost completely rebuilt. "We persuaded the people to tear a lot of the houses down," he said. "We had to get permission from the Bishop of Bologna to destroy part of the church, which had been partly rebuilt. Of course, we paid for re-reconstruction, as well as redestruction. Most of the people there are stonemasons, and they seemed perfectly happy about it."

Zinnemann is married to a California girl and is the father of a ten-year-old boy, the possessor of a home in Santa Monica, devoted to mountain-climbing, and philosophical about what he considers a hostile attitude of the present-day public toward movies. "It just makes me want to become more inventive, and try harder," he said.

•

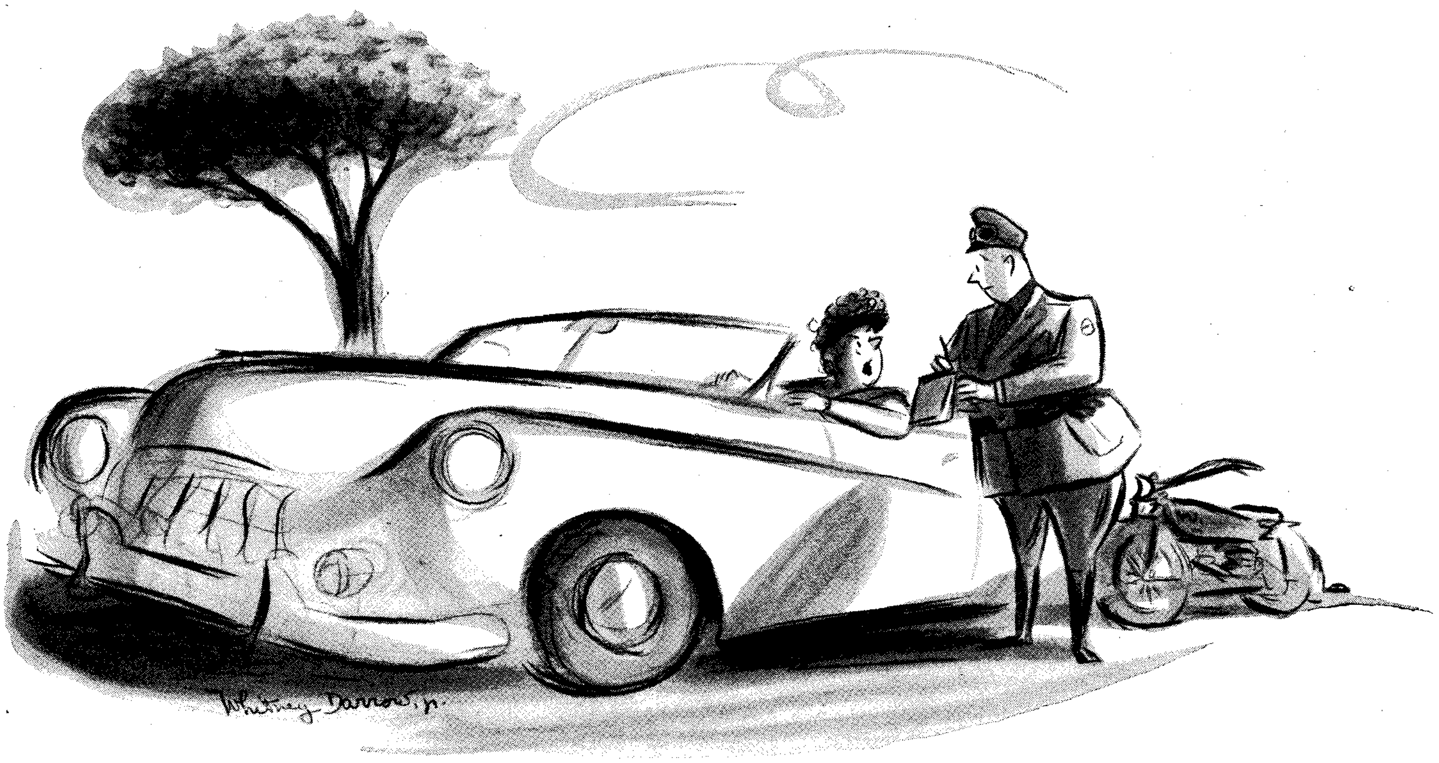
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A rather important official of a large electric-equipment company was trying to find something in his secretary's files after hours the other evening and, going through the "H" drawer, came upon a fat folder marked "Happen, Possibly Something Will."

## *No Holes, No Bulges*

THE Comet Metal Products Company, a model-manufacturing firm we mentioned fleetingly in these pages a week or so ago as the eleventh-hour supplier of minuscule tanks and jeeps for use on a television news map, is, as we surmised, all bustle and excitement these days, with orders pouring in from the Army, the Air Force, and the Navy. The models are put to two main uses by the military: helping members of the armed forces to learn to distinguish between their own ships, vehicles, and planes and those of the enemy, and helping instructors to illustrate tactical problems. Comet has its factory in Richmond Hill, not far from Jamaica, and we've been out there to visit. Joseph Slonim, the secretary-treasurer of the company, a dark-haired gentleman in his thirties, looked up from a set of blueprints he had been studying in his office to greet us and motion us to a chair. We had scarcely got seated when a secretary darted in, dumped some papers from a wire basket onto Mr. Slonim's desk, and darted out. Mr. Slonim assumed the resigned expression of a man whose work is piling up on him. A moment later, a slight man with brown hair, wearing a full-length apron, hurtled into the room, ransacked a cabinet drawer, brought forth a pair of white cotton gloves, slipped them on, and, nodding to Mr. Slonim, hurried off. Mr. Slonim identified him as his brother Sam, vice-president of Comet Metal. "He's setting up a die for a duplicator to turn out two thousand crawling G.I.s and Marines," Mr. Slonim told us. "He wears gloves so he won't get burned. You have to be very careful making a duplicator—no holes, no bulges. Otherwise the metal will spit." We asked if a duplicator is like a mold. "You could say it's *like* a mold," Mr. Slonim said. "But it's not a mold. Further than that I cannot say." He jumped to his feet, said "Let's take a look at the display room," and headed out of the office.

We scrambled up a narrow flight of stairs after Mr. Slonim and arrived at a room filled with glass cases containing models of tanks, ships, soldiers, dogs, traffic signs, industrial machines, baseball players, periscopes, pieces of assorted naval equipment, football players, horses, and trees, to name a few. Mr. Slonim removed a small olive-drab object from one case and announced it to be a model of an M-32, a tank-recovery unit. He next showed us a model of an M-44, a peculiar boxlike contraption on treads, with guns sticking out all over it. "I don't have any idea what it's for," he said. "The Army wanted a couple of dozen last month. We work from blueprints and photos, because we try to get every detail exact. For tanks, our scale is generally one inch to nine feet. Back in '44, the Navy found that a man looking at a tank this size at a forty-five-degree angle from a distance of fifteen feet—well, that's the same as a pilot seeing the real thing from a mile high in the air. We also made tanks one inch to three feet, but they cost five times as much. Too heavy to be practical. With the small ones, in the last war a man could go ashore in the Solomons with a briefcase full of Jap tanks in one hand and a briefcase full of American tanks in the other."

Mr. Slonim told us that the biggest models Comet Metal turns out are metal-and-wood ones of ships. "One inch to five hundred inches," he said. "Some Jap Navy ships, like those of the Nagato class, were murder, because of all that complicated bridgework—what you call pagodas." During the last war, we learned, Comet Metal manufactured three and a half million models of various kinds for the armed services. Afterward, it returned to a peacetime basis, with a reduced staff, and the business was preponderantly non-military. The company makes models of around a thousand objects not having to do with



*"All I can say is I feel sorry for your wife."*

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war, including, for instance, fifteen of dogs and eight of horses. Now back on a martial basis, the factory is employing thirty-two workmen, as compared to eleven a couple of months ago. We asked Mr. Slonim if we might take a walk through the premises, and he said that under the circumstances it would be inadvisable but that we could look at the main room from a balcony right outside the display room. This we did, and saw a lot of people running around with boxes.

## *Getting Warm*

A MAN took his girl to dinner at a restaurant in the Village and asked the waitress to serve a nice white wine with the meal. She came back with a bottle of sauterne, held it up to the light, and said, "This isn't exactly white, sir. Will it do?"

## *Bird Lady*

MRS. HERBERT E. CARNES, the world-famous bird-bander recently elected president of the New Jersey Audubon Society, received us, by appointment, at her home, on the outskirts of Tenafly, the other day, and a highly characteristic home it is, too: birds on the wallpaper; cuckoo clocks here and there; a group of mounted wood ducks in the dining room; a cabinet containing a complete file of *The Auk*, an ornithological magazine, from 1884 on; a tame, crippled cedar waxwing in the kitchen; and, visible from the kitchen through a large window, a table holding a pan containing a mixture of sunflower seed, canary seed, French millet, suet, peanut butter, raisins, and peanut hearts, which was being pecked at by a variety of customers; several bird-feeding platforms on poles, also well patronized; a small pond occupied by a pet mallard; and, beyond it, a strip of woods featuring pine trees. "Until six or seven years ago, I thought people who were interested in birds were a little cracked," said Mrs. Carnes, who was wearing a hand-painted French scarf depicting birds, a miniature hand-carved wooden pheasant in the lapel of her suit, and, on one wrist, a large silver replica of a Fish and Wildlife Service bird band. "I've always had a garden here, in which I've specialized in planting things for winter color—*Jasminum nudiflorum*, *Daphne Mezereum alba*, various species of winter-blooming crocus, and the like—and one snowy day in 1943 I was looking out at it and saw a beautiful red bird light on one of my pines. It was a cardinal. It was just like a red rose in all that cold and bleakness. I thought, How do you keep a red bird in the garden? That's when I got interested in birds—right then. I studied the foods that attract different ones—rose-breasted grosbeaks like garden peas, for example—and I developed a garden for birds. Bergamot for hummingbirds, and so on. A hundred and forty-seven species have visited it, including Virginia rails, least bitterns, kingfishers, and woodcock."

In 1944, Mrs. Carnes began banding birds for the Fish and Wildlife Service. One year, she banded 2,214, and altogether she has banded over eight thousand. She at first banded in her garden, and then took to the field. She is the only woman who has banded the great horned owl, the American bald eagle, and the peregrine falcon. "I can't tell you where or how I got the falcon. It's a bird-bander's secret," she said. "But I can say that in order to get her I lay buried in the sand, full of aches and pains, for two hours, with a box over my head, and that the falcon finally landed five feet from me. I coaxed her nearer—I won't tell you how—and, bingo, I grabbed her. Oh, she was beautiful, with her salmon-colored breast! She was something to see!" Much of Mrs. Carnes' banding has been done in the bush country of Canada; she flies to places that can't be reached by automobile, accompanied by Mr. Carnes, who fishes while she bands.

Mrs. Carnes let us examine her bird-band bracelet, on which the number "271905" was engraved. "My birth date," she said. "February 7, 1905." She

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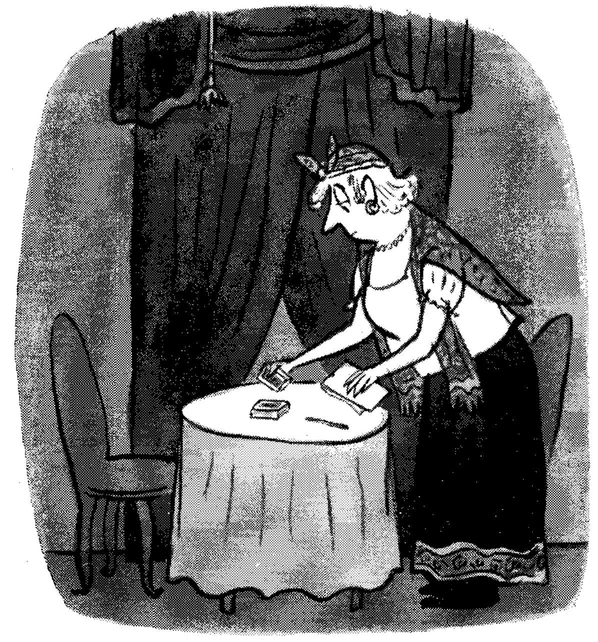

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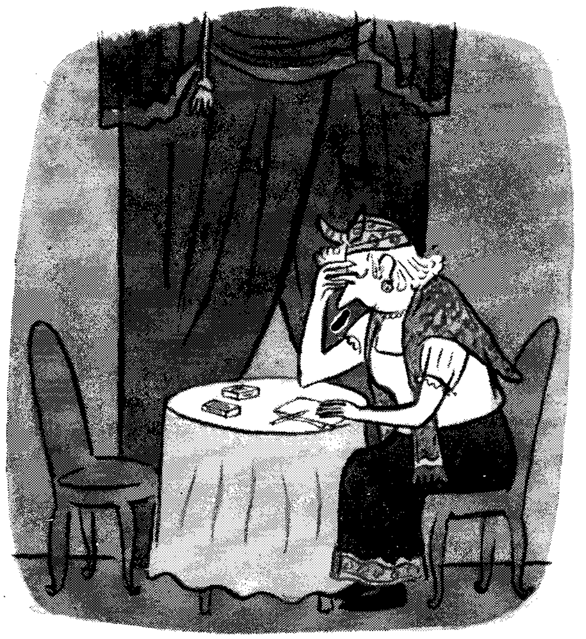

was born in Washington, the only child of a doctor, and is married to the vice-president of the American Home Products Corporation, which markets a number of products, including 3-in-One Oil. "Would you like to see my owl?" she asked, and led us across her garden to a structure six feet high and twenty-two feet long, with walls of heavy wire. "My hospital cage," she said. "Everyone in the neighborhood brings sick or injured birds to me. Last year, I treated a hundred and forty-three. This owl was hit by a car." She pulled on a pair of leather gloves, and we joined her in the cage, where a sizable barred owl, apparently on the mend, spread its wings angrily and lunged at us, beak open. We recoiled.

Back in the house, Mrs. C. advised us that she hopes to move the New Jersey Audubon Society headquarters from its present site, two small rooms in a Newark office building, to a cottage, with a plot of ground, in suburban New Jersey. There she plans to have a bird sanctuary, and to follow this up with three others, elsewhere in the state. She believes these can be supported by the sale of stationery, handkerchiefs, wallpaper, calendars, engagement pads, and playing cards with bird motifs. She showed us some samples of the stationery, which various painters of birds designed, and said that its sale, at garden clubs and Audubon Societies, has netted over a hundred thousand dollars for conservation work during recent years. "Some of the Audubon people think I'm too ambitious," she said, "but would you want to be the head of a static organization? Would you want to sit back and be a president in name only?" We edged toward the door, thinking this over, and Mrs. C. said, "Do you know what birds are for me? They're color. Everyone is hungry for color."

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OVERHEARD—lady in the East Thirty-third Street I.R.T. subway station, to guard: "Is this the upside-down side?"

## *Sahara and Reykjavík*

THE first contingent of United Nations employees is now moving into the new Secretariat Building, and we went over to the East River the other day for a sneak preview. The move had been scheduled for fall, but shortly after the outbreak of fighting in Korea the Sperry Gyroscope Company, owner of the building the United Nations has been occupying at Lake Success, hinted that it would like to get back some space as soon as possible, and the United Nations welcomed the opportunity to do a good turn and save a little rent at the same time. Work on the new building was, fortunately, far enough ahead of schedule to permit a partial move now. The only drawback is that the United Nations employees, of whom about a thousand are expected to be in their new quarters by the middle of September, will have to get along without air-conditioning; the system hasn't been hooked up yet. This may be more of an advantage than a drawback, for reasons we'll go into in a moment. A rumor some days ago swept through Lake Success to the effect that the architects, relying wholly on air-conditioning, had specified windows that couldn't be opened; the rumor was untrue, and the early occupants of the building will be able to get the benefit of any cool breezes that blow in off the river during the rest of the summer.

The glass forming the east and west walls of the building is bluish and heat-resistant. The panes of the windows, which are of the double-hung, slide-up-and-down type, are of lighter blue and not heat-resistant, and they are equipped with Venetian blinds painted a light gray. Not all the offices are outside ones, naturally, but interior glass partitions make it possible for almost every one to have some daylight. If it's not strong enough to work by, there are heaven knows how many miles of fluorescent lights throughout the building. Some offices are being painted blue and gray, the United Nations colors, and the ceilings are being covered with a perforated sound-absorbent material. For the time being, the van of the staff will use desks and chairs trucked in from Lake Success, but there's talk of buying new furniture, and a few snappy samples have already been placed in the building, to be looked over by the staff. One large metal desk that we stopped to admire is presumably for top-level executives, because a tag attached to it read, "W/secret L/compartment." We *think* that "W" stands for "with" and "L" for "lower." We examined the desk thoroughly but couldn't find the compartment, so we concluded that it's probably a good buy.

When the building is finished, it will have the most elaborate vertical transportation system in town. Eighteen passenger elevators, in three banks of six, and two freight elevators will serve all thirty-nine floors; an additional freight elevator will carry equipment between the ground floor and the lower levels; two escalators, together capable of handling five thousand passengers an hour, will connect the first five floors;

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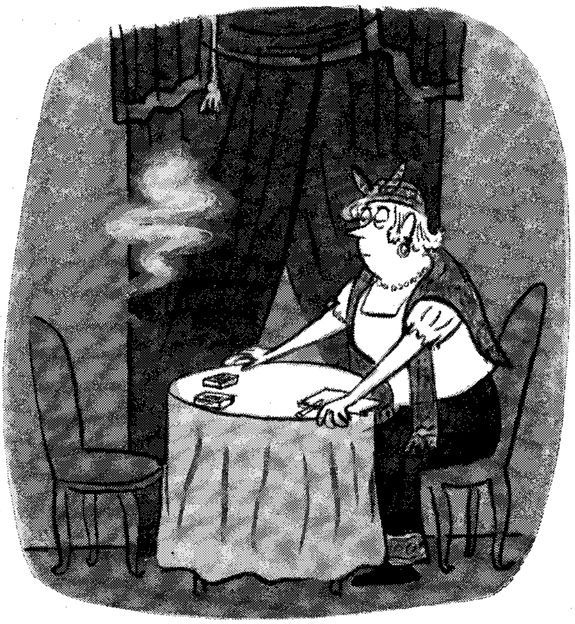

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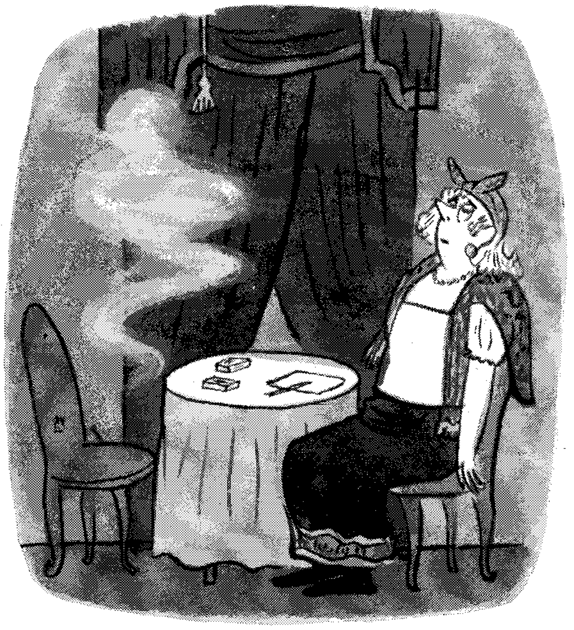

an electric dumbwaiter capable of carrying a load of five hundred pounds will run from the basement to the thirty-ninth floor (in less than ninety seconds); pneumatic tubes will link the first twelve floors; and all floors will be connected by a vertical chain conveyor, the longest in the world. This will work something like the conveyor that brings books up from the stacks to the main reading room of the Public Library, but it will be electronically controlled and won't make the ghostly clanking sound the Library conveyor makes. It will move books, documents, and the like, in boxes with a capacity of up to twenty-two pounds, and the boxes will be automatically dropped off at the floor indicated by the dispatcher.

For the next few weeks, all telephone calls to and from the new building will have to go through a small temporary switchboard. At present, three shifts of engineers are working around the clock on the permanent switchboard and dial installation, which will be the best the Bell people can devise. When it goes into operation, it will be able to accommodate more than two thousand extension lines; later, it can be expanded to accommodate five thousand lines, and will serve all the buildings on the United Nations site. The United Nations' new telephone number will be PLaza 4-1234. PLaza 4 is a new exchange, and for a while the United Nations will be the only subscriber in it. The Telephone Company wanted to set up a special "UNited Nations" exchange but couldn't figure out how to do so without changing the telephone numbers of some eight thousand subscribers who now have UNiversity 4 numbers. It was felt that such a wholesale switch wouldn't make for good will toward either the Telephone Company or the United Nations, so the plan was dropped.

The reason the temporary lack of air-conditioning in the new building may be more of an advantage than a drawback is that, no matter how nearly perfect the new equipment turns out to be mechanically, it's bound to lead to disputes among the staff. United Nations employees come from all kinds of climates, and out at Lake Success, where the temperature of the building is centrally controlled, someone is always telephoning the superintendent to complain of being too hot or too cold. The superintendent has been known to reply that the only air-conditioning system that would satisfy everybody in the United Nations would be one in which a single room could be made to feel like the Sahara Desert and Reykjavík at the same time. In the new building, every office will have its own thermostat, with an adjustment range of fifteen degrees, but there will still be difficulties when a number of people from a variety of climates, each with his own idea as to what a comfortable temperature is, are working in one big room. National preferences in temperature are about what you would expect: Norwegians, Swedes, Russians, and Englishmen like it cold; Egyptians, Algerians, and Central Americans like it hot. The range of requests is for temperatures of from sixty-six to eighty degrees. The only individual who has ever expressed a preference for anything under sixty-six degrees is Secretary-General Lie, who prefers sixty, but he has had the good grace not to insist on it.

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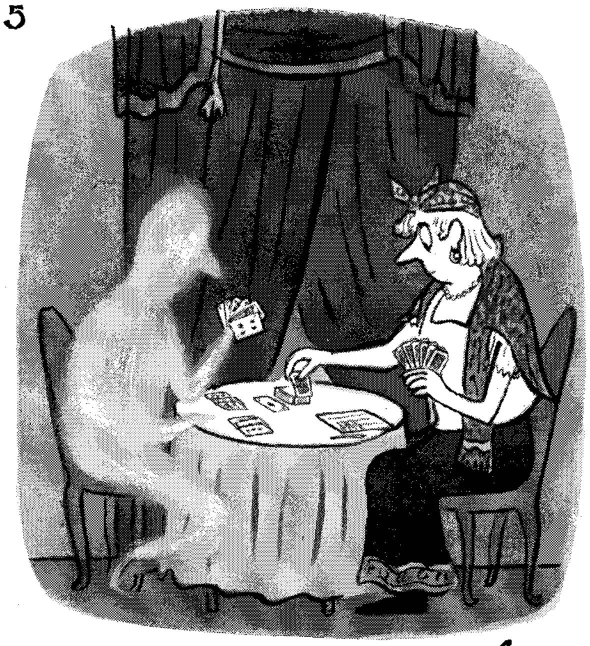

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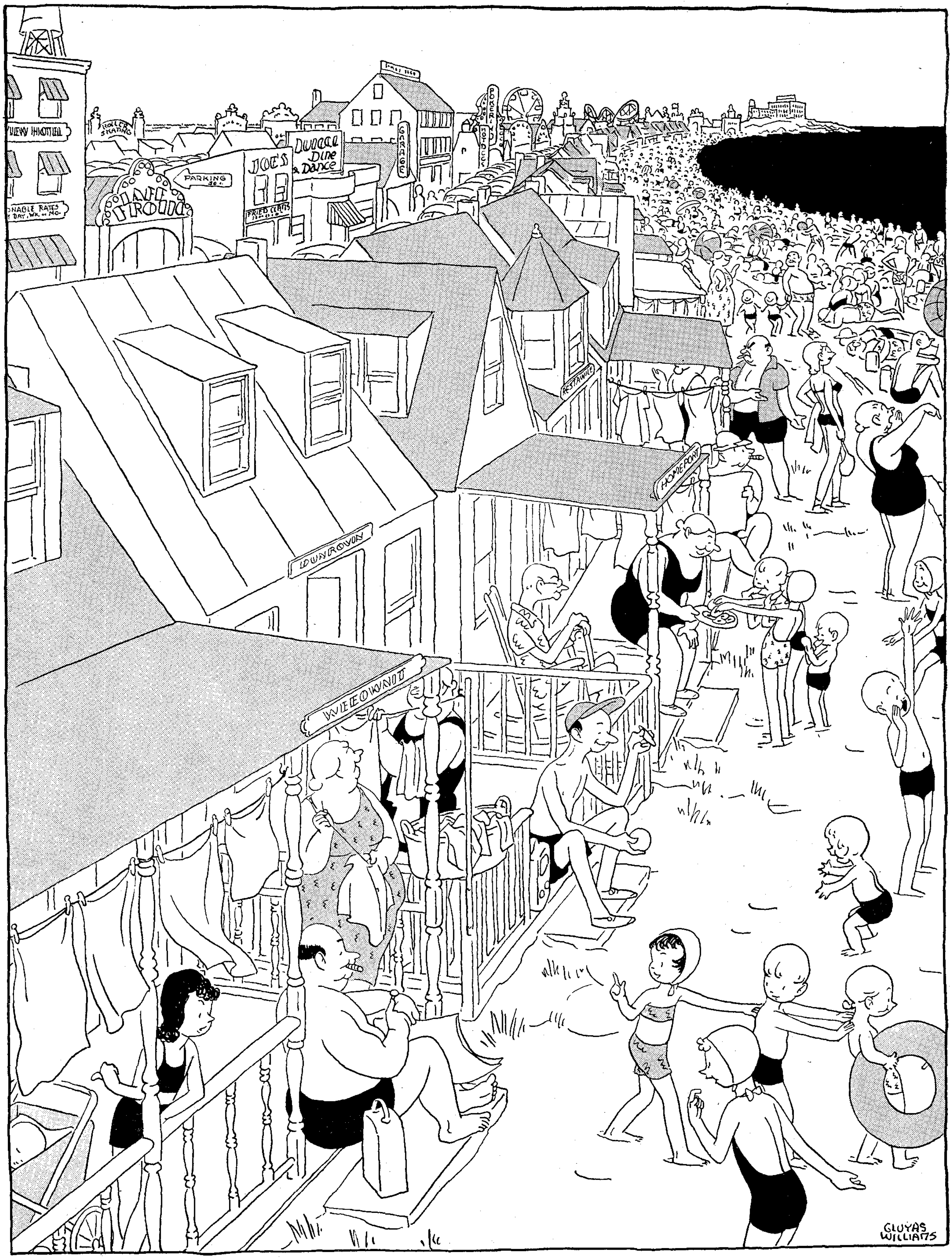
## *Affluent*

A GOLFING friend stopped us the other evening to make the point that, inflation or not, the standard of living in this country is still on the way up. In support of this contention, he told us that he had passed the caddie house of a golf course in Westchester that afternoon just as the caddie master was giving his charges a sharp talking-to. The burden of his complaint was that the caddies were hogging all the good parking space near the clubhouse. "From now on," he said, bearing down, "you caddies will park your cars out on the road."


VIEW HOTEL
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JOE'S
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HOT DOGS
RESTAWILE
DUNROVIN
HOMEPORT
WEEOWNIT
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

*Beach Resort*

# WHERE THERE'S FIRE

THE canard that appetites are uncritically keen in the open air was prodigiously spiked on my premises when twenty guests, invited for a recent lawn supper, left hamburgers unwolfed as fast as I could turn them out. Whatever edge the appetites may have lacked was more than evident in the adjourning comments. It's good there were no more than twenty people, that being the limit I have grass for, the range of that being in turn fixed by what I have been able, from time to time, to spend on topsoil (which in Connecticut is far from dirt cheap).

That the enterprise was going to be no picnic dawned on me when I commenced assembling the outdoor grill—a new portable four-legged affair whisked out by the Westport Hardware Company that afternoon. "Hook the grill by means of the prongs into the holes in the back of the firebox," the directions read, "and lay flat." How closely this specification can be followed was apparent with the arrival of the first guests, who found me supine on the ground blowing up through perforations in the base of the firebox in an effort to cajole a bed of tinder into a flame sufficient to induce a layer of charcoal above that to a rosy glow. Darting out of the driveway in the car for some last-minute provisions, an hour previous, my wife had called over to me to ask if there was anything I needed, and I had yelled back, "Get me some bellows!," an instruction resulting in the acquisition of an unneeded fifth of bourbon bearing the name of a well-known bottler. The draft of my own making availed nothing, and I rose, dusting hot ash from my face, to greet the early comers.

Seven o'clock found the company seated on chairs on the grass with their hands in their laps, in a placid rectangle chillingly reminiscent of those lawn services one sees being conducted on the greensward of the Presbyterian church at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth, where on summer evenings the congregation worships alfresco, or did when I lived in the Village. So strong was my momentary illusion that I was back there that I should not have been surprised to see someone rise and distribute hymnals—or displeased, either, the languor of my fire auguring a long wait for any hamburgers. At length, however, smoke from the smoldering kindling sent me into a violent fit of wheezing and coughing, an unintentional expedient that soon had the flames dancing merrily. When they had subsided and left the charcoal glowing, I disposed meat patties and inverted bun halves on the grill.

I have no idea how hamburgers are ever fixed over an open flame without the drama that inflexibly ensued with each attempt. Anyhow, a prompt drizzle of fat from the patties into the firebox converted that from a lackadaisical bed of coals into an active volcano in less time than it takes to say "Meat broiled over a charcoal fire tastes so much better. It's that slow, intense heat that does it." Events from there on are a blur as to sequence but vivid as to detail. My eyebrows went first. I could feel them crisp and vanish. Most of my hair was saved by the chef's hat I had on, though that turned color like a toasting marshmallow. I have described the flames as dancing. They had nothing on me. Flipping hamburgers to right and left with a pair of spatulas to get them out of harm's way, I maintained a steady *pas seul* about the caldron. Cooked to the wrists myself, I somehow got the rain of burning fat down to a moderate hiss, which even left audible the conversation of my guests—whom my wife had meanwhile aroused with cocktails. The talk was of a representative Westport intellectual nature—the yanked pitcher as a scapegoat symbol, early Chaplin footwork, and the mathematical probabilities in poker hands.

MY maiden handiwork presented, even to my blurred vision, a prospect incontestably bleak. Some of the patties had slipped through interstices in the grill and had had to be recovered, themselves flaming brands. Many of the buns by now greatly resembled the charcoal. But I got twenty sandwiches together, and they were passed around.

The viands seemed to cancel what animation had been gained by the drinks, and sensing that a booster stimulant was urgently needed, I acted on the inspiration offered by my now soot-smudged hands and face. Recalling the burnt-cork routines with which I regaled Lions and Kiwanis luncheon clubs in an earlier day, I struck a comic stance and, taking the roles of both end man and interlocutor, launched a sequence roughly running in part:

"You tryin' to make everybody believe you is so smart. Why, you is so dumb you don't know nothin'!"

"Oh, is Ah? Well, you just ask me somethin' and see."

"All right. Tell me dis. What is a fortification? Tell me dat."

"A fortification? Why, a fortification is two twentifications."

This divertissement swiftly changed the expression on my guests' faces from one of sullen lassitude to that of abject despair. My antics over, I set briskly to work on seconds, hoping for some improvement on my firsts. I laid down another round of patties. There was a crackle of raging fat, I repeated my hornpipe, and a fresh batch of clinkers was in the making.

Panting from my exertions and wincing from second-degree burns, I stepped back for a moment to mop my brow. My eye was caught by a vehicle approaching up the road. It was a Vet Dinette—one of those mobile lunch wagons run, presumably, by veterans—heading, no doubt, for an evening wayside spot somewhere along the nearby Post Road. An impulse to run down and hail it seized me—a plan having sprung full-orbed in my mind. Why not have the proprietor park by a clump of tall rhododendrons standing in front of my house, set his grill up, and keep 'em coming? He would be invisible to my company, who were behind the house. I would creep steadily back and forth alongside the house with fresh stacks of hamburgers and slip them to my guests, keeping my own grill going the while. It was a deception that could have been consummated with little difficulty in the prevailing smoke and shot. But even as I speculated, the Vet Dinette passed by and was gone.

I stole into the house to spread unguent on my hands.

I got it from an upstairs medicine chest. Standing at the open bathroom window, working the ointment into my fingers, I peered down at my guests resentfully. They had, even more than when I had first viewed them below, that look of people gathered for a summer lawn service—as though they were sitting there waiting for a minister to come and tell them what hymn to sing. But none will ever come, I secretly thought.

THE sequel is soon told. Loafers in a local downtown dog wagon about eight o'clock or a little after that evening observed a curious sight: a half dozen or so couples, some dressed for the summer theatre, perched on stools along the counter, hunched over a quick sandwich. They ate rapidly, to keep their several engagements, but moodily—in a kind of morose hurry. Elsewhere, a complementary scene was being enacted. My wife and I were seated at our dining-room table, munching hamburgers fried in a skillet on the kitchen stove.

The portable grill stands in my back yard, for any interested outdoor zealots; it's in good condition and ready for use. Come and get it!—Peter De Vries

# A GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK

SOMETIMES in the long English summer's evenings, Harriet and Vesey played hide-and-seek with the two younger children, running across the tufted meadows, their shoes yellow with the pollen of buttercups. They could not run fast across those uneven fields, nor did they wish to, since to find the hiding children was to lose their time together, to run faster was to run away from one another. The jog trot was a game devised from shyness and uncertainty. Neither dared to assume that the other wished to pause, and inexperience barred them both from testing this.

At first, the younger children were pleased to foil them, but soon grew bored sitting up in the branches of oak trees, or crouching among bales of scratchy hay. Their whispers and giggles would grow into talk and laughter; they would examine their gnat bites, pick at their scratches, and soon begin to sing taunting songs and cry out in mockery. Though they did not care to be caught, they were vexed when, after so long, nothing happened. Sometimes they would see Harriet and Vesey coming across the fields, their long shadows going before them. Then the children would quicken with excitement and call out in disguised voices or imitate a cuckoo. But mostly they were silent. They watched the shadows thinning and lengthening and the cows moving indifferently through the grasses.

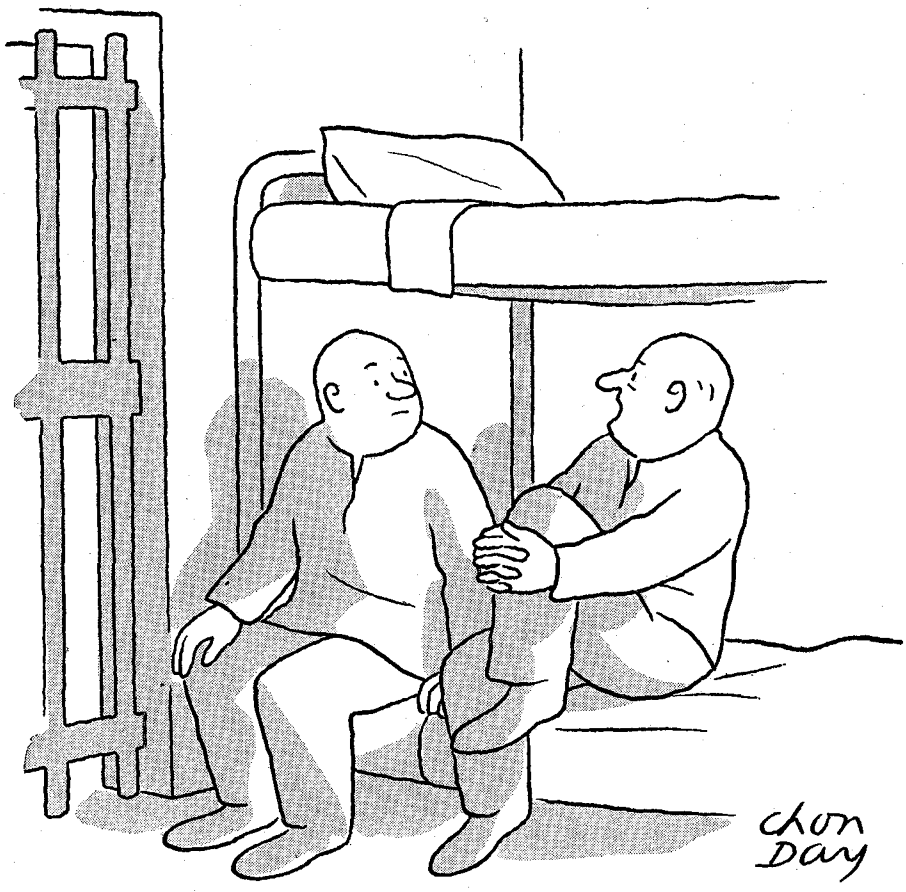
"One should go one way and one the other," Joseph would say, but Deirdre knew that they would never part.

At the beginning of the holidays Harriet played with the children to humor them, hiding always in the loft, as though it would please them to have the game made easier. Vesey would not play at all. He sat on his bed writing a story. Then one evening he decided to join in. He became robust, avuncular, patronizing. He and Harriet would lead them a fine dance, he said. As usual, Harriet hid in the loft and Vesey squeezed down behind the old swede-mincer in the barn. But more recently, Deirdre noted, they had both been hiding in the loft. She wondered why she continued the game, which had become, for her, so unexciting. She, at ten, was not so innocent as Harriet and Vesey at eighteen. She imagined a guilty but simple intimacy up there in the loft; her childish mind could not envisage the confusions of shyness, pride, self-consciousness, fear of rebuff or misunderstanding which between childhood and maturity cloud and complicate that once so simply imagined act. So Vesey and Harriet sat in the dusty stuffiness, among old pots of paint, boxes of bulbs, stacks of cobwebbed deck chairs, rather far apart and in silence. Harriet would peep from the smeared window; Vesey would sit, hunched up, his hands round his knees, staring at a leaning tower of flowerpots. The only interruption was when one of them timidly swallowed an accumulation of saliva. The ticking of each heart, which they believed the other must hear, was like a pendulum rocking in a hollow case. What they thought was heaven would seem like hell to them in later life.

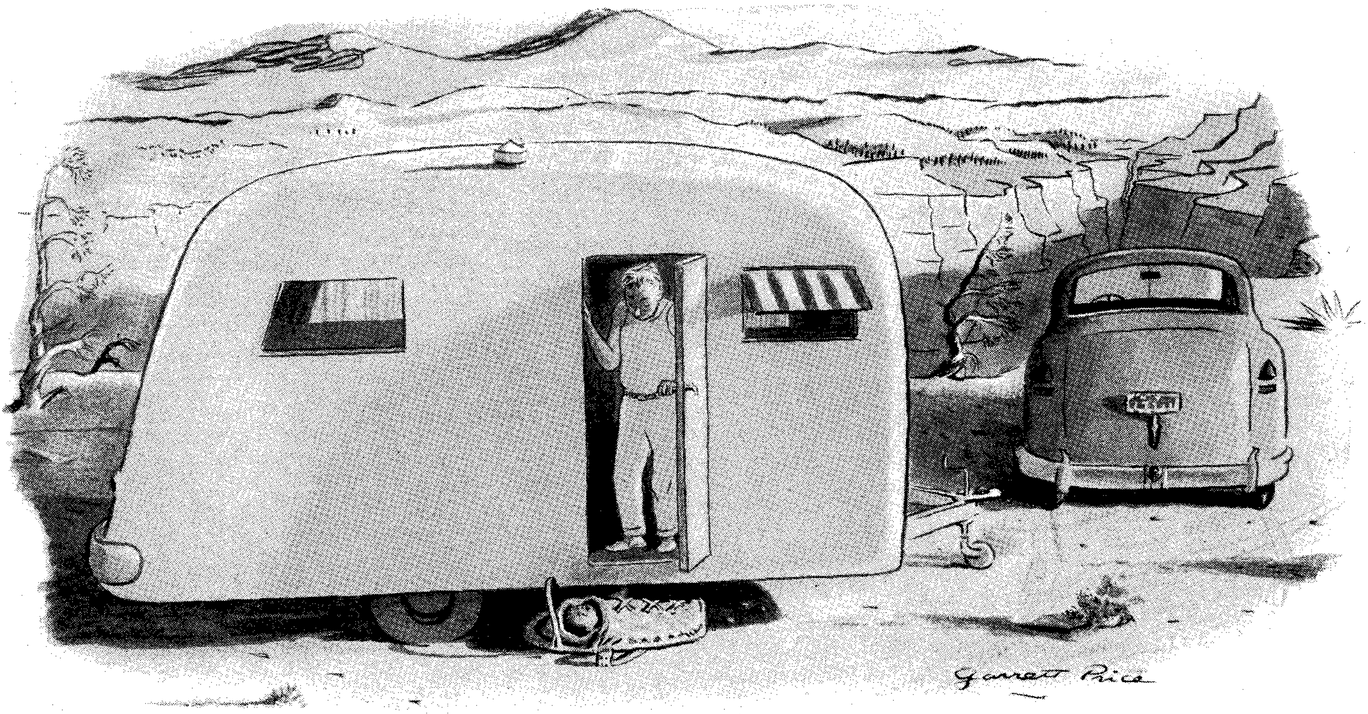
Harriet, seeing Deirdre cross the yard below, would whisper, "They are coming," her face quite strained, as it could not have been, at her age, over a game. Vesey would move his eyes towards her, as if to move his head, too, would betray them. Without breathing, almost, they would await the appearance of Joseph's head above the ladder (for though Deirdre knew where to find them, she sent little Joseph up to do the hauling in).

A different hiding place would have prolonged the search and their exquisite stay in heaven or hell; but neither could suggest what might mean their betrayal to one another. Both upheld the pretense that they played the game for the children; they could not reveal what they had scarcely acknowledged in secret, their real reasons or their need.

Vesey's aunt, the mother of Joseph and Deirdre, was Harriet's mother's closest friend. As young women (a smudged photograph recorded this), they had once been hustled, gripped above the elbows by policemen, up the steps of a police station. In the background, shopwindows showed great holes like black stars. Harriet, not able to bear this picture or to ignore it, heedless of former sacrifice, as history makes all of us, saw only that her mother had exposed herself to mockery and ridicule, that she looked ugly, wild, a little mad, her mouth darkly open, her hat sideways. And Vesey's Aunt Caroline the same. She had no inkling of what had flowered there in that police station when the hating eyes of the women outside, the laughter of the men, were at last excluded. The doors swinging shut obliterated the street. Harriet's mother began to cry softly. She had not slept for two nights, contemplating her first, dreaded act of violence. Caroline's look of compassion and encouragement across that dingy room steadied and em-



*"The trouble was I completely lost sight of the non-profit aspect of the enterprise."*



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boldened her. It was a look which went from one to the other many times in the years which followed, years during which history gave in. They wondered sometimes if their courage had been wasted; if time would not, despite them, have floated down to them casually what they had almost drowned in struggling to reach. Soon feminism became a weird abnormality; laughter was easily evoked now, in the year 1930, by the strange figures of suffragettes with their umbrellas raised, their faces contorted, and, one supposed, their voices made shrill with fury and frustration.

Lilian, Harriet's mother, married early and was soon widowed. Harriet herself fulfilled none of the ambitious desires of the older women. An only child, she spent much of her energy filling in the gaps of her life with imaginary characters. She showed no inclination to become a doctor or a lawyer, still less to storm some still-masculine stronghold, the Stock Exchange or holy orders. Through inattention, she lagged behind at school; facts she only feebly retained; loneliness, and the imagination needed to combat it, tired her. She could not pass an examination. "What brilliant career to choose for her" became "what to do with her at all" when she left school. The encouraging look passed from Caroline to Lilian. Although they never mentioned that room at the police station, it was not forgotten and they were always closer because of it.

Until they could think of something better, Harriet would go to Caroline each day to help with her committee work and give lessons to the children. Only a couple of miles lay between the two houses and, bicycling to and fro, Harriet felt sometimes like a shuttle being passed from one to the other; felt, as she had often been made to feel, that she was nothing very definite herself. She worried about her future, for she knew that she was only marking time teaching Joseph to read, mending Deirdre's clothes, brushing the dogs, clacking out on the old typewriter, with two fingers, badly spaced letters (the carbon put in the wrong way and the letter on both sides of the same sheet), waiting for Vesey to pass the window.

She took refuge even more in daydreaming, in flamboyant situations which she mastered. Her inclination at this time was only to lie and think of Vesey at night before sleep, but daydreaming of an exhausting and routine kind must set to some sort of rights the world from which she might approach him. Until she had (although only imaginarily) made a place for herself in which she was no longer alien, useless, she could not go to meet him even in her dreams, and before she had solved that first problem, she would fall asleep. So Vesey was seldom reached. She did not come to the point of enhancing those still scenes in the loft, nor did she put any words to them.

Vesey was an only child, too. His mother was not widowed, as Harriet's was. She was merely too busy to have more children. Sitting at her lacquered desk beside perfectly arranged flowers and two white telephones, she received, although without rising, clients at a salon for beauty treatment.

Vesey meanwhile slid about London, swung onto buses, hung about railway stations, trying to stave off boredom. At home, in the pale, satiny flat, he found a way of passing time by frightening the housekeeper. He would lie on the drawing-room sofa, trying to detain her while he described anything horrid he could remember or invent. "For instance, when people are *flayed*—" he would begin, as she stood with a tray at the door. "Ah, yes, flayed." Dreamily he lengthened the vowel of this word. "A small incision at the roots of the hair, say—"

"How dare you think up such wickedness!"

His way of beginning always with "For instance" or "However," as if some sort of conversation had gone before, trapped her again and again.

"Nevertheless, should you find yourself passing Madame Tussaud's, the woman with a hook through her stomach is quite an unusual little tableau. . . ."

Before she could shut the door, he would manage to add, flicking over the pages of a magazine, "For those, of course, who like that sort of thing," as if he merely catered to her own sick fancies or love of the bizarre.

But when she had gone, the clock began to tick again. The light through the organdie curtains seemed stifled. The blond furniture and carpet could, when viewed through half-closed eyes, suggest dust sheets and drugget and everyone gone away. If a petal fell from a flower, Vesey was startled, as if he had seen something which, like the progress of the clock's hands, should be accomplished when no one is looking.

He read a great deal. He wrote stories in the styles of Wells and Chekhov, Kipling and Edgar Allan Poe. He was bored at school, bored at home, bored on his country holidays with Aunt Caroline and Uncle Hugo. His stories of flaying, of stomach hooks, were here suppressed. Joseph and Deirdre might not be told stories of buryings-alive. Ghosts, Caroline said, were not frightening, only silly—in the way that some words were not clever but silly, and some anecdotes not funny, not in the least rude, only silly. Vesey and the children did notice that "silliness" was what made Caroline's neck redden most of all, more, even, than rudeness or obscenity—but that they could never prove, for nothing *was* obscene or rude. "Sensible" was Caroline's favorite word. "There's a sensible girl" was the highest praise Deirdre received. To be silly was to be not sensible. As time went on, Deirdre began to wonder if her mother had been altogether sensible on all occasions, to suspect that she herself had come into the world because of silliness. Try as she would, Deirdre could not regard the sexual act, with which she was at this time rather taken up, as sensible. As she had observed it in animals, it seemed at best ridiculous, at worst daunting and frantic. She could regard it in either light. Relating it to her own parents, as children must and will, she did not retract in horror but laughed. Strictly utilitarian as she believed the act to be, she limited Caroline's occasions of being not sensible (in fact, of being utterly and frivolously and fantastically silly) to twice—herself and Joseph. It was strange that the very thing her mother hated most—not being sensible—had given her what she loved the best, her two children. Deirdre did not doubt that she and Joseph were loved most.

Caroline was rather torn in two about Vesey's mother's attitude toward him. That women should be emancipated, Caroline had fatigued herself in her youth and endured mockery; but Vesey had not grown up a robust or happy child and she could not but lay blame for his paleness on the London flat, and his boredom and restlessness upon lack of attention. "If it were for something worth while!" she hedged. As far as she could imagine, nothing could be less worth while than pandering to the vanity of rich London women, the idle, the predatory (who had once cut her, or laughed at her as she marched in processions). Picturing the smooth flattery of Vesey's mother, she could only think the child (and even her own ideals) sacrificed for nothing. But Vesey, white-skinned, even in the country never tanned or colored. Early in September he would return to London like a ghost, faintly mauve across his brow and his sharp shoulders (for, stripped to the waist, as Caroline would have him, he only, week after week, became more and more gnat-bitten; his chest remained white; the bones showed in rows). She never managed to send him back looking like a reproach.

## LONG SUMMER

Gold as an infant's humming dream,
Stamped with its timeless, tropic blush,
The steady sun stands in the air
And burns like Moses' holy bush.

And burns while nothing it consumes;
The smoking branch but greener grows,
The crackling briar, from budded lips,
A floating stream of blossom blows.

A daze of hours, a blaze of noons,
Licks my cold shadow from the ground;
A flaming trident rears each dawn
To stir the blood of earth around.

Unsinged beneath the furnace sky
The frenzied beetle runs reborn,
The ant his antic mountain moves,
The rampant ram rewinds his horn.

I see the crazy bees drop fat
From tulips ten times gorged and dry,
I see the sated swallow plunge
To drink the dazzled waterfly.

Around my head a halo flares—
A sunflower spinning to the sun—
While down the summer's seamless haze
My feasts of milk and honey run.

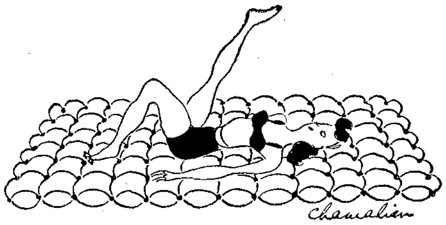
And lying with my orchid love,
Whose kiss no frost of age shall sever,
I cannot doubt the cold is dead,
The gold earth turned to good—forever.

—Laurie Lee

• •

In the flat, while the housekeeper was out shopping, he made experiments at his leisure. Every opened bottle in the cupboard he had tried from time to time. He would smoke with his head out of his bedroom window. In his mother's room one day, he put on her jewelry, sniffed at her scent, varnished his nails, read a book on birth control, took six aspirins, then lay down, like Chatterton, on the window seat, his hand drooping to the floor.

When the housekeeper returned, he half opened his eyes. "I am doing away with myself," he said. "I have supped my full of horrors." When she rushed out for salt-and-water, he turned his head to the pillow to stifle his giggles; but, strangely, some tears fell upon the oyster satin.

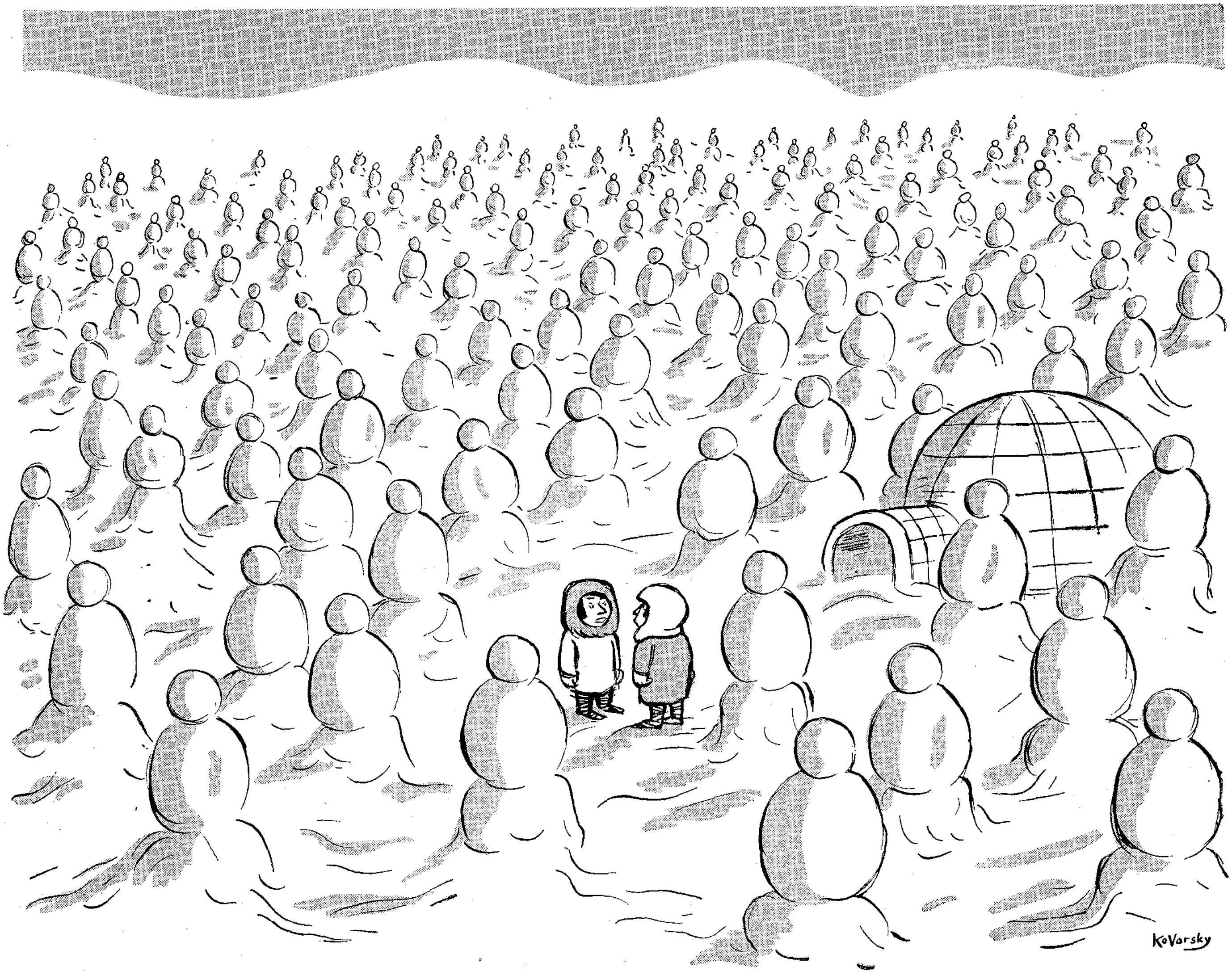


His love of teasing and sensationalism was thwarted somewhat in the country. Caroline and Hugo scorned such nonsense themselves and were vigilant over their children. Harriet alone was susceptible, but only to more literary or romantic horrors. The stomach hook made her laugh, but the story of Mrs. Rossetti's exhumation she listened to chin in hand.

They—she and Vesey—had known one another since early childhood; but his return, this summer of their eighteenth year, brought to her own knowledge her love for him. His personality had for long influenced hers, as the moon influences the sea, with an unremitting and inescapable control. Her mother had seen that influence and thought it not always for the good; found motives for Vesey's exuberances and, threaded through these motives, disquieting traces of cruelty and cynicism.

Caroline's house was Victorian and nondescript, surrounded by worn lawns, ramshackled outbuildings, lurching rose arches. Inside, although threadbare rugs lay crooked on rather dusty floor boards and curtains were bleached by sun and rain, the first impression was of comfort and friendliness; that people mattered more than houses; that children were more important than the covers of the chairs; that dogs were, too. Spaniels flopped up and down the stairs, lay on beds and turned bloodshot and reproachful eyes as doors were opened, stretched out and suckled their young across the hearthrug.

Hugo Macmillan had still much of that poetic ebullience which distin-



*"Well, what'll we do today?"*

• •

guished so many young men just before the 1914 war. He suggested, in middle age, a type of masculinity now perhaps vanished to the world: the walking tours in perfect spring weather, Theocritus in pocket; an aesthetic virility. He had gone on being Rupert Brooke all through the war—a tremendous achievement—and was only now, much later, finding his enthusiasms hardening into prejudices and sometimes, especially with Vesey, into a tetchy disapproval of what he did not understand. His old-fashioned liberalism now contained elements of class hatred. His patriotism had become the most arrogant nationalism. His love and sympathy for the women of his youth, his support in their fight for a wider kind of life, made him unsympathetic to the younger women who had come after. Every feminality these young girls felt free enough to adopt he openly despised.

The time before the war had been so idyllic to him that he measured everything against those days; he could not feel at home among so much that seemed spurious. If we do not alter with the times, the times yet alter us. We may stand perfectly still, but our surroundings shift round and we are not in the same relationship to them for long.

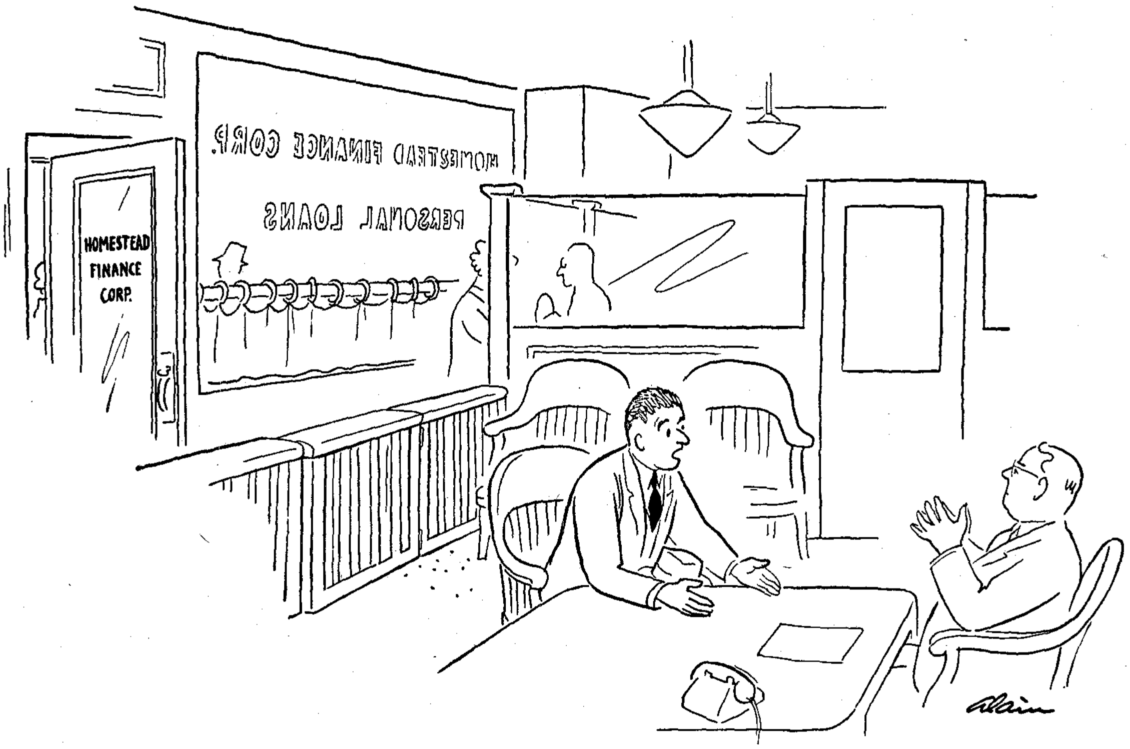
Hugo saw little change in himself, could beat Vesey at tennis and swim faster, took his cold bath each morning, loved his wife as dearly now as at the beginning of their marriage, on their honeymoon in the Forest of Fontainebleau, after the war. (He had taken her to see some battlefields.)

Vesey constantly irritated and surprised him—Vesey's lack of gallantry towards Harriet, his laziness, his cynicism, the gaps in his knowledge. "Who in the world is Edward Carpenter?" he had asked, lolling as usual on the sofa with the wireless on too loud, and he had not seemed impressed by Hugo's exasperated answer.

On the other hand, Hugo did not know that he seemed more old-fashioned to Vesey than his grandfather. His grandfather would certainly not have used any such Chestertonian phrase as taking a glass of ale at an inn.

The antagonism Hugo felt for his nephew, although it was in reality impatience with another person's youth, heightened by nostalgia for his own, was fogged by nobody's having a good word for Vesey. Caroline, Lilian, Vesey's own father all combined to disapprove. Even Harriet, Hugo noticed, turned her head when Vesey came in and affected to read her book.

Hugo was fond of Harriet. Although not clever, she was not meretricious. Her silky brown hair was tucked back with childish artlessness behind her ears, her face was innocent of makeup, her clothes were boyish and practical. When she walked, as she sometimes did, with him and the children, she knew the old English names of the wild flowers; she shut gates; carried waste paper home from picnics. Vesey, on the other hand, had been seen walking across a field of winter wheat and was always careless of other people's prop-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*"My idea is to consolidate my debts and have just one outfit hounding me."*

erty; had left a copy of "The Roadmender" (moss-green suède) out on the lawn in a thunderstorm; had found the book, he explained, too little worth reading to warrant carrying it indoors.

Sometimes Hugo was so annoyed that he was fearful of losing his composure, and took up the bellows and began blowing steadily at the wood fire. This was a sign that he was on edge and did not wish to hear what was being said, but it was, unfortunately, a sign which only Caroline heeded. Vesey was not interested; Harriet thought what a nuisance wood fires were.

When Harriet arrived in the mornings, Vesey was still in bed. She would listen for sounds of his rising, watch for him to pass the window. Once, leaving Joseph and Deirdre while she went to fetch painting water, she met him in the hall. He was reading a newspaper and was still in his dressing gown. The dressing gown flurried her dreadfully. She had never seen him with so many clothes on. He seemed muffled up; his black hair was unbrushed. Going back through the hall, slopping the cups of water, she would not glance in his direction.

"Harriet!" He left it till she got to the door, till she was nearly away, as if he were a cat with a mouse.

"Yes? Yes, Vesey?"

Still reading the Manchester *Guardian* with close interest, in a vague voice he said, "Shall we go for a walk this evening?"

With her back to him, she answered, joy unsteadying her voice, "Yes. I think that would be all right."

"Oh, if you don't care to, you need only say."

"No, I think it will be quite all right."

She pushed the door open with her foot, as her hands were full. He did not attempt to help her. Joseph and Deirdre looked up from the table inquisitively, as if it were not only painting water she was bringing in. She sat down in her chair, her arms through the bars at the back of it, braced stiff, her fingers locking her hands together, excitement broken loose in her.

"The sign of a good painter," Deirdre said, "is not going over the edges." She drove yellow to the very edge of a petal and no farther. "Or letting it run," she added. Joseph had let it run badly. Bluebells ran into celandines and the sky into the grass. His page was so wet, so rucked up, that he pushed it all aside. Vision or nothing, he seemed to declare, kicking at the table leg. Harriet could not coax him back to work. Neat Deirdre looked up in smug surprise.

FOR the first ten minutes, Vesey and Harriet were explaining to one another why they had chosen to go for this walk together. Boredom had driven them to it, they decided; a fear, on Vesey's part, lest he should be asked by Hugo to mow and mark the tennis lawn; a wish, on Harriet's part, to collect wild flowers for the children to draw. If the walk turned out badly, it could be the fault of neither, for neither had desired it or attached importance to it. In a few years' time, they would be dissembling the other way—professing pleasure they did not feel, undreamed-of eagerness. They had not yet learned to gush. Their protestations were of an oafish kind.

When they had established their lack of interest in being together, they became silent. Harriet gathered a large bunch of quaking grass from under a hedge. Vesey kicked a stone down the middle of the road.

If only, Harriet thought, there were no *women* at universities! If only they still were not allowed! (Her mother once had taken tea at Girton with Miss Emily Davies. It had seemed to her well worth going to prison to have been so rewarded.)

Harriet saw Vesey lying in a punt, his fingers trailing in the water as he watched, through lids half closed against the sun, a young woman who was reading Ernest Dowson to him. Her imagination excused Vesey from any exertion, as probability did also. The boat drifted, as if by magic, past Bablock Hythe and under Godstow Bridge, towards the Aegean Isles. And all this time, Harriet herself sat at the schoolroom table typing Caroline's letters; for pocket money.

Vesey, whose next steps would take him over the threshold of a new and promising world, wished to go without any backward glances or entanglements. He was not one to keep up friendships, never threw out fastening tendrils such as letters or presents or remembrances, was quite unencumbered by all the things which Harriet valued and kept—drawers full of photographs, brochures, programs, postcards, diaries. He never remembered birthdays or any other anniversary.

Although he was ambitious at this time to become a great writer, he saw himself rather as a literary figure than as a man at work. At school, he had often turned to the index of a history of literature and in his mind inserted his own name—Vesey Patrick Macmillan—between Machiavelli and Sir Thomas Malory.

"Everything seems so certain for you," Harriet said as they toiled up the side of a hill towards a wood. "So uncertain for me."

"In what way?" He stopped with a hand against his lower ribs, out of condition as his Uncle Hugo never had been in his life.

"That you are going to Oxford, and can pass exams."

"Exams are nothing," he said. (They do not seem to be, Harriet thought, to those who pass them.)

Both wanted to sit down in the shade at the edge of the wood; neither would suggest it.

"And then you'll be a schoolmaster and have a great deal of money," Harriet said, without irony, her mind on her own pittance.

"A schoolmaster?" Vesey stopped dead, holding back a long, springing branch so that she could go by. "Why do you say that?"

"It is what I heard Caroline say."

He had not held the branch quite long enough and Harriet now disentangled it from her hair.

"She would! These old-time suffragettes!" Vesey said tactlessly. "They are only happy if they can see men in a subservient position."

Harriet could not see that it was in the least a subservient position. She could scarcely imagine more authority or scope. "Then what will you do?" she asked.

"I have never told anybody, but I mean to be a writer."

Harriet flushed, both at the confidence and at the nature of it. She bent down hastily and began to tug at some bracken to add to her bunch. "To write novels?" she asked.

He preferred the more oblong shapes of books on literary criticism, belles-lettres. To become a man of letters, he would make special to himself one smallish aspect of literature, read all the books about it, add another of his own. Anything later encroaching on his territory, he would himself review.

"The novel is practically finished as an art form," he replied.

"I suppose it is," said Harriet.

"Virginia Woolf has brought it to the edge of ruin."

"Yes," said Harriet.

"But it was inevitable," he added, laying no blame.

"I suppose it was," Harriet said in a slow, considering way. The novel—headstrong parvenu—seemed headed for destruction. No one could stay its downward course, and obviously it did not deserve that Vesey should try. Virginia Woolf, with one graceful touch after another, was sending it trundling downhill. She had been doing this unbeknown to Harriet, who had never even heard of her.

Harriet had wished to include her own future in their discussion and Vesey had not given it a glance. She sighed theatrically, but he failed to ask her why. Plunging through dead leaves, they were obliged to walk in single file; twigs snapped under their feet, briars tripped them. Cool and vast, the wood seemed a whole world; the light was aqueous. When a cuckoo gave its broken, explosive cry, it echoed like a shout in a closed swimming pool—chilling and hysterical.

Vesey now had a blister on his heel. He sat down on the fine, transparent grass that grows beneath trees and took off his sandal. His foot was white and veined and rather dirty. He rested it in the cool grass and leaned back against the trunk of a tree. Harriet stood awkwardly before him, feeling too tall.

"Have you a handkerchief?" she asked.

"No." He smiled. He looked fagged, as if this evening stroll had been too much for him.

If only her own handkerchief were of the finest cambric, smelling of flowers! She took out a crumpled cotton one left over from school days, with "Harriet Claridge" printed clumsily along the hem.

"Why 'Harriet,' I wonder?" Vesey asked, reading it. "Though it is quite a pretty name."

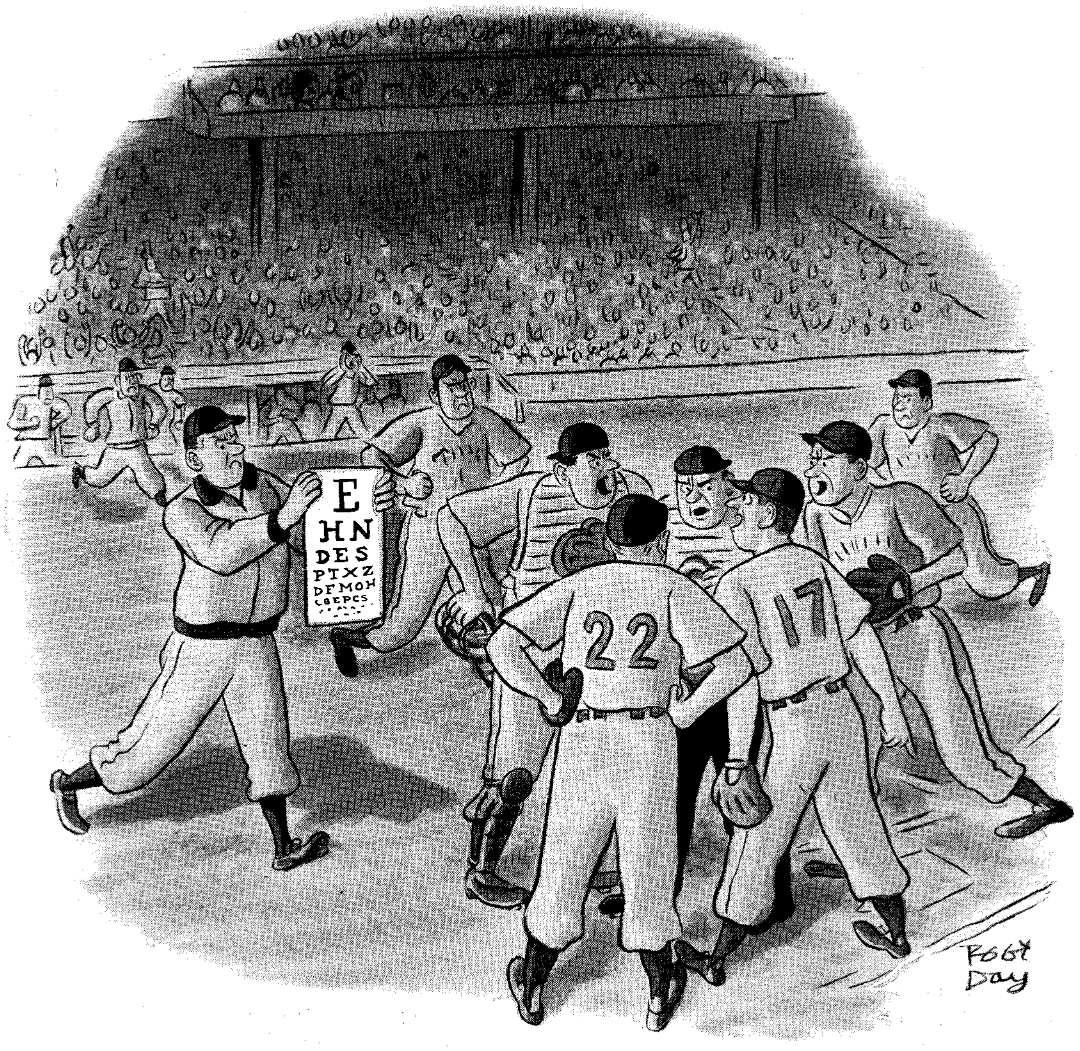
"It was after Harriet Martineau."

"Ah, yes, of course." He smiled again.

"I could tie it for you."

"I cannot bear anyone to touch my feet."

She rearranged her bunch of flowers



and held them out at arm's length to consider them.

"None the less, sit down beside me," he presently said.

Surprised, she hesitated, then sat down rather round the tree from him, so that they must talk slightly over their shoulders. Her hands, at her side, pressed into dry twigs, dead leaves, the empty cases of last year's beechnuts.

"I hope you will be very happy, very famous," she said. To say this more easily, she laid an edge of mockery to her voice.

Her brown, ink-smudged hand drew his attention. Looking sideways, he examined it carefully. "Thank you," he said, and his voice, too, sank into mockery.

She could not allow to him the same motive as her own and, imagining he had wished to rebuke her, pointed out that it was time to go home. "Or you will be late for supper," she said, as if he were intolerably preoccupied with meals.

Nervously, tenderly, he put his own hand over hers.

"*You* will be late, too," he said, as if nothing had happened.

"My mother—" she began, but she could not continue. She seemed to have stepped over into another world. Confused, as though the demarcation had been between life and death, she imagined herself swimming, floating, in a strange element where hearing and sight no longer existed.

"Your mother what?" he asked. He slid his hand up her arm and into her sleeve.

She could not remember what she had been about to say. Watching a velvety gray spider crossing her ankle, she was surprised that she did not experience her usual fear and disgust.

Vesey had turned to face her and the tree. She had never seen his face so close to her own, or dared to look at him as she looked now. He drew her away from the tree into his arms and rested his head against her, and still she could not move but was locked up in amazement and disbelief. Only when he loosened her, as he soon did, sensing her constraint, did she begin to relax, to tremble. She raised her hands stiffly. Pieces of twig, small stones, were pressed into the creased and reddened palms. She brushed them on her skirt and stared about her. Then a great silence, of despair, ennui, disappointment with herself, widened in her, like a yawn. The trees seemed to march away from her into the darkness; the wood was a chilly vault; the birds had stopped calling. Vesey sat beside her still, prizing bits of white flint out of the mossy earth with a stick, which kept snapping. Absorbed, he did this. Fatally, she covered her face with her hands.

"What is wrong?" he asked gently.

He drew her hands away and kissed her cheek. In spite of his seeming assurance, he was not really sure.

"Harriet?"

"Yes, Vesey?"

"Have I done wrong?"

"No."

The yawn, the disappointment, was contagious. Touching her again, his excitement undiminished, he was at the same time reminded of the dullness of consequences. The tears which she had not let fall cautioned him. He began to wonder if violent embraces are not often induced by not knowing what to do next, of losing one's nerve as much as losing one's control. He put his sandal on again, easing it with elaborate care over the bandage, frowning as he buckled it.

"It is only—" she began unpromisingly (that daunting opening to long complaints, long confessions) "—only that sometimes I worry about the future. And hearing you tonight—so sure—there is nothing for *me* to do, as there is for you. I wonder what will happen to me."

Relief made him robust. "Someone will marry you," he said cruelly. He stood up and brushed leaves away, then he put out his hand to help her to her feet.

"I DO think," Caroline was saying in her most reasonable voice, "that another time—of course, it doesn't matter in the least while we are alone—obviously, it's of no importance to me that you take the last rissole. I'm not the faintest bit hungry, and if I were, could have had more cooked—but perhaps it would be a bad example to the children, if they were here, for you just to—without offering it, I mean—to take it as a matter of course. I *hate* having to say this, but it is a question, I suppose, of principle. After all, we were always agreed that this isn't one of those houses where the man is lord and master and boss and breadwinner, taking everything for granted."

"He could certainly not do that," Hugo said, tipping the nut rissole onto Caroline's plate.

She flushed. "My dear Hugo, surely you have not taken offense because I spoke frankly?"

"It is what people do take offense at."

"You know I couldn't eat another thing."

She returned the rissole to his plate.

"And now I could not, either," he said, abandoning some spinach as well, and putting his knife and fork together. The rissole was back on the dish where it had begun, among the shapes of the other rissoles, which had been outlined by cold fat.

As the meal continued with rhubarb pie, Caroline's explanations also continued. What she simply hated saying, she always said for a long time.

Hugo said little. He knew that she was a good wife, though a bore. But even her moral code had its less tiresome side.

When at last she had finished, he said, "Vesey is late."

"I have put some cold food on one side for him."

"I should have thought that he need not put you to such trouble."

"But meals are made for people, not people for meals," Caroline said with smooth serenity.

HARRIET strove to measure, to assess, Vesey's consciousness of her—not so much to find out what was his attitude towards her but if he had an attitude. Her diary, once full of blank pages, became cramped and congested on the days when she saw him. Reading it months later, when she was lonely, it did not seem that she had quite told the truth. She stored up all his sayings against the long winter, when she would not see him, but the very ink she wrote them in seemed to lay emphasis which did not belong. Some days had only one line: "I went to Caroline's. I did not see V." But the next day might spill back upon that page. ("Vesey mowed the lawn. Vesey looked tired. Vesey is reading Walter Pater." Vesey's opinions of Walter Pater would then appear. Two days later, Harriet was reading Walter Pater. She did so agree with Vesey and, should he ask her, would say so, but he did not ask her.) In her diary, she walked right round Vesey and viewed

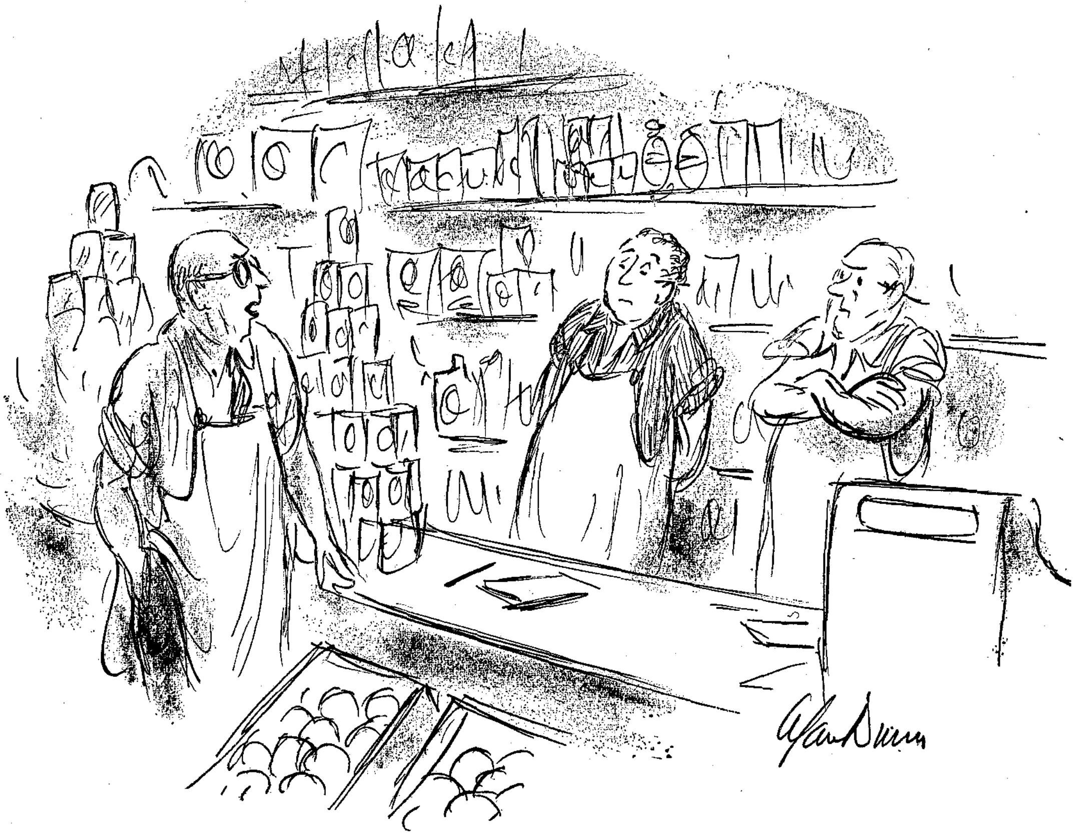
him from every angle and in every light.

On the days when she did not see him, she was sometimes tempted back after supper and would bicycle slowly along the tarred road and past Caroline's house, suddenly staring ahead when she drew level, as if hateful scenes were being enacted on those smooth lawns. Relieved, she would bicycle on in the darkening evening, the air cool against her, her tires swerving on the gravelly road. Before she reached home, lights would be on in the cottages she passed and she would duck her head, seeing the bats slanting and darting between the hedges. Insects would strike her; she feared especially the flying beetles. All anticipation gone, she would be glad to be back. She could not think why she had set out in the first place.

Her mother worked in the garden until late, and their cottage had a deserted, stuffy air with no lamps lit. The fires had been laid so long that the paper was sooty and the twigs covered with cigarette ends and bits of cotton.

The cottage, like most of them in this small hamlet, which house agents called an artists' paradise, was a laborer's cottage neatly prettified, with diamond panes and new thatch. Geraniums were planted trustingly outside the hedge. The stones in the front path had been cracked to accommodate clumps of thrift. All of these cottages showed their former usefulness by the names painted in Gothic script on little swinging boards: The Old Bakehouse, The Old Malthouse, Cobbler's, Shepherd's Cottage. Lilian and Harriet were at Forge Cottage; across the road, at the Old Vicarage, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson had once stayed for a fortnight.

Lilian Claridge had, in middle age, a soft prettiness and transparency. Her fine, thin skin was like crumpled tussore, darker than her prematurely white hair, and deeply shadowed under her eyes. If she was brave, she was brave with a tautness she could not for long sustain; if she was angry, she was angrier than she intended. She, not Caroline, had wept at the police station, but she had dealt the first blow; nervousness had hastened her. At Harriet's age, she had kept a diary, too, but more evenly and consistently. It had been a five years' diary, thick as a Bible, with brass corners to the covers and a little key. Turning the pages now, she could not



*"Firmness, curtness, a brusque tone now and then, yes, perhaps even a touch of aloofness, but no more than that for the time being. So far, this is only a localized war."*

see that the key had been necessary. In the years when it might have been, she was too busy for diary writing. But when she was eighteen, the days had gone innocently by: Miss Brown had scolded, had exhorted, had kissed her goodbye when she left school; she went to tea with old ladies; she pasted scraps onto a screen; she trimmed her hats and sewed insertion round her camisoles. Once, it was recorded, she had tried to make a great fruitcake with eight eggs and crystallized cherries; but when she took it from its tin, the middle had fallen out and she had shut herself in her room in tears. Always in tears. Tears with her family when she threw in her lot with Mrs. Henry Fawcett, tears with Mrs. Henry Fawcett when she left her for the Pankhursts and prison, tears every night in prison. Her face had not stood up to so much crying; crumpled and bruised, it begged her friends to beware, betrayed her to her enemies.

She and Harriet lived uneasily together; they were more intimately placed than suited either. Harriet's failures at school had been a matter of agonized embarrassment for both. Success is always less awkward. It does not make claims upon pity or tact; congratulations are easier to give than condolences. Her mother's timid smile, her way of saying "It doesn't matter" had the opposite effect to what had been intended. I have failed as a daughter, too, Harriet would think.

In her last term at school, she had concentrated all her hopeless confusion upon the examination papers. The clock ticked, the time went, and the confusion grew tighter, denser. Waiting after school on the day the results were pinned to the notice board, she could not run to see, as the other girls did, eagerly and excitedly. Numbly she approached the edge of the semicircle. Under a thick ruled line her name was isolated. "Oh, *bad* luck!" the smiling girls paused to say, pushing out of the crush to hurry home. She dreaded her own moment of entering the house. Her mother, drawn time after time to the window, was caught there looking out as Harriet opened the gate. Lilian tried, having seen her daughter's face, to fade back into the room. She put on a careless look, her embarrassed smile, and went with a quick light tread and a dismayed heart into the hall.

"Oh, Mother!"

"But it doesn't *matter*. We didn't truly expect, and we truly don't care. You are so late home that I must make fresh tea."

With her quick and casual manner, she thrust back Harriet's tears, which would have been much better shed.

Now she was paying for her mistakes. Harriet was sealed off completely—not only by good manners, self-control, reserve, but also by lies. She told lies about meeting Vesey and her habit of staying late at Caroline's. She made excuses and gave wrong reasons.

Lilian talked to Caroline. Both disapproved of Vesey. They thought him callous and affected. His lazy cynicism was an irritation to them. He had been badly brought up and was not to be trusted.

"But I think she doesn't much *like* him," Caroline said. "We see no evidence of it here—rather the reverse."

Although Lilian was not confided in, she could not ignore the evidence of Harriet's excitement and all the bicycling about. She felt a desperation in the girl's behavior, and, as fast as she tried to comfort herself, could only see that she knew nothing about her daughter—neither how far she would commit herself nor what she would be likely to feel. Unlocking her old diary, Lilian found no clue there. She found only floods of tears, and there was no evidence that Harriet ever cried.

Harriet's own diary, which had no lock and key, would have told her mother all she did not want to know, but a woman who has been to prison for principles does not discard them so easily, and the thought, which did go so far as to enter her head, retracted immediately in shame. Harriet had not described her love in writing, but Vesey's most trivial doing or saying, crammed up and down the margins, obliterating headings about Pheasant Shooting and the phases of the Moon, would have plainly revealed to her mother the pitiful and one-sided truth.

After their walk in the woods, Harriet faced the day's page uncertainly. There was either far too much space or only one-hundredth part enough. Time had expanded and contracted abnormally. That morning and all her childhood seemed the same distance away. "I cannot put down what happened this evening," she wrote mysteriously. "Nor is there any need, for I shall remember all my life." And although she was so mysterious, she was right. Much in those diaries would puzzle her when she turned their pages in middle age, old age; many allusions would be meaningless; week after week would seem to have been wiped away. But that one entry, so proudly cryptic, would always evoke the evening in the wood, the shadows, the layers of leaves shutting out the sky, the bronze mosses at the foot of the trees, the floating sound their voices had, and that explosive, echoing cry of the cuckoo. She would remember writing the words in the little candlelit bedroom.

Outside, her mother trundled the wheelbarrow, laden with weeds, down the gravelled path. Harriet closed the diary and shut the window against the moths. Later, when she was in bed, she tried to return to the wood where Vesey had kissed her, but doubt and disappointment overtook her again. She could not believe that caution and uncertainty could have so wickedly crippled her happiness at such a time. She longed for a second chance, to have the moment at her disposal again. The story began to be how she imagined having behaved. But the recollection of that walk back, in single file through the trees, shuffling in the dead leaves, stiff, self-conscious, hinted that they had reached some stubbornness in one another, that they had broken the past in such a way that nothing could repair it. In despair, she lay awake wondering about the morrow. With one of her few flashes of perception she imagined Vesey peacefully asleep.

ANOTHER day is another world. The difference between foreign countries is never so great as the difference between night and day. Not only are the landscape and the light changed but people are different; relationships which the night before had progressed at a sudden pace appear to be back where they were. Some hopes are renewed, but others dwindle; the state of the world looks rosier and death farther off, but the state of ourselves and our loves and ambitions seems more prosaic. We begin to regret promises, as if the influence of darkness were like the influence of drink. We do not love our friends so warmly, or ourselves. Children feel less need of their parents; writers tear up the masterpiece they wrote the night before.

So Harriet met Vesey bravely in a more prosaic world. While she was propping her bicycle against the wall of the house, he called to her from an upstairs window. She waved with what she thought was a beautiful negligence and disappeared into the house.

Because he realized how Harriet tumbled the same thoughts about and about in her head, Vesey had regretted his experiment of the evening before. He had lost no sleep over it, though. He could not make a fuss in his mind about such triviality. He had his life before him. After all, he thought this morning, watching himself in a mirror as he combed his hair, we are children—no more. He did not know that at this age most youths believe that they are men.

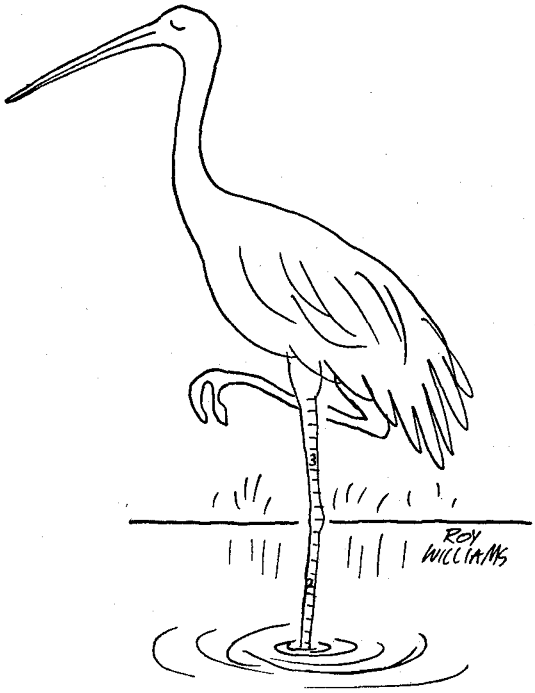
The streak of cruelty which Lilian had perceived in him was real enough, but used defensively. He would not have wished to be cruel to Harriet, who had not threatened him. Indeed, it had begun to seem to him that only she was set against the great weight of disapproval he felt upon him. His mother treated him, at best, with an amused kindliness. Among her friends she drew attention to him as if he were a beloved marmoset on a chain, somehow enhancing her own originality, decorating her. After her day's work, while she bathed, he brought her drinks, carried messages to and from the telephone. In later years, the word "mother" brought to his mind the steamy bathroom, the picture of her creamy-yellow body with its almost navy-blue hair, the hands and feet with their darkly varnished nails. This was his only time alone with her. As soon as she was dressed she belonged to other people. He was the quaint little monkey handing round olives and cigarettes, sipping gin to amuse them. His father always went straight to his study when he arrived home. His appearance in the drawing room was a signal for his wife's friends to scatter. With his own especial remote geniality, he would drink his one sherry and speed them all on their way; large and formidable, he underlined their flimsiness, and "Poor Barbara!" they would laugh, bundling into their little cars, sitting on one another's knees. "What a bloody old bore he is!" In search of a gayer host, they would drive away.

When Vesey went to school, he realized at once that this background was better not mentioned, but he felt—for he was quick to atmosphere—that its influence upon him was not unnoted; certainly not by masters, who seemed to be waiting for him to commit some outrage or manifest some unwholesomeness; and not even by the boys, who were dubious and suspicious. He suffered very much at school on those occasions when his mother came, looking like an elder sister, and still more when, which was more often, she did not come at all.

He did not make any close friends, for he had too much to hide. Since he could not have affection, he thought he would have admiration. His laziness was assumed, to hide his dislike of small failures. What he could not have, he did not care to have. Disruptive, cheeky, he provoked tired sarcasm from masters. The best he ever had from anyone was callous applause, laughter at his antics, and he became the same sort of little monkey that he had been at home.

Caroline and Hugo, so sound, so moral, and so earnest, tried to do something for him, but he reacted to their charity with rudeness. Only Harriet showed approval. She had always shown it, and now, at a time when he most needed some success with personal relationships, her approval had grown warmer and more positive. What Caroline could not see and Harriet tried to hide, Vesey had begun to perceive. He needed Harriet for his own reasons, to give him confidence and peace. In the shelter of her love, he hoped to have a second chance, to turn his personality away from what he most hated in himself, to try to find dignity before it was too late. Playing the fool bored him. With the failure of school behind him, he hoped to shake off the tedious habit.

Against this need he had for her were set the feelings he had about Harriet herself. He knew



her almost too well to be able to realize her clearly, but he began to see that she was brave and candid, oppressed by the ideals of an older generation, enduring boredom and an enforced childishness and loneliness. She would have been surprised that he should find her beautiful, and it was a colorless and wavering beauty that he observed—fleeting, from day to day. Every sign of fatigue showed—under her thin skin, in her rather lank pale hair. Set against the smartness of his mother's friends, he found her clothes (still school ones, improvised, altered), her untidy eyebrows, her rough little hands very touching and delightful, and her voice, too, which was clear and light with, in moments of agitation, a hurried stammer.

Cruelty had in him its other side of appalled tenderness. When his nature betrayed him into this tenderness, he would violently retract and cover up in cruelty. Knowing his weakness, he had meant to shield Harriet from both. Having failed once, he was determined not to fail again, was set on helping her out with gaiety and friendliness. Full of a jauntiness he did not feel, he went downstairs this morning to meet her.

Caroline was sitting among a litter of fruit peelings and letters, dictating. Harriet, with a cup of coffee beside her, scribbled madly on a pad, for she did not know shorthand. She wore a faded blue shirt tucked into a tweed skirt; her bare feet, with broken nails, looked narrow and frail in clumsy, handmade sandals. Her straight hair fell in separate strands over her shoulders. On both wrists, thin silver bracelets hung loosely.

Whitney Darrow, jr.

*"I can't understand it. The reviews said it was the best cookbook in ten years."*

Vesey sat at the table and began to shake Corn Flakes out of a packet, but Harriet did not look up. Only when Caroline had finished dictating did Harriet reach for her coffee, and then, as she began to drink, her eyes turned towards Vesey. He saw her mild glance above the rim of the cup—and smiled. She went on drinking, but her eyes narrowed in response.

Against his mother's knees Joseph lolled, eating an apple. His dry, light-brown hair looked almost gray; it stuck out like feathers all over his large head.

"Do take him to have his hair cut," Caroline said to Harriet.

Joseph began to whimper into his apple.

"Be sensible," Caroline bade him. "And Harriet shall take you to lunch in the town afterwards." In her own mind she did not mean this to be a bribe, but Joseph took it to be one.

"Vesey, your mother writes to say you are to buy new shoes," Caroline said. "I will give you the money. She says you are to spend at least a guinea on them." Harriet looked with respect at Vesey, but Caroline with doubt, considering this strange extravagance. "Well, it will be a little expedition for you," Caroline went on, "and when Harriet has done the letters, you can all be off."

Harriet began to wonder if she could bear the strain of a whole day out with Vesey. Anxieties mingled with her delight: anxieties about ordering food, controlling the children, expense, and how to find the ladies' lavatory.

VESEY walked up and down the shop in the gray suède shoes. Harriet and the children sat in a row watching. The shop with its shelves of white boxes was cool and dark. Beyond the open door the street was another world, but that panel of shifting colors in the sunlight emphasized the sombre interior.

Harriet, not much used to shopping, still experienced a feeling of crisis when she stepped off the busy pavement into a shop, where she seemed awaited and was to be judged. Her stammer increased. Shop assistants looked blankly patient listening to her, waiting for her to be done. At the grocer's, with Vesey standing by, she had been in a panic to know how to seem offhand enough; had rehearsed in her mind the giving of the order, but they still had to say "Pardon?," they still brought Bisto instead of Rinso, and when she had asked for *Petit-Beurre* biscuits in French, as she thought she should, they had not known what she meant. Almost showing the

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list, as if she were a child, she had blushed, dreading to try again; but Vesey had laughed. He had said "Petty burr, dearie," in a loud voice. It had saved her, but she had not wanted to be saved by him. Her shame in the eyes of the shop assistant was not so painful as Vesey's having witnessed it.

She was glad now to be only a spectator. No more was demanded of her than to take Vesey's side against the shop assistant, and this she did spontaneously and wholeheartedly. Joseph and Deirdre united with her in praise of Vesey's choice, and as the shoes were only eighteen and elevenpence, there would be two shillings left, which Vesey said he could quite justifiably spend on ice cream.

Harriet admired the way he took his time, discussed his plans, and had shoes lying about all over the floor. The assistant, who had begun with tan oxfords, now withdrew from the discussion, wearing the look of aloof distaste Vesey had grown so used to seeing on the faces of schoolmasters.

At the confectioner's, Deirdre suddenly remembered that she would get infantile paralysis if she ate ice cream that had not been made in her own home. She pushed the dish stubbornly to one side and was appeased only when it was shared out among the others. Smug and relieved, she nibbled at a limp wafer and watched them taking their great risk.

Joseph, with his bony temples now bared, the tendons of his neck shaved close, looked a different child. What hair was left showed the furrows of a comb drawn through the thick brilliantine.

Carrying the box of shoes and the basket of groceries, Vesey led them round the market place, in one entrance of Woolworth's (where they were told not to touch) and out of the other, examining the graves in the churchyard, reading the menus outside cafés and public houses. The pavement burnt through their thin sandals; they felt the warmth of brick walls as they went lingeringly down the street. Deirdre tagged along behind Vesey; Joseph held Harriet's hand. They felt the complete identity with their surroundings which children know, especially in summertime when, relaxed and opened out like flowers, they drink the sun. They drift, tack across pavements, trailing hands along railings; they stare, bemused, idle, given up to growing; they string out along the roads, separate, humming to themselves, heedless of time passing.

Only hunger jolted them. Like middle-aged parents, Vesey and Harriet settled the children to their lunch at a window overlooking the High Street. The Tudor Café had beams of stained deal tacked across the ceiling and diagonally across walls. Bottle-glass windows of a greenish shade obscured the light. Coats of arms and wicker furniture looked wonderful to the children.

When the waitress came, Harriet decided quickly. Indeed, for vegetarians there was no choice. She was lucky in liking macaroni-cheese.

"A chop," said Vesey, and if he had ordered a magnum of champagne, Harriet could not have been more alarmed. "Have a chop, Deirdre," he added.

"I don't know what is a chop," Joseph wailed.

"A chop is meat," Deirdre said, glancing at the waitress as if for confirmation.

"Please, Vesey!" Harriet whispered timidly.

"Old stick-in-the-mud Harriet!" he laughed.

The waitress took her weight off one leg and stared out of the window above their heads, yawning.

"I don't know what is a chop," Joseph said again.

"A chop is a little piece of meat with a bone and some fat, and it is grilled," Vesey said, so distinctly that people at other tables could hear him.

"I don't know what is grilled," Joseph said, enjoying himself.

"Three chops, one macaroni-cheese," the waitress said, beginning to write.

"They have never eaten meat," Harriet told Vesey.

Deirdre turned accusing eyes on him but said nothing. She gave him a steady assurance of blaming him later. Innocent party, her face said.

"Four chops," Vesey said suddenly. He nodded mockingly at Harriet.

"Vegetarians live cheaper," Deirdre said, when she had read the menu. "Macaroni-cheese is only eightpence."

"Hush!" Harriet implored. "You must lower your voice, Deirdre. You are not at home."

"We certainly aren't *there*," Joseph said as the chops were put in front of them. He became very loud and swaggering and took up the too large knife and fork and began to cut his meat, which was on a level with his shoulders. Vesey took off his own jacket and folded it neatly for a cushion. Perched on this, Joseph wobbled insecurely. "Blood comes out," he said, looking uncertainly at his plate.

Across the table, Vesey and Harriet smiled at one another, Harriet catching in her lower lip with her teeth. "Caroline will be angry," she said.

Vesey touched his tie and cleared his throat. "My children!" he began. "It is clearly understood, I hope, that this repellent orgy of corpse-eating will not be mentioned to either of your parents"—Deirdre smiled to herself as she chewed—"and, in fact, will be obliterated from your minds the moment we leave the precincts of this more or less baronial hall."

"We cannot teach them to tell lies," Harriet said in a low voice.

"We cannot do that," Vesey agreed. "We should have come to the task too late. We can only prevent them from telling the truth."

"Meat is nice," Joseph said.

"We do not often get the chance," said Deirdre.

Harriet thought that she and Vesey threw out a beautiful protection over the children. Everything she shared with him seemed hallowed, even this guilt of eating chops.

"We can get bread any day," Joseph explained to the waitress, who handed him a basket of rolls. His elbows stuck up like wings as he tried to cut his meat. When Vesey leaned over to do this for him, Harriet whitened—she felt her face blanching—with an extreme tension of love, with a momentary awareness of his personality so sharp that her own seemed to be nothing. She was only eyes looking at Vesey and heart recording her confusion.

"It has been an experience," said Deirdre at last, putting her knife and fork together.

GOING back in the bus, Vesey seemed abstracted. He sat in the seat next to Harriet with his arms round the basket of shopping, his fingers fringing his bus ticket, his eyes narrowed at the tunnel of branches through which they wound their way.

When a woman began to shell the peas which she had bought in the market into her straw hat, the bus conductor sat down beside her to help. Harriet watched the woman's plump hands deftly cracking open the pods and stripping the peas into her upturned hat, the calm accuracy of her wrist and fingers, the unhurried pace; and, beside her, the man's clumsiness, the sudden bursting open of the pods, his groping

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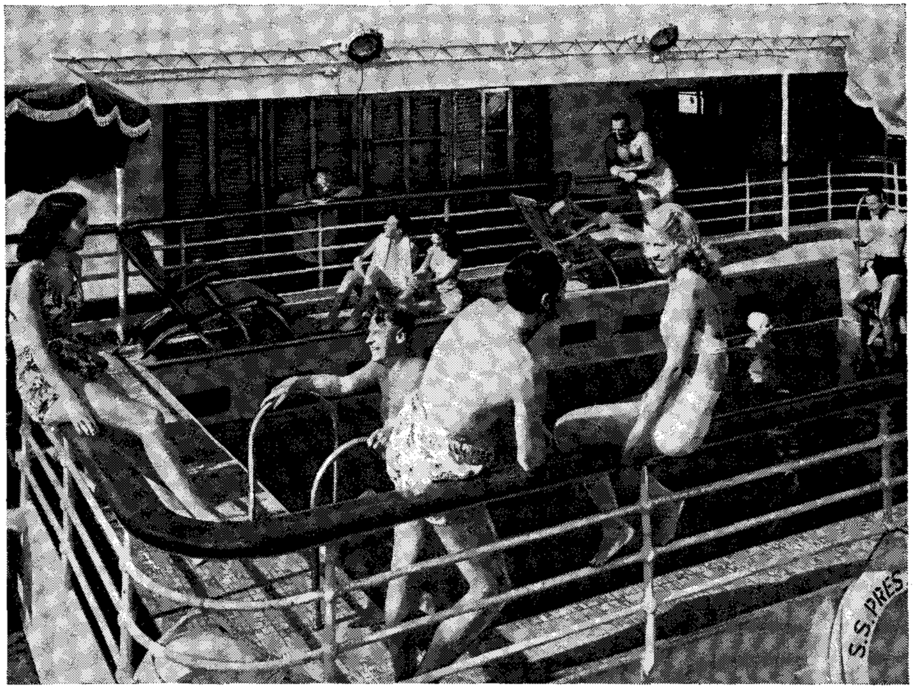

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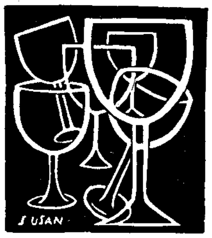
on the slatted floor for the peas which bounced about the bus like bullets. Each empty shuck went over the woman's shoulder and out of the window.

"It is like 'Hansel and Gretel,'" Harriet whispered.

Vesey looked slowly, uncomprehendingly at her, as if he were returning from some remote place, surprised to find her at his side.

"The trail of pea shucks," she tried to explain.

He turned his head to look. "The birds will devour them," he said. "Nothing will ever be known of our whereabouts."



The long tunnel of leaves began to look impenetrable; each turn of the road revealed only greenness. His face reflected a greenish pallor.

Joseph knelt at the window looking out, humming tunelessly. Deirdre slumped back watching, as if she were hypnotized, the woman shelling the peas.

"It has been lovely—" Harriet began, but her stammer caught at the words and she looked away, out of the window, her throat moving, Vesey could see, with embarrassment, so that she was unable to continue.

"What has been lovely, my dear girl?" he asked.

She pressed the palms of her hands close together between her knees. "It will be so dull when you go back," she said with sudden bravery and resolve.

Considering the changes, the promise, of his own near future, he did not know how to answer without condescension or discouragement what seemed the obvious truth.

"You will be all right," he said, smiling, denying her any comfort.

"If Mother asks us," Deirdre suddenly turned round to inquire, "what do we say we had for lunch?"

"That you had tomatoes and potatoes and peas. And bread," Vesey said.

"Suppose she says why only that?"

"You will say, 'We thought you wouldn't like us to have meat.'"

Deirdre rehearsed this under her breath.

"Then you will be telling the truth," Vesey said, with his careless smile.

"I didn't have any bread," Joseph said, coming away from the window, which was all steamed with his breath.

CAROLINE was back from her meeting in time for high tea.

"My poor little boy!" she said to Joseph, smoothing his cropped head. "Harriet, don't run away."

"I ought to go," Harriet said, sitting down.

"This is prison fare," said Deirdre casually, looking at her salad.

"I said I could have bread any day," Joseph reminded them.

"I wonder," said Vesey, staring at the children, yet at the same time spreading butter with a cynical deliberation, "I wonder if Harriet and I will be playing hide-and-seek with you tonight."

The meat has overexcited them, Harriet thought. She had always heard that it inflamed the baser instincts.

"I liked you-know-what," said Joseph.

"We had ice cream. I hope that was all right," Harriet said quickly.

"There was money over from the shoes," Vesey explained.

"But there could not have been," Caroline said. "The money was your mother's. You should not exceed what you are allowed."

"The ice cream was not the best part of the day," said Joseph.

"He was a good boy having his hair cut," Harriet said hurriedly.

"I was a good boy eating my dindin," Joseph said in a baby voice.

"Mother," said Deirdre, "we save a lot of money being vegetarians, don't we?"

"Only in doctors' bills," Caroline replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I noticed macaroni-cheese was only eightpence."

"And here was I feeling sorry for you that they had no vegetarian dish," Caroline said, and laughed.

"Vesey bought some nice shoes," Harriet interposed.

"Yes, we must look at them after tea."

"They are gray," Deirdre said.

Caroline frowned. "How do you mean—gray?"

"They are gray suède," Vesey said quietly. He looked down sideways at the tablecloth, leaning back in his chair as if fatigued.

"Gray suède," said Caroline.

"Yes," he said.

A little silence fell; or rather, was drawn down. Caroline picked up her cup and drank tea steadily. Her cheekbones were scarlet.

"Aren't gray shoes nice?" Joseph asked.

Caroline smiled as she replaced the cup very quietly in its saucer. "Nice?" she repeated in her amused, indulgent

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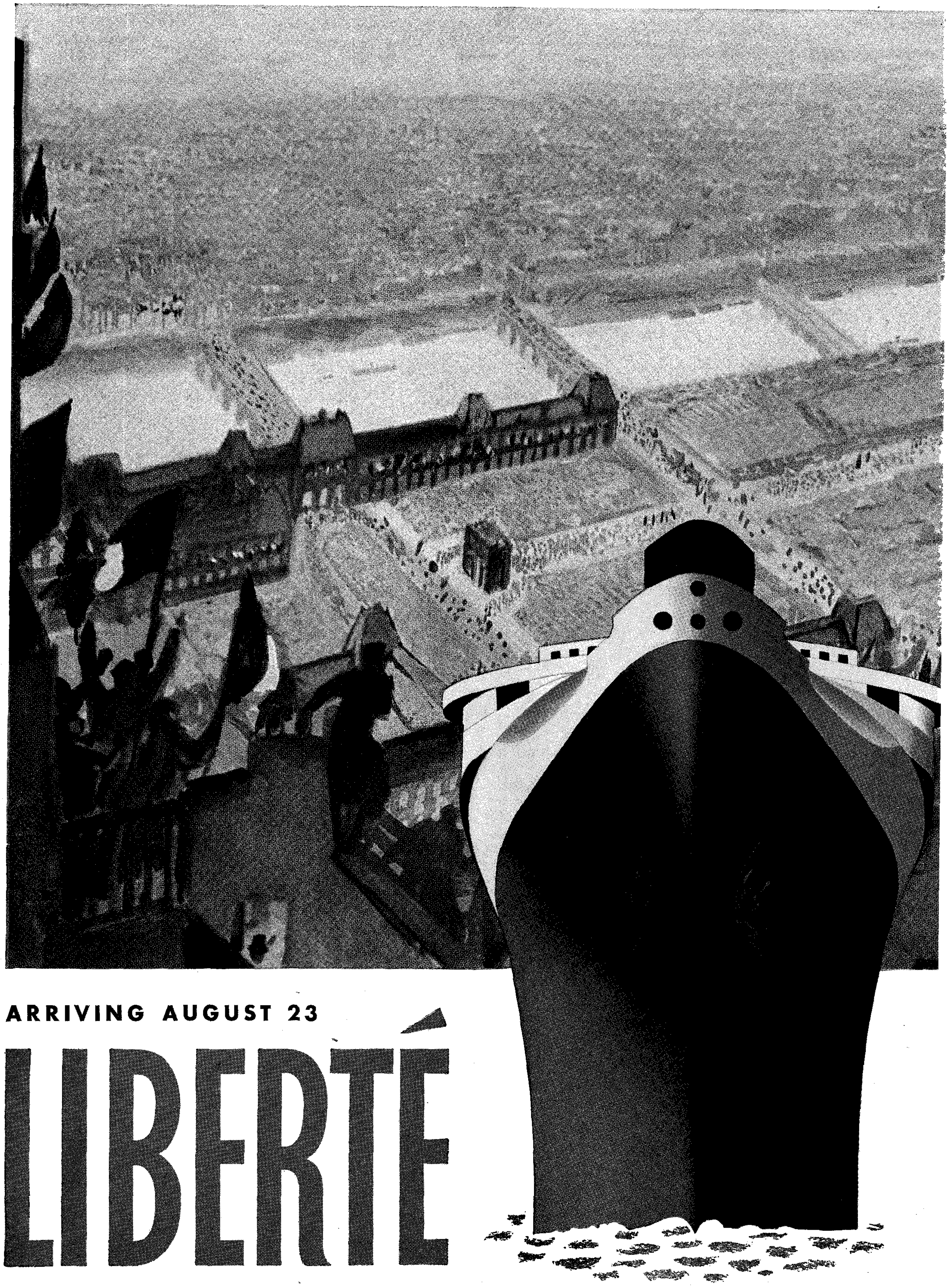
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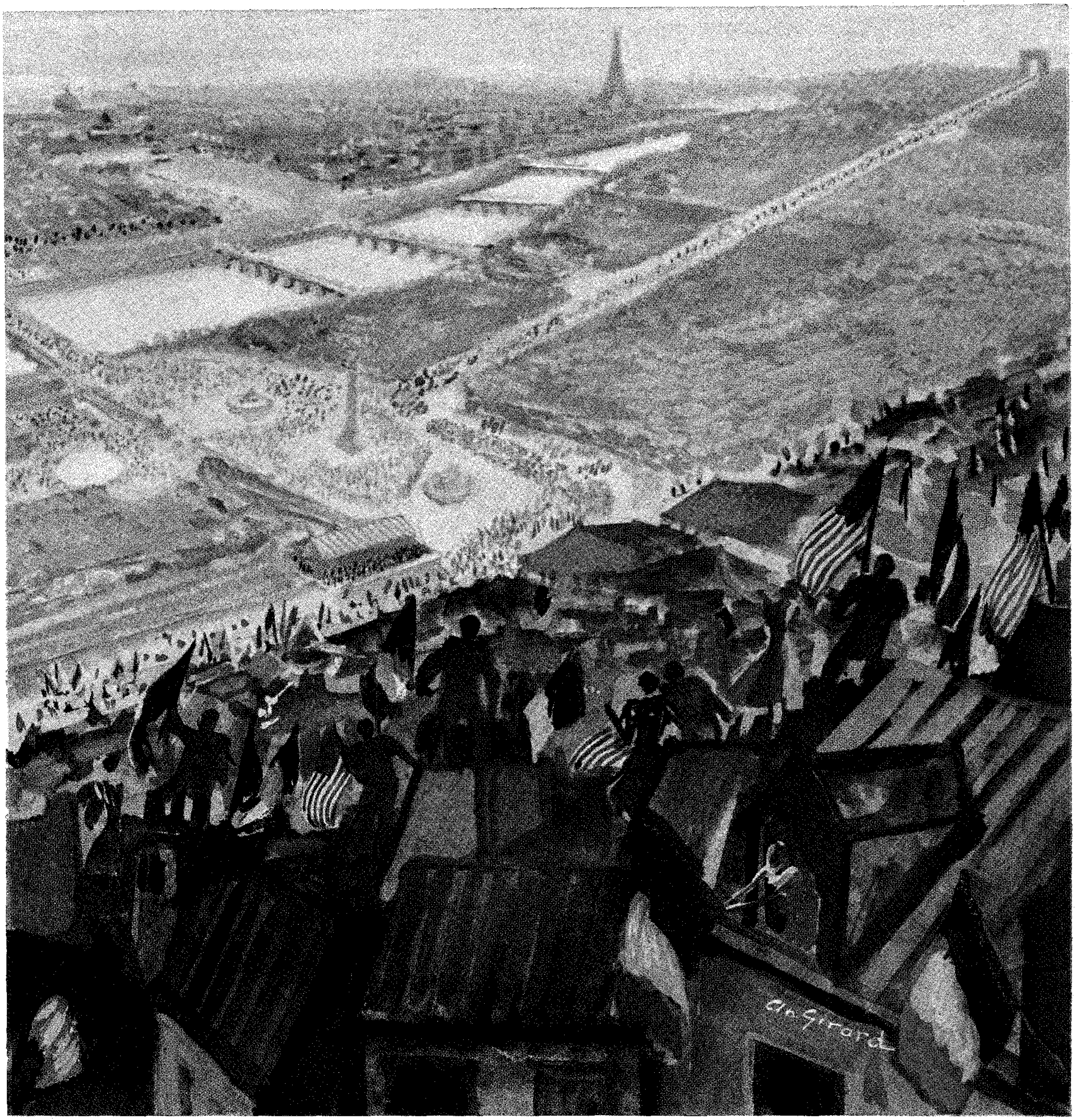

The Liberation of Paris, 1945. Painted by Andre Girard

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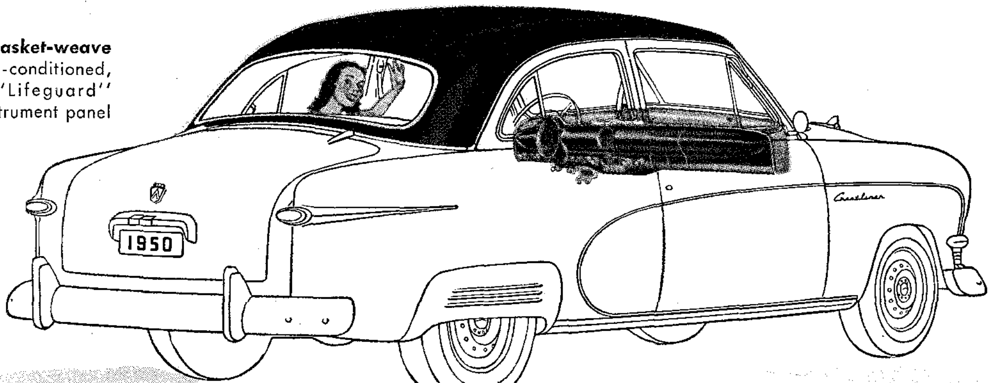

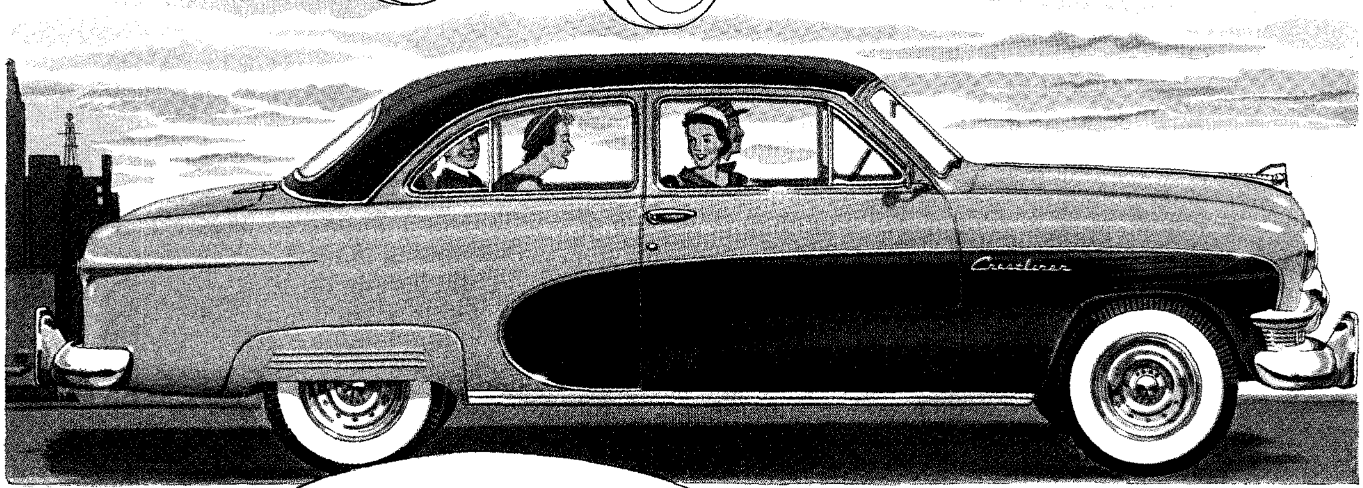

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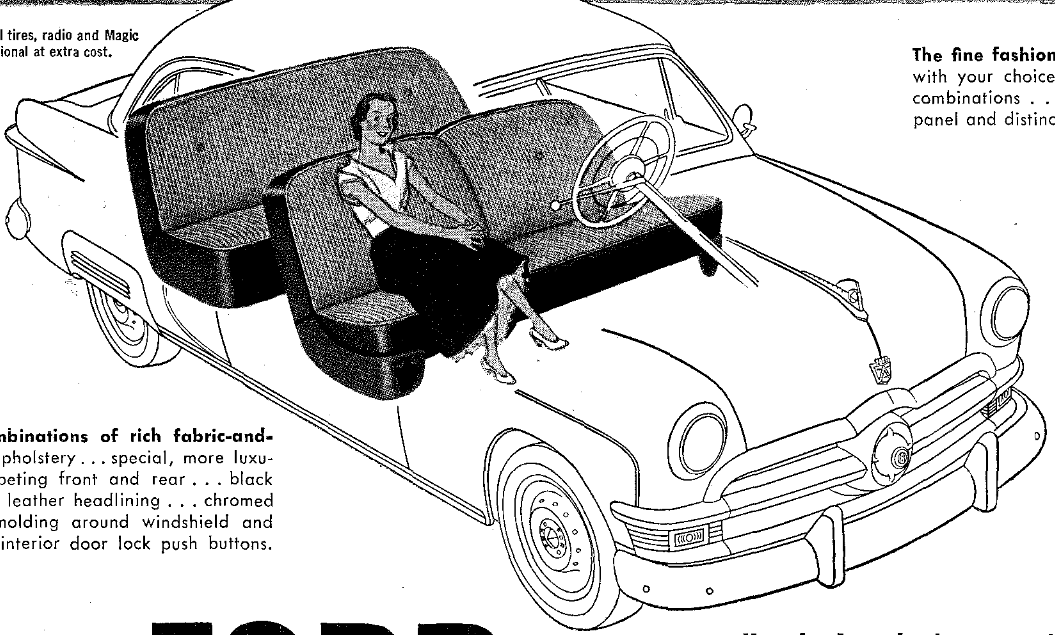

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voice. "I don't think 'nice' or 'nasty' enter into it."

Vesey flicked a crumb across the table, then another.

"More salad, Joseph?" Caroline asked.

"I'm not hungry."

"What did you say?"

"I'm not hungry."

"No, *thank* you."

"Only a little bit, then," he said. He lifted up his plate innocently.

Vesey, his eyes half closed, nodded as if at some private thought which pleased him.

"THAT was touch and go," said Deirdre as they strolled through the fields.

"Only because you made it so," Harriet said coldly.

"You want to have your cake and then blame others that you have eaten it," Vesey added.

"Only it was meat," Joseph said.

"And you find the danger of blaming more exciting than the other part," said Vesey.

"As if I care," Deirdre said, wiping tears away with her fingers.

"You are not to be out of our sight until you go to bed," Vesey said. "Since you are not to be trusted. If you go off on your own without a responsible person—either Harriet or me—the consequences will be such that I could not answer for."

"You can't be with us for the rest of our lives," Joseph muttered.

"Speak up, Joseph," Vesey said. "I am afraid that we didn't have the pleasure of hearing what you said."

"I said you can't be with us forever," Joseph said bravely, staring ahead as he walked across the field.

"Ah, correct! Time will part us; other commitments will engage me. Yet no matter where you are, you will be continually reminded of me, feel my presence as strongly beside you as you feel it now. Strange, that! Very, very strange! Remember, my dear Joseph."

"I don't believe you."

Deirdre put her arm across her brother's shoulders. They walked unevenly over the bumpy stubble, awkwardly entwined.

"Don't tease them," Harriet implored him, for the sight of the two children plodding on together touched her painfully. But what touched her more painfully was Vesey's mood, from which the teasing sprang. His face was whiter than ever; his words fell like the strokes of a whip. For Caroline had

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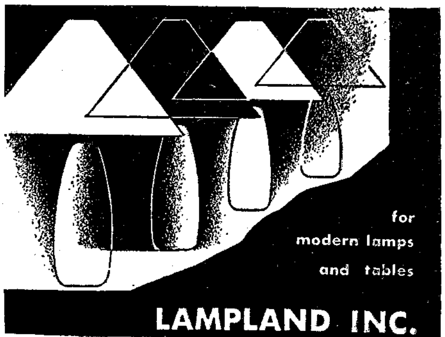

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shown distaste, now Harriet disapproval.

"Every time you go for a walk you pick flowers," he said. "Like a bloody little Cockney."

Harriet stared at her bunch of bleached chicory as if she could not believe her eyes, or her ears.

"I shall tell Mother you said 'bloody,' " Deirdre said, turning round.

"*That* wasn't very sensible of him, was it?" Vesey said lightly, in Caroline's voice.

"When you are hurt, you lay waste all around you," Harriet said quietly. "No one is safe."

She was dismayed at loving someone imperfect. She tried to think of Vesey at lunch, cutting Joseph's meat for him. She could not believe that anyone so loved could be flawed by spitefulness, the quality above all others which distressed her, or that tenderness and cruelty could inhabit the same person, dwell side by side, one sometimes intensifying the other.

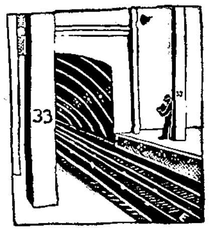
"Hurt?" Vesey repeated. It was the one charge he would not have brought. "Bored, you mean, perhaps?"

"Yes, I expect you are bored as well," said Harriet sadly.

All through the long winter and the spring, she would not have him near her; yet now, standing so close beside him, the moment which should have been so precious was worse than useless; it shrank, and stopped and curdled. These blue flowers she carried in her hand she would surely hate for the rest of her life.

The children, feeling themselves no more the chief butt of Vesey's bad humor, loosened and drifted apart, hopped in and out of the furrows, singing, and when Joseph turned again, it was seen that all was forgotten, or forgiven.

"We could go into Hardy's Farm," he said to Vesey, and smiled hopefully, as if their relationship had always been amiable and might be more so.



"I doubt if Harriet here would care to," Vesey said.

"Could we, Harriet?"

"It is trespassing," Vesey said, glancing at her, then at the sky.

"How can we trespass on someone who is dead?" Deirdre asked.

"Harriet would jib even at that."

The farmyard to which they came had the derelict look of after an auction sale. Bills were stuck to the walls and littered the ground. There was a smell of dried cow dung and trampled grass, and going in through a creaking gate they disturbed pigeons who seemed not to have been disturbed for a long time. Empty barns and stalls enclosed the yard. Along one side, the house with its blank windows faced them.

It was easy to climb in through the pantry window. Then the cold and silence of the empty house lay before them, the cavernous dark kitchen with its broken stone floor and cobwebbed plate racks and mossy sink.

"It smells like the tomb," said Deirdre.

"I don't like it," Joseph whimpered.

"Harriet and I are going upstairs to the haunted room," said Vesey.

"Rooms can't be haunted," Deirdre said in a terrified voice.

"There's my sensible girl," said Vesey.

"Harriet is afraid," Joseph observed.

"Harriet is a ninny," Vesey told him. He spoke as if Harriet herself were no longer there. "She lets words break her bones. She hides her face at the slightest thing. She picks all these flowers to comfort herself because her hands are trembling."

The children, not understanding, opened a cupboard and looked in. A mouse ran out and they drew back into one another's arms. Now that Vesey's voice had stopped echoing round the walls, they could hear a tap dripping dismally into the sink.

Harriet walked out of the kitchen and down a brick passage into the hall. She tried to steady herself by breathing slowly and deeply, hoping her tears would recede. It was a physical struggle, for her mind seemed empty. At the crest of each breath, weeping threatened her. Far away now, the voices of the children sounded, as if at the bottom of a well. When she thought she heard footsteps coming after her, she sped silently up the stairs, for though she had kept back her tears, she felt she would not if she were made to speak.

Doors stood ajar on the landing, and on this floor sunlight streamed in. From the window, she could see the blond stubble and the dark elm trees, gnats in the golden light and, below, a tangled garden with purplish roses upon sagging arches. In the largest room, a carved canopy jutted out where once a bed had stood; torn hangings still drooped from it. On the window sill were a broken wineglass and a box of pills. I suppose the old man died in here, she thought, but it was the living she feared and the footsteps of the living pursuing her. She was cornered in this room and had nowhere to hide.

"Harriet!" said Vesey, but she would not turn away from the window. "Don't go on being silly, there's a good girl! My God, what a funny room. I suppose he died here." He opened the box of pills and offered them to her. "I dare you to take these and see what happens. . . . Ah, come, Harriet! Don't sulk. If you don't speak to me, I shall cut my artery." He pressed the jagged wineglass to his wrist. "You see, I mean it." A little bead of blood grew larger on his white skin.

"Don't be absurd, Vesey!"

"That's better. I don't mind what you say as long as you speak to me. Only the *looks* I get I can't abide." He threw the wineglass into a corner, where it splintered with a frail sound against the wall.

"Where are the children?" Harriet asked.

"They went out again. The mice frightened them. Do mice frighten you, Harriet?"

"No."

"What does frighten you?"

She turned away from him and put out her hand to the carved canopy post, steadying herself.

"I think you are at the end of your tether," he said.

She leaned her head against the post, her arm crooked above it.

"Sometimes I feel that I am, too," he added.

He put his hand out and touched her hair, but she only buried her head deeper against her arm. The moment he began to caress her, she felt weakness besetting her. It transgressed her stubborn intention; like a slow stain, it spread across her self-defense, visible, she feared, as it gathered and overtook her.

When she looked at him, he could see the mark of the carved wood dented quite deeply across her brow; at first it was white, then slowly reddened. He gathered her up close to him and kissed her. He felt her warm hands in his hair and saw himself very tiny in her eyes. This time, she returned his kiss. Their hearts knocked and raced. Rigidly together, flesh against bone, they stood without moving, undergoing a sense of being not in their right element.

At the back of her extreme tension was a feeling of disbelief and unreality, for she had never reached this limit in all her dreams about him, and all her vague yearnings, dissatisfactions, disturbances were resolved so suddenly that she felt goaded and overthrown.

And now they seemed no longer

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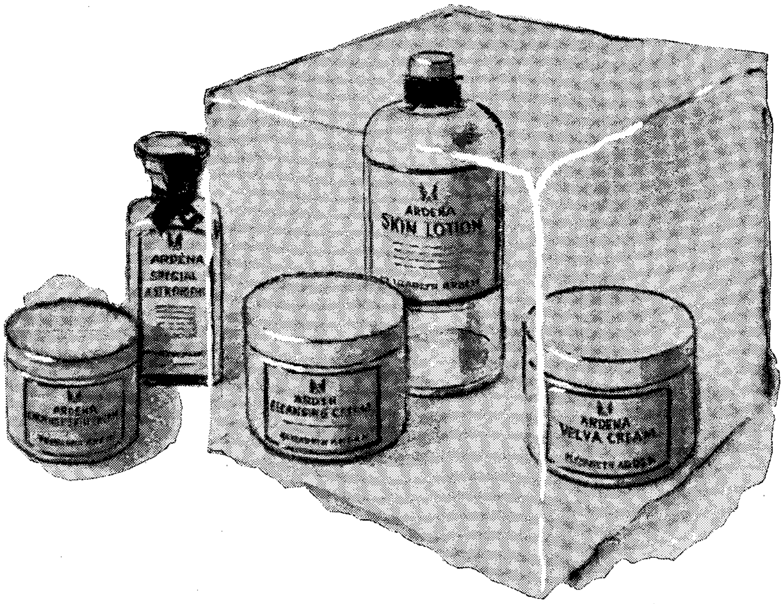

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alone. A third presence was sensed—their own passion, to which they were answerable. He laid his hand against her beating throat, smoothed her polished shoulder.

She became passive, but conscious of waiting, of being only delightfully checked.

"Darling, did anyone do this to you before?"

"Of course not, Vesey."

"Promise?"

"But I can't promise the past."

She had no coquetry; his was merely an absurd question.

"Did *you*?" she asked suddenly and fearfully. She dreaded the answer, as if he were some old roué.

"Did I what?"

"This."

"Hundreds of times."

"No. Truthfully."

He took her close to him again. "No, I never did," he said in a hurried voice. He swayed with her in his arms and shut his eyes. The weakness of their legs seemed a sly trap of nature. But there was nowhere in this empty room; only the dusty floor.

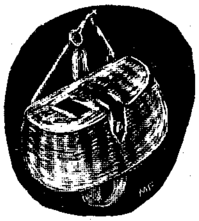
"If only," said Vesey, "the bed was still here. We could lie down together and draw the curtains round."

Feeling he should not have said that, she was nonetheless elated that he had. She imagined them lying there side by side, secret, blissful, entranced.

When Joseph's voice was heard calling, both started with the shock. They remembered the children. Harriet put one hand to her blouse, the other to her hair—the gesture of a much older, much guiltier woman. She had never looked so grown up.

"Where are you?" Joseph wailed from the garden.

When Vesey looked out, he saw Joseph standing below with a bunch of roses in his hand.



"So you have stolen as well as trespassed?" Vesey called down, his voice still wavering and hurried.

"Coo-ee! Vesey!" shouted Deirdre, coming out from some trees and wandering across the lawn towards the house.

Vesey turned back from the window and looked at Harriet. She was picking up her flowers, which were scattered on the floor.

"Are you all right, Harriet?"

"Yes." She smiled.

"We had better go."

"Yes."

He hesitated a moment longer, watching her; then he turned back to the window and leaned out.

"Coming!" he yelled, his hands cupped to his mouth, for the children were drifting away. The sound flew back into the room and echoed round the walls. "Coming! Coming!"

LATER, Vesey went back some of the way with Harriet towards her home. He pushed her bicycle and she walked beside him, carrying her bunch of flowers. A woolly mist had risen and cows moved knee-deep in it, vague shapes against the gathering darkness. The rasping sound of their breath broke the silence, and, far away, the cry of owls. They walked along the footpath without speaking, trod on the colorless flowers in the bearded grasses.

Time's wingèd chariot was not a thing that they could hear.

WHEN Joseph cried out in his sleep, Caroline put down her sewing and ran to him. Still strange from his haircut, he lay in bed gabbling in a worried way, as if he had no time to explain before disaster would overcome him.

Caroline smoothed the damp feathers of hair away from his hot forehead.

"No, Vesey! No, Vesey!" Joseph shouted.

"What is it, my pet?"

Then incoherence followed. She strained to listen, but the sounds only resembled, were not really, words. She woke him gently, settled him again in his bed, and when he seemed peaceful at last, she went downstairs to Hugo.

"I shall be glad when Vesey goes," she said at once. "He works these children up to fever pitch with his sensational stories and his teasing. Only tonight, Deirdre said that he told her Hardy's Farm is haunted. Something fantastic, unwholesome, about the boy, and Lilian feels it, too. Gray suède shoes! What will his mother think?"

"Send him back," said Hugo.

"How can I? We always have him in the summer."

"Say your mother's coming and there's no room."

Caroline walked round and round considering this. "I should like Mother to have a holiday," she said at last.

HARRIET'S diary had spilled back over yesterday, but she could not cram in all that had happened. She heard

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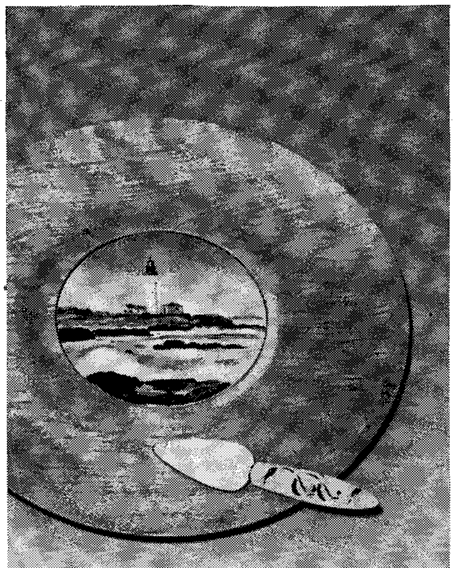

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her mother coming up to bed and curved her hand secretively across the top of the page, but still her pen raced on. "Vesey takes size 8½ in shoes," she wrote.

HOW unbearably pathetic people's rooms are when there is no one there! Harriet thought. It was the next afternoon, and she had been left alone to type letters.

The landing was quiet. All through the house, the hall clock could be heard ticking. Caroline had taken the children out to tea. Vesey had not been seen all day.

As long as she could hear the clinking of crockery far off in the kitchen, Harriet knew that she was safe. She stood half on the landing, half in Vesey's room, looking in at the neat bed, the book beside it, the white shoe box on a chair, the blank mirror.

Her ears still attentive to the sounds in the kitchen, she tiptoed across the creaking floor boards and stood looking down at the dressing table. A little clock rustled anxiously, a comb was stuck in an upturned hairbrush. Vesey's school dressing gown hung at the back of the door, his sponge dried on the window sill. The room was poignantly impersonal, as if it rebuked Harriet. The curtains, suddenly rattling along their rod, bellying out in a gust of wind, made her start dreadfully. When she was calm again, she took Vesey's hand towel from its rail and, holding it to her face as if it were some sacred relic, breathed in its beautiful fragrance of Royal Vinolia soap.

"SO Vesey is leaving?" Lilian said at suppertime.

Enormous calm and fortitude the young have when they are first in love and hiding it.

"Is he?" Harriet asked.

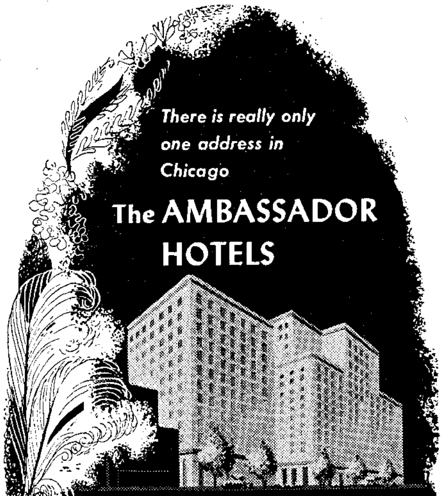
"So Caroline told me when we were out to tea."

"I thought he was staying until September," Harriet said vaguely. To give her hands something to do, she took more potatoes.

"Caroline wants his room for her mother, so that she can come for a holiday. She has been rather out of sorts."

This phrase sounded odd to both of them, but Caroline had used it and now Lilian handed it on. It hedged, meant nothing.

There is a game children play in which they creep up to one who is hiding his eyes; he hides his eyes, counts ten, and then looks; while, step by step, frozen still with innocence at each quick glance, they go tentatively forward un-



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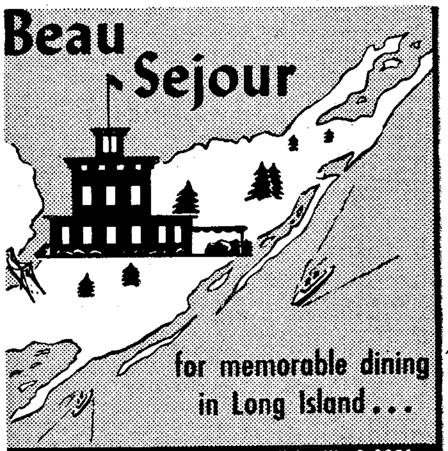

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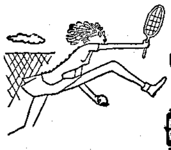

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til at last they grow close, close to the point of touching. This evening, Lilian, stealthily, step by step, tried to draw near to Harriet, knowing that one false move would set her back where she began. They gave one another alternate glances across the table. So carefully, each careless-sounding remark was passed. But Lilian was conscious only of check. Fatigue and shock had had the effect upon Harriet of making her warier. Her fit of nervousness sustained her. It did not deceive Lilian, but it balked her. She was the one who tired first. Back at base, defeated, she felt a great exhaustion of disappointment and misunderstanding. Her daughter, however, was not (which some widows say) all that she had. She had, in fact, Caroline. Caroline would comfort her. She had not wanted to break down her child's resistance, but she did want to feel reassured that it was right for Vesey to go away, that Harriet's pain now would save her from worse ones in the future. She hoped that she was right in wanting this, and tomorrow Caroline would tell her that she was.

With beautiful indifference, Harriet asked, "And when is he to go?" She put her knife and fork neatly together and looked boldly and cruelly at her mother.

STUNNED and depressed, Harriet wrote in her diary before she got into bed: "I did not see V. In two days he will be gone."

HARRIET laid her plans the next day with pathetic cunning. If Vesey must go, her only possible comfort would be if he were to write to her. She could not see any way for him to begin to do this. Even if he should care to—and he had said he was no letter writer—she thought that some excuse would help him, if she could find one.

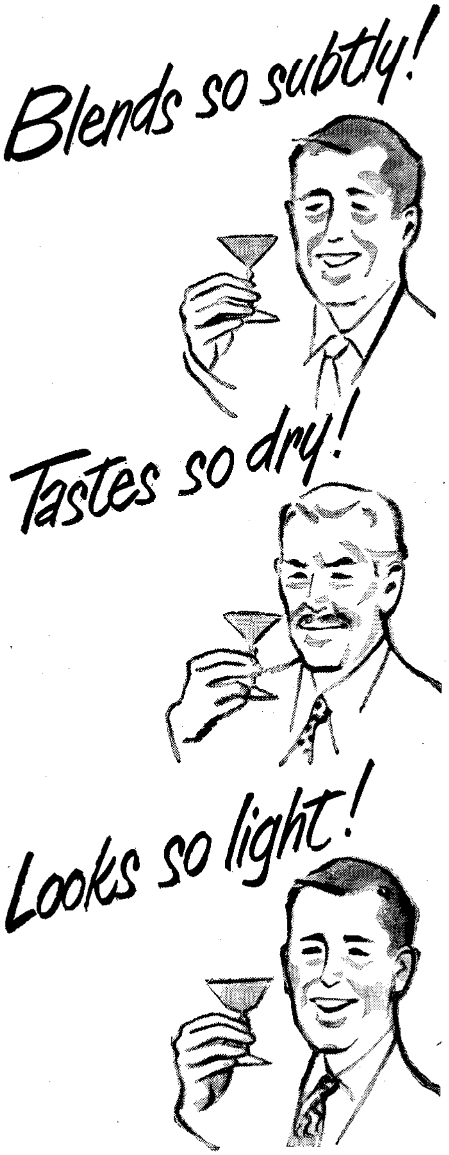
"I am being sent down," he told her, looking in as he passed the window.

"Vesey, dear!" Caroline called from the middle of her herbaceous border. "I shouldn't interrupt Joseph's lesson if I were you."

Vesey bowed to Harriet and slouched away.

" 'Ned and Fan sat on the log,' " Joseph droned loudly from the old-fashioned primer Caroline had found. Harriet shut her eyes to hide her impatience.

For the rest of the day she did not see Vesey. When she left in the early evening, he was out on the tennis court, pushing the old mower. The blades whirred noisily; he did not, in all that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clatter, hear her approaching and she came right up to him, holding out a book. He turned in surprise and pushed his hair from his glistening forehead with a trembling hand.

"It is too hot for you to be doing this," Harriet said.

"I know, but I must curry favor. Though I can curry it until I am blue in the face, as far as Caroline is concerned."

"What have you done?"

"I have contaminated everyone within my orbit. Given meat to innocent children and encouraged in them sickly ideas about the supernatural."

"Who said this?"

"I have given Joseph nightmares. I am decadent and affected. I have interrupted you at your work and tried to seduce you in an empty house."

"You say bad things about yourself to stop other people from saying them. You hurt yourself by saying them, and that last bit hurt me, too."

"Don't stammer."

"Has Caroline said all that?"

"I can read Caroline like a book."

"How could she guess things which only you and I know?"

"About trying to seduce you?"

"You know I— you know that I didn't take your remark seriously."

"Don't *stammer*. Perhaps you told her," he suggested.

She did not answer. She looked down the length of the tennis court, half of it covered with daisies, the other half shaved in irregular lines.

"Or perhaps," he went on, watching her closely, "I mentioned it myself and it has slipped my memory. What is this?"

"A book of mine I thought you might like to read."

He took it from her and turned its leaves.

"I have very little time left to me, and a lot of favor-currying to do. I don't want a bad report from here, as I had from school."

"When are you going?"

"Tomorrow after lunch."

"I hope I see you again."

"I hope so, too, I'm sure," he said promptly.

He put the book down on the grass and turned to the lawnmower. He smiled at her and nodded, and then, at a tremendous pace and with a deafening sound, went off down the tennis court away from her.

IN the morning, Vesey was about the house, wearing his London clothes. His suitcase stood ready in the hall. Now that he was going, Caroline relented enough to pick a basket of apples for him and roses for his mother. At lunch, he seemed excited. The children, Caroline noticed, would not meet his eye. At the sight of Harriet's controlled smile, her overalertness in passing plates, her overvivacity, Caroline for the first time began to doubt what she was doing. "I have my children to consider," she begged herself to remember; but she was not a callous woman, or insensitive, and if there was any misery of her own creation, her own precipitating, for whatsoever good reason it was done, she did regret it.

"You may as well go home after lunch," she told Harriet, trying to find some way to make amends. "Joseph can have his rest and all the letters are done."

"If you are sure?" Harriet replied with her polite smile. She bent over Joseph and made a border of plum stones round his plate. "This year, next year . . ." she began to count. Joseph looked surprised at this sudden attention.

Vesey came into the hall as Harriet was leaving. In his dark suit he was no longer part of the holidays, or of anything that had gone before. He seemed strange to her. She felt no pain, no wish to hasten or prolong this moment in the sunshine at the foot of the stairs.

"Goodbye, Vesey."

She only hoped that he would not mention the book she had lent to him; that, at best, he was keeping it for an excuse to write; or that he would remember later and be obliged to write, and be jogged occasionally by the thought of her.

"Goodbye, Harriet."

He smiled kindly and looked into her eyes. They hesitated, and then shook hands formally. As she stepped over the dogs, which lay sleeping at the open door, and began to walk down the garden, he leaned back against the chimney-piece, his hands in his pockets, and watched her go.

Departure in the afternoon is depressing to those who are left. The day is too dominated by the one who has gone and, although only half done, must be got through with that particular shadow lying over it. Harriet could not return to her mother at this hour. Tomorrow she would begin the desolate task of ticking off the days of her life until Vesey should come again; today her despair was too dreary. She walked on the common which lay near to her home. The glades, dark, with their bracken smell, offered her a shelter which her home denied her. Deep in the bitter smell of the bracken she lay down and closed her eyes. She thought of Vesey pacing up and down the platform of the little station until his train came; imagined him waiting, pale in the intense heat of the afternoon, and at last borne away round the curve of the cutting, into the tunnel, and gone. With her face in her hands, her body hidden in the bracken, she began to weep. She did not so much indulge herself in this torrent of weeping as become passive while the weight of tears was cleared from her.

A year is too long to wait for someone beloved. In the morning, she would set about living that year, comforting herself across the great waste of days. This afternoon she could not begin. At the end of her weeping, when words began to come again into her head, "It is too long," she cried. She rested her throbbing face in the cool, harsh bracken. She felt that she had cried all the tears of the rest of her life.

IN the morning, Caroline, with a kind look and kind untrue phrases, held out her book to her. "Vesey asked me to give you this, and thank you very much. He said I was to be sure not to forget to give it to you."

Harriet took the book and smiled. In the first few pages, a blade of grass was stuck to mark a place.

"Tonight, will you play hide-and-seek?" Deirdre asked. She took Harriet's hand and spun herself round in a pirouette, absorbed by her twirling skirt, her own fascination.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

•

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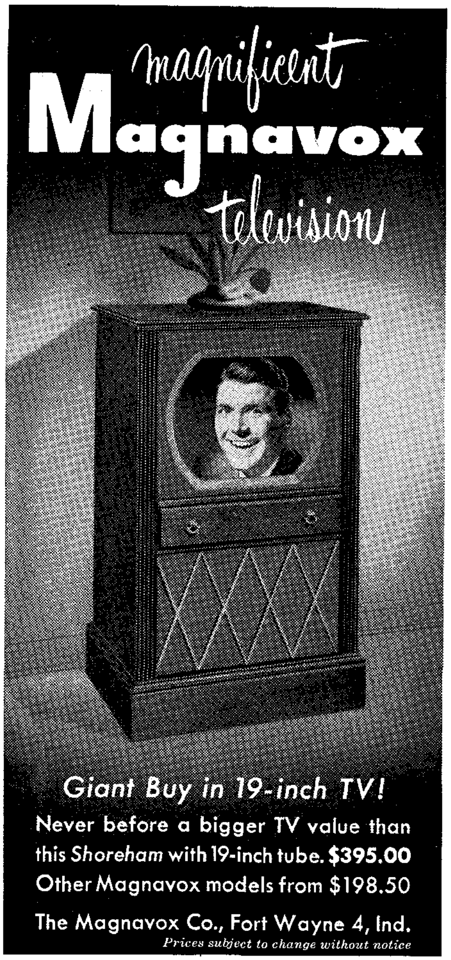
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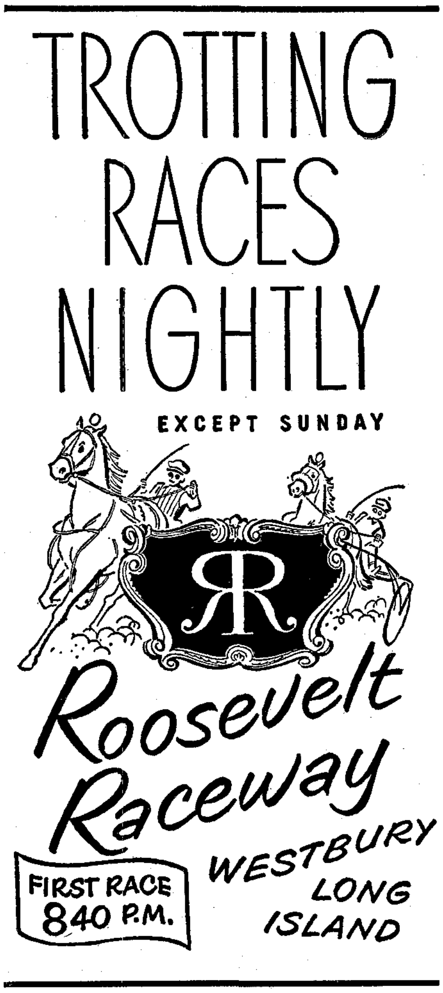
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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Easy Double*

YOU'LL pardon my exuberance, but Saratoga Springs last Saturday was something to cheer about. I don't remember when I've seen better racing; even the hurdles number was good. And the weather was delightful, the attendance was the largest in years, and the mutuel handle was more than a million, which I'm sure pleased the management. Altogether, it was one of those unforgettable days. George Widener will agree to that; his Battlefield won the Saratoga Special and his Lights Up won the Travers Stakes—a double that hadn't been brought off since 1929, when H. P. Whitney did it with Whichone and Beacon Hill.

Taking one thing with another, I'd say that Battlefield is the best two-year-old out this season. Certainly he has speed and courage; it took plenty of both to lead all the way in the Special, as he did, standing off the challenges of Northern Star. Hettinger, Northern Star's rider, lost his whip in the stretch, but Battlefield would have won anyway. Battle Morn finished third after getting away badly, a circumstance that probably caused undue enthusiasm over his performance. His run through the last quarter looked pretty spectacular, but actually he was merely passing tired animals, like Win or Lose, who loses more times than he wins; Black Douglas, my nomination for the season's most overrated two-year-old; and Hall of Fame, of whom the less said the better.

Battlefield, a chestnut colt by War Relic out of Dark Display, is not as handsome as Northern Star, but he has his points. Old-time horsemen say he's the image of Friar Rock, a famous racer around 1915; that should be recommendation enough for anybody. Mr. Widener bought Battlefield at the yearling sales last August for $4,500, and to date the colt has won $66,162 in ten starts, finishing first in seven of them. Curiously, Battlefield has won at every track he has raced on except Belmont, of which Mr. Widener is president.

THE Travers, while exciting to watch, was probably the season's most inconclusive big race for three-year-olds. There were so many lightweights in it that nobody could have been very surprised when a horse with the incredible name of Passemson led a great deal of the way, with Lights Up second and Bed o' Roses third. Long before they reached the turn for home, a clocker remarked that Bed o' Roses wasn't running as smoothly as usual. I didn't think so either, for, try as she would, she couldn't gain appreciably on Lights Up, although she overtook Passemson easily. Of course, it takes an exceptional filly to beat colts, but Alfred Vanderbilt, who owns Bed o' Roses, never looks for soft spots for any of his horses.

THE Hambletonian Stake at Goshen last week, won by Lusty Song, was notable for a number of things besides good trotting. For one, it was the Silver Jubilee of this blue-ribbon event for three-year-olds. For another, the gross value of the purse—$75,209.12—was the largest in the annals of the race. Lusty Song won in straight heats after leading most of the way in both. Star's Pride, the favorite, was second. It is worth mentioning that Lusty Song was cleverly and, many observers thought, confidently handled by Delvin Miller, one of the younger drivers. Incidentally, he had never driven the colt in a race before. Lusty Song, a brown colt by Volomite, was foaled at Walnut Hall, a famous Kentucky farm, and sold as a yearling to the Hayes Fair Acres Stables, at Du Quoin, Illinois. Last season, he was one of the leading two-year-olds, but he had done nothing worth mentioning this year prior to the Hambletonian. Nevertheless, he was the favorite in the future books and was heavily backed at the track. It seems to me that our running-horse trainers could learn a thing or two from trotting-horse men about getting a horse ready for an important race. The trotting men seldom make a mistake.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Mrs. James E. Waterbury has returned to her home in Utica after spending 100 days as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Ward Marcellus of Dorchester Road.—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

Well, now that she's found the way . . .

•

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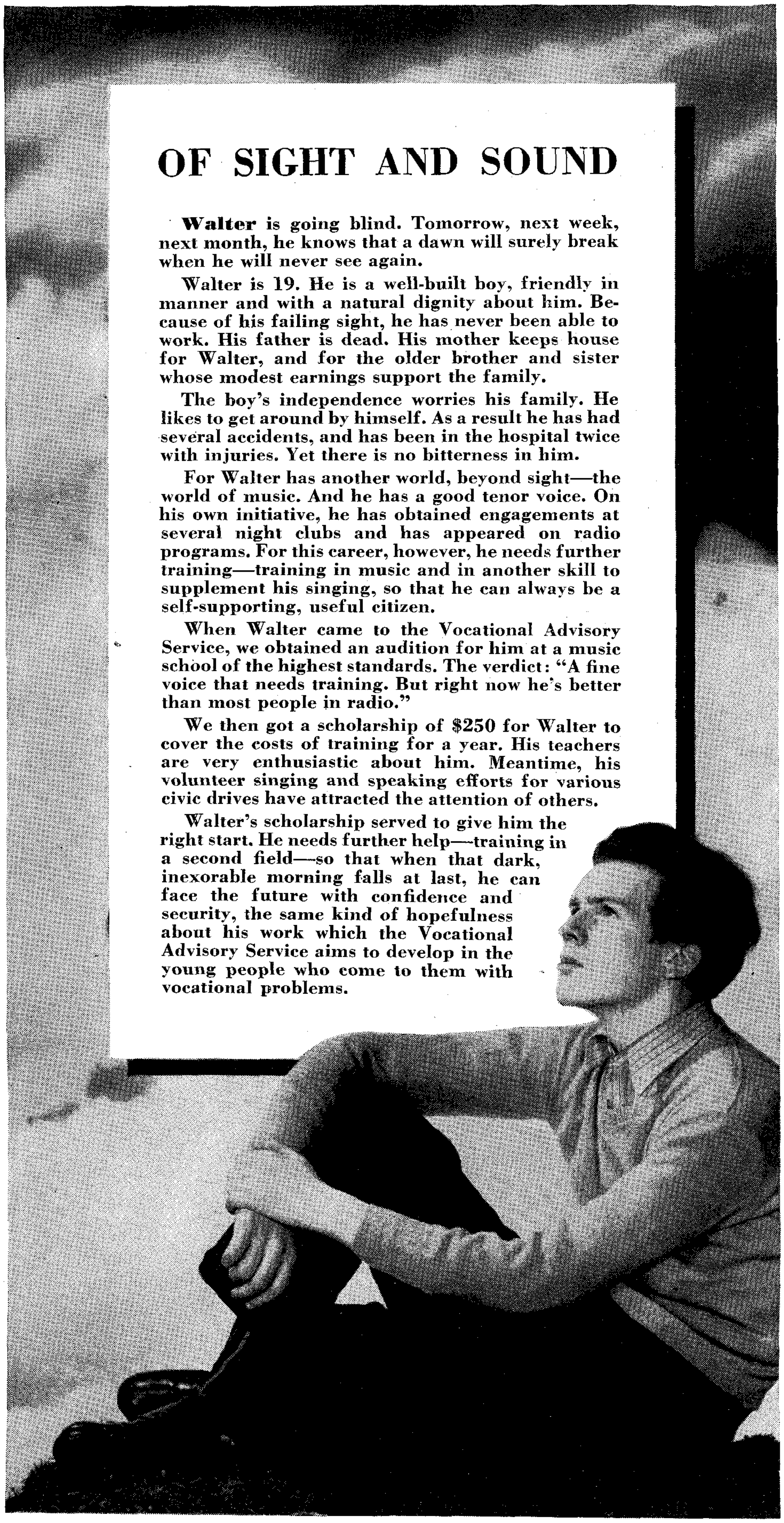

# OF SIGHT AND SOUND

**Walter** is going blind. Tomorrow, next week, next month, he knows that a dawn will surely break when he will never see again.

Walter is 19. He is a well-built boy, friendly in manner and with a natural dignity about him. Because of his failing sight, he has never been able to work. His father is dead. His mother keeps house for Walter, and for the older brother and sister whose modest earnings support the family.

The boy's independence worries his family. He likes to get around by himself. As a result he has had several accidents, and has been in the hospital twice with injuries. Yet there is no bitterness in him.

For Walter has another world, beyond sight—the world of music. And he has a good tenor voice. On his own initiative, he has obtained engagements at several night clubs and has appeared on radio programs. For this career, however, he needs further training—training in music and in another skill to supplement his singing, so that he can always be a self-supporting, useful citizen.

When Walter came to the Vocational Advisory Service, we obtained an audition for him at a music school of the highest standards. The verdict: "A fine voice that needs training. But right now he's better than most people in radio."

We then got a scholarship of $250 for Walter to cover the costs of training for a year. His teachers are very enthusiastic about him. Meantime, his volunteer singing and speaking efforts for various civic drives have attracted the attention of others.

Walter's scholarship served to give him the right start. He needs further help—training in a second field—so that when that dark, inexorable morning falls at last, he can face the future with confidence and security, the same kind of hopefulness about his work which the Vocational Advisory Service aims to develop in the young people who come to them with vocational problems.

### *THE RIGHT START*

- The story of Walter is typical of the work of the Vocational Advisory Service. In its 30-year history, the Service has provided vocational guidance for more than 80,000 boys and girls of New York City.
- The able-bodied, the handicapped, the normal and the maladjusted alike are assisted in making that vital first step toward their life work. What more practical way could we find to help our young people than to give them the right start? And what could we do that would more directly influence the future strength and stability of the community?
- The Vocational Advisory Service is a demonstration center. The methods and procedures of its trained counselors are studied and adapted by cities and towns in various parts of the country. For this nationwide problem must be solved community by community. The leadership of the Vocational Advisory Service must therefore not be allowed to falter.
- But its waiting lists are growing. And the costs of administration and service have increased. I recommend to your attention the work of the Vocational Advisory Service as the soundest investment you can make in young people—our one best hope for the world of tomorrow.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS

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1920—THIRTY YEARS OF SERVICE TO NEW YORK'S YOUNG PEOPLE—1950

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## A SEARCH FOR THE POET'S TOMB

GRANADA, I found, had not changed much in outward appearance during the past fifteen years. A new, modernistic building put up here, a shop gone there, and the usual decrease in the number of cafés and increase in the number of banks. (The palatial bank is as much a symbol of modern Spain as the cathedral was of Spain in the Middle Ages.) Yet the change in atmosphere was striking. Granada had always been a sober town, as austere and conventional as a provincial capital in Castile, though tempered by a certain Andalusian refinement, but now it seemed to me that it was more than austere—it was sad. There were fewer signs of extreme poverty and hunger than I had seen elsewhere in Spain, for the irrigated *vega*, or plain, to the west eases the life of the city, but the faces of the passersby were gloomy and sullen, the principal squares had lost their animation, and there were police everywhere.

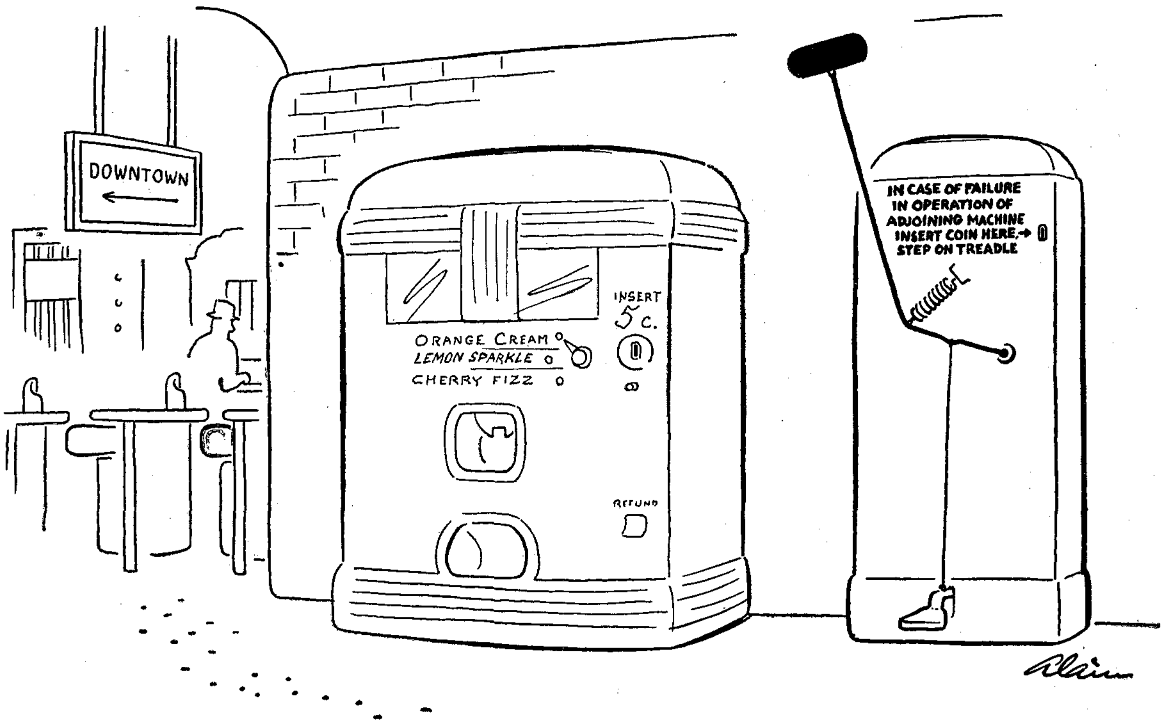
The morning was gray and windy as I set off to explore the old Moorish part of the city known as the Albaicín, with its steep, cobbled lanes, its white houses rising one above another, and its terraced gardens. A stream of women and children moved up and down the street, but few men. There was a feeling of tension. After I had climbed a certain distance, I caught, on my right, the sounds of dogs barking and the harsh jangling of a guitar; they came from the whitewashed caves of the gypsy quarter. Then I reached a little square, with trees and a crenellated gate, and in a few minutes was out on the open hillside, above the houses.

How touching, in some way I cannot describe, are those *terrains vagues* of old cities, where the last houses meet and mingle with the countryside! Here was a wall of dried mud, there an agave plant, and a fig tree that, clumsy and babyish, groped in the air with its blunt fingers. An old woman carried a pitcher, a man leaned against the wall and gazed at his shoes, and far below, beyond the city, lay the flat, green plain, stretching away to its rim of mountains. From it, there rose the crowing of cocks—faint, shrill, and charged with distance and memory—into the gray sky that spread over everything. This was the Albaicín as it used to be—yet why did it seem so changed, so different? As I stopped and listened to the cock crows, the answer came to me. This was a city that had killed its poet. And all at once the idea entered my mind to visit, if I could find it, Federico García Lorca's grave.

I DECIDED first to drive to Fuente-Vaqueros, the village where Lorca was born and brought up, though I knew I would not learn much there; Federico moved away in 1912. The village lies some dozen miles from Granada, on the *vega* and at the edge of an estate that was once Godoy's and is now the seventh Duke of Wellington's. It was a beautiful drive, past clear, swift-running irrigation channels islanded with watercress, like streams near my home in England; plantations of thin, mast-like poplars; barns for drying tobacco. The village was low, white, and dusty; through the middle of it ran a broad thoroughfare planted with pollarded trees, and at one end of the plaza stood the usual group of unemployed laborers, staring in front of them with wooden expressions. Mules, oxcarts, pigs, goats, children—the whole place was one great farm, smelling of the soil and of the farmers' round of labors.

The house where Federico had lived was one of the largest in the village, a white, two-storied building with balconies, a roof of brown tiles, and a concealed garden behind. Its unpretentious simplicity gave it an exceptional charm. Next to it stood the church, long, low, color-washed, with a miniature tower—the image of a toy church in a child's picture book. Unfortunately, like so many other Spanish churches, it was defaced by Falangist symbols and claptrap set up over the porch. I paid my respects to the poet's aunt and cousin, who lived close by, but as I had surmised, they knew very little of Federico's career. After that, there was nothing more to be seen, so I started out on the return journey, over roads deeply rutted by oxcarts, between flat fields and the green poles of poplar trees.

Next morning, I set out on foot to climb the hill to the cemetery of Granada. The sun was shining and a dry wind raised the dust in eddies. Passing through the elm woods that surround and smother the Alhambra, the great acropolis and Moorish bastion east of the city, I took the road up which, morning after morning during the Civil War, the lorries packed with Loyalist prisoners had struggled. The foreign residents of the Washington Irving Hotel, half a mile from the cemetery, had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## How to get senior value at junior prices

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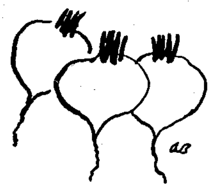
listened to them changing gears, I knew, and had pulled the blankets over their heads when, so little time later, the shots rang out. Afterward, the nightingales, noisy as frogs, had resumed their chug-chugging. Soon I could discern, crowning the hill in front of me, the high white walls of the cemetery where for generations all the *hijos de Granada* have been buried. As I came up to it, I could see that a new enclosure, several acres in extent, had been added. I entered this newest part, where the sun glared down and the loose earth was blown about by the wind, and began to wander among the graves. Then I came upon a man driving a small donkey loaded with a pannier of dirt.



"I am looking for a grave," I began, and explained the circumstances.

"Well," he said, "you will have to inquire at the office. The names of all those who were shot at the cemetery are recorded there."

"Really?" I exclaimed, for I was surprised that the Civil Guards had taken the trouble to do this.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Those who were shot here were shot by order of the military authorities, and so all the formalities were observed. On every grave, a marker was put up with the name of the unhappy soul upon it, and when three or four were buried together in the same grave—well, three or four names were inscribed."

"Were you here then?"

"Not me. I spent the war fighting on the Red side. When it finished and I'd done my term in the labor camps, I got this job digging graves."

Leaving his donkey, the gravedigger accompanied me to the office. There a little old man, shabby and frail, came scraping up to us. On his nose, which was very thin, he wore a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, and on his head an official peaked cap that was too large for him. He listened to my inquiries with an air of reserve and obsequiousness, but the whole cast of his face expressed fear and sadness, as well as a certain wariness. Whom did I say I was looking for? Federico García Lorca? Ah, yes, he remembered the name, for I was not the first person who had asked about him. Only last year, some foreigners—Argentines, he thought—had driven up to the gate with a wreath of flowers. But he had been unable to satisfy them. Señor García Lorca's remains had been put in the bone pit after the five years in the earth required by Church law, because no one had paid the fee for their removal to a permanent resting place.

"Could I see the pit?"

"Certainly. There is no objection." And he handed the gravedigger a large key. Then, with the same sad, deferential manner with which he had addressed me, he turned to bow to a funeral party that had just arrived.

Jangling the key and talking breezily of the secrets of his trade—how long, for example, it took corpses to decay in the local earth—the gravedigger led the way across the dusty, sun-drenched hillside, pitted with humble graves. Then he stopped before a gate in a high wall. "Here we are," he said, unlocking it. "This is the ossuary."

A curious, sweetish smell and a disagreeable, uneasy feeling of isolation and silence met us as we entered. Pulling myself together, I saw that we were in a sort of open court littered with torn and blackened fragments of clothing. It was as though a rag fair had been held there a dozen years before, or a collection of gypsy caravans had made the place their camping ground. But quickly my eyes were drawn from these sordid things to a pit in the center of the enclosure. It was some thirty feet square, to all appearances deep, and filled to within six feet of the top with skulls and bones. Among these lay a few parched and shrunken bodies, wrapped in moldering cerements, in distraught postures, as though they had come flying down through the air.

"Here you have what was once the flower of Granada," said the man. "Look well and you'll see the bullet holes." And, in fact, nearly every skull was pierced through.

"But what is that?" I asked. Stretched across the rubble of bones, in an attitude of rigid attention, was a complete and well-preserved corpse, dressed in a braided green uniform. Its face, a little greenish, too, with dark markings, had the severe, concentrated look of a man who is engaged in some important task.

"Ah, that one!" exclaimed the gravedigger. "He's a fine bird. A colonel, if you please, in the Civil Guard. He's been lying for fifty years or so in one of the upper niches in the wall, and that's why he's so well mummified. Even his complexion is as fresh as if he had just been laid out. We took him up the other day because his family have stopped paying the rent, and here he is." A colonel of the police guarding the bones of the men his successors had shot! Goya could not have thought of a better subject.

"And how many would you say are buried in this pit?" I asked.

"Well, the list of those officially shot has eight thousand names. All but a few of them are here. Then, there are a thousand or so more who had the originality to die natural deaths. *Vamos*, say nine or ten thousand altogether. And all good friends, good companions."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well, why not? They're all there together." He laughed as we turned to go. After locking the gate, we walked to the cemetery entrance, passing on the way the donkey, still patiently waiting with its load of soil.

"Can you point out to me where the executions took place?" I asked.

"I'll take you there," he said. "Then you won't lose yourself."

"But will that get you into trouble?"

"No, why should it? They were officially shot, weren't they? By order of the military authorities. A great act of justice!" He led me out through the iron gates to the wall that bounded the lower side of the cemetery. The bullet marks were still there, and a few red stains. The prisoners had been bundled out of the lorries at dawn and machine-gunned in groups, their rope manacles still on them. Only the city councillors of Granada, Socialists all, had been granted the privilege of lighting cigarettes and so showing the traditional contempt and defiance. There they had stood, looking at a red plowed field planted with olive trees and sloping up to the gradually brightening sky. After that, nothing.

THE more I thought over the results of this expedition, the less I was satisfied with them. The old man at the office had been elusive, it seemed to me. The gravedigger's emphasis on official executions suggested that there had been other executions, which could not be so classified. I decided to return to the cemetery that afternoon and to demand to see the list of those executed. If Lorca was really buried there, surely his name would be on it.

At four o'clock, therefore, I was back again. This time, I made my way into that part of the cemetery where the middle classes are buried, either in niches cut in the patio walls or in more expensive marble tombs under the cypress trees. Here I started a conversation with two gravediggers, one of whom, the older and more talkative, had been in Granada when the military rising be-

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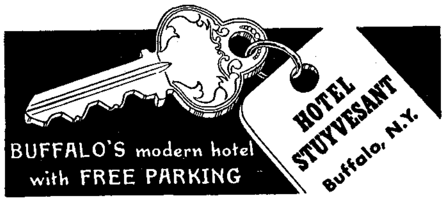

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gan. I asked them to show me where those executed in 1936 and not eventually consigned to the bone pit had been reburied.

"You've come straight to the spot," replied the elder gravedigger. "The most celebrated ones are all here." And he led me to the grave of Montesinos, the Socialist mayor of Granada, who was Lorca's brother-in-law, and then to those of the city councillors and other officials. Next came the graves of various doctors, including that of a famous specialist in children's diseases. The gravediggers, who were taking a professional interest in showing me the sights, now took me to a different part of the cemetery, where, among other things, I saw the corner in which the postmen were interred; they had been shot, it appeared, because their jobs were wanted by other people. After this came what the gravediggers evidently regarded as the highlight. In the civil section, where non-Catholics and prisoners who had refused confession were buried, stood the tomb of the Protestant pastor whose crime was that he had kept a free school for poor children in the Cuesta Gomerez. Unhappy man, he had been well liked by the foreign residents, including those who were Catholics, but even a British consul's friendship could not save him. I observed that the tombstones here all had the same formula for the epitaph, saying "ceased to exist" instead of "died," and, at the end, "Your mother [sister, daughter] will not forget you." It would no doubt have been unwise to mention the unforgetfulness of brothers, sons, or fathers.

"All this is very interesting," I said, at length, "but the person I am looking for is not here. Perhaps you can tell me where he is buried. He is called Federico García Lorca."

"That is a famous name," said the elder of the gravediggers. "There is much talk about him."

"He is famous all over the world," I replied. "His poems are read from Buenos Aires to New York and London. Some of them have been translated into English."

"There you are!" exclaimed the gravedigger to his companion. "These foreigners know more about us than we know about ourselves. I tell you, there's as much knowledge in one of their little fingers as there is in the whole of our bodies. Compared to them, we're nothing."

"That's it," agreed his friend solemnly. "Just savages."

"You don't understand me," I said. "This man whose grave I am looking for was a friend of mine. When, many years ago, I lived in Granada, I used to know him."

"Ah, that makes a difference," the old man said. "Still, I must tell you that you've come to the wrong place. He is not here."

"I have been told that he is. Anyhow, I want to see the lists."

"They are at the office. But I warn you that his name is not on them. I have been through them all many times."

"What are they like?"

"Well, there is just a list of names with a number after each. When the name was not known, as often happened, there was written 'man' or 'woman.'"

"Perhaps he was one of those unknowns."

"No, he was not. I tell you he is buried somewhere else—at Viznar."

"Viznar?"

"Yes, in the trenches in the ravine. They shot him there."

"How do you know?"

"How is *anything known?* These things come out." And he refused to say any more about it.

In the office, I found the old caretaker alone, entering something in a ledger with a scratchy pen. I told him I was not satisfied that García Lorca's remains were in the bone pit and asked to see the books in which the names of those shot had been recorded.

"I cannot show them without permission," he said, glancing up at me sharply. "You must go to the military authorities."

"At least tell me if my friend's name is on the lists."

He looked at me through his glasses in his half-frightened, half-appealing way.

"No, señor, it is not. The person you are asking about was not buried here."

"Then he was buried somewhere else?"

"Evidently."

"At Viznar?"

His eyes met mine for a moment in an uncertain glance. Then, without a word, he made a slight inclination with that perpetually deferential body of his and turned away. I could see his thin, bent back, and the scruff of gray hair that ran down his neck under his dirty collar, as he scratched with his pen on the pages of the ledger. I went out.

THE next two days were spent in making further inquiries. I had once known many people in Granada, and though some of them were dead

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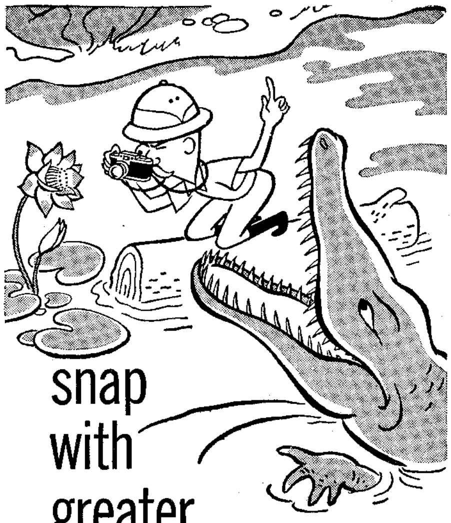
or absent, there were others who were ready to tell me what they could. And whenever I asked about García Lorca, I heard the name Viznar, if any place was mentioned at all. Viznar is a small village a few miles away in the hills, and a *barranco*, or ravine, adjacent to it was one of the Falangist burial grounds. Such places are all over the country. But no one I met had visited the site, and the story of Lorca's being buried there remained hearsay. Further acquaintance with the two gravediggers at the cemetery, however, showed me that they belonged to a sort of fraternity concerned with the things of the dead, and that they had access to information that was not available to other people. Also, they were without prejudices; their interest in these matters was professional. This inclined me to believe that when they said García Lorca was buried at Viznar, they had good reasons for thinking so.

A number of facts were clear. Lorca had arrived in Granada a day or two before the military rising, and, at the first news of this, had taken refuge in the house of a friend and fellow-poet, Luis Rosales, close to the cathedral. The circumstance that Rosales' brother, who also lived there, was a leading Falangist appeared to assure complete protection, yet a couple of days later, during a temporary absence of his hosts, a car full of armed men drew up at the door and carried him away. None of his friends ever saw him again.

For twelve years, Spanish censorship did not allow Lorca's name to be mentioned or his works to be published. Then, in December, 1948, José María Pemán, the leading publicist and author laureate of the regime, wrote an article in *ABC*, one of Madrid's foremost newspapers, decrying his murder as a crime against the nation by unknown persons. The reason for this change in the official attitude seems to have been that Lorca's many admirers in the Argentine had created a bias against the Franco regime that was affecting the commercial negotiations going on at the time between the two countries. The blame had therefore to be shifted from the leaders of the military rising and the Falange to certain irresponsible and criminal persons. But to what persons? Only one other segment of opinion was then allowed to exist in Spain—that of the clericals. The Falangist story, as it is usually told, is as follows: A day or two after the beginning of the rising, a rumor reached Granada that the playwright Benavente had been shot in Madrid by the Reds. A Catholic Conservative deputy to the Cortes, Ruiz Alonso, was sitting in a café with several



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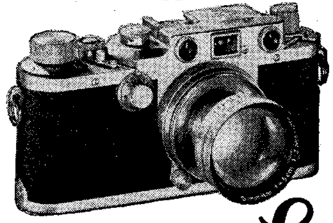

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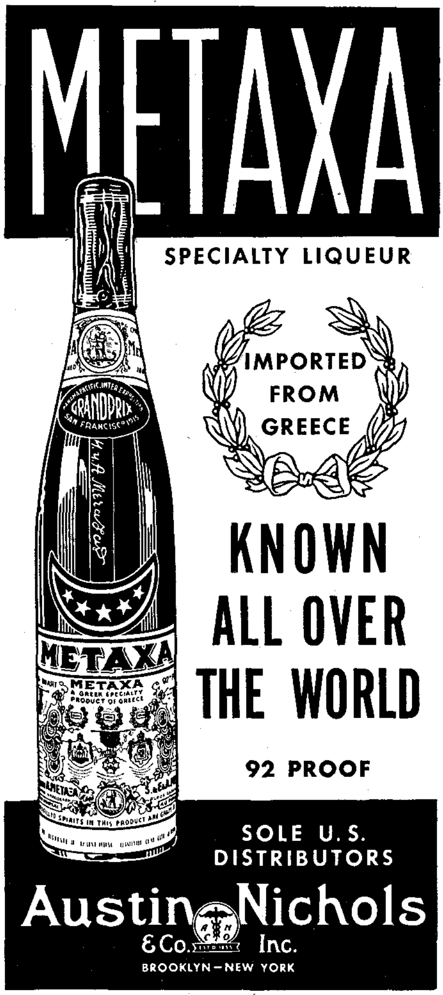

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friends. "Well, if they have killed Benavente," he exclaimed, "we have García Lorca. Why doesn't someone go out and fix him?" And so, like Fitzurse obeying Henry II's hint that Becket would be better dead, a couple of men got up and went out.

Now, there is nothing inherently improbable in such a story. García Lorca had scandalized the narrow-minded and provincial citizens of his town in the same way that Picasso scandalizes many people today. But there is more to be said about the motives for assassinating him than that. Lorca was not only a poet; he was also the brother-in-law of the Socialist mayor, Montesinos, and the intimate friend and collaborator of Fernando de los Ríos, the leading Socialist intellectual of Granada. Thousands were shot for less reason than this, and though Lorca had influential friends on the Right, he must have had even more enemies there, not only among the Catholic Conservatives but in the ranks of the Falange. So far as I was able to discover, all the *Escuadras Negras*, the Black Squads who carried out the shootings, wore Falangist insignia. And who, one may ask finally, would have dared to take him from the house of such a Falangist as Rosales unless he had the connivance and protection of other Falangists? Thus, there seemed no reason that García Lorca's death should not have taken place at a Falangist center like Viznar. The only point to be settled was—had it?

As it happened, I was able to obtain a strong corroboration of the grave-diggers' assertion that it had. A friend gave me the name of a person well known in the city who, I was assured, could tell me the whole story. I contrived to meet him. My reasoning was quite sound, this person said. García Lorca had been shot in the *barranco* at Viznar, after being made to dig his own grave. He had been driven there straight from Rosales' house. There could be no possible doubt about it, my informant said, for he himself had spoken to a man who had been present and who had recognized Lorca. And he added other details. His serious manner convinced me that he was speaking the truth, and as he was not a clerical, there could be no question of his being actuated by political bias. "Among ourselves we don't talk of these things," he said, "but we haven't forgotten them. They lie at the bottom of our minds, and many people who have done things they should never have done are racked by fear and contrition. Those most deeply implicated find themselves cold-shouldered or tormented by hints and pointed allusions, and some have fallen ill or gone mad from brooding. And now it seems that Heaven is punishing Spain for the evil her sons have committed. On both sides, of course—on both sides."

THE next step, clearly, was to go out to Viznar and see whatever was to be seen there. Since my expedition required speed and secrecy—for a visit to one of these burial places was, I fully realized by now, a delicate affair, possibly a dangerous one had I been a Spaniard—it was important that I should hire a driver who would not show too much curiosity about my movements. But to my dismay, the man I had chosen was at the last minute replaced by another driver, who was not only alert and intelligent but a strong supporter of the regime; though not a Falangist, he had been a chauffeur for some important general during the war. I should have to find some way of eluding his vigilance.

Outside Granada, the car left the main road and began to climb in sharp twists and curves between terraces of grain and olive trees. Soon we reached the village—a hamlet, really, of tall white houses crowding around the church.

"Where shall I stop?" asked the chauffeur.

"Here in the square," I answered. "I want to visit the cemetery, where a friend of mine is buried, and I will go on foot."

Silent with astonishment, the chauffeur looked around at me and then stopped the car.

"The cemetery is probably locked," he said.

"Then send someone to fetch the key."

He continued to stare at me for a moment, and then got out of the car, collared a small boy, and sent him off for the caretaker. At length, an old woman appeared, with the key in her hand.

"I'll come with you," the chauffeur said. But when he heard that the cemetery lay some distance from the road, he turned back reluctantly to guard his car.

The old woman and I followed a narrow path along the edge of one of the *bancales*, or stone-walled terraces, through drooping feminine olive trees and sun-struck grain and beans; below us on the left was the green, flat plain, with Fuente-Vaqueros in the distance. The old woman prattled away. Her mother, she told me, had always had a great devotion to the dead. Night and day, she had kept a lamp burning for them in the cemetery, and even when it rained, and even when snow fell, she would go there to tend it. "*Ay, Dios mio*," she used to say, "if it is wet and cold for us, isn't it colder and wetter still for them? There they lie, *los pobrecillos*, out in that place with nothing to comfort them." Then, when she was dying, when she was about to set out on her last journey and join them, she had said to her daughter, "*Ay, hija mía*, how can I bear to die? For when I am gone, who will tend the lamp in the cemetery; who will look after the poor dead?" And so she, her daughter, had answered, "I will tend the lamp and look after the dead, please God, as long as I live." And her mother, hearing that, had died in peace. The guardian of the key went on to say that though she worked at a factory, at a wage of one peseta a day, she never failed to find time every evening to visit the cemetery and pray there. To her it meant more than the Church, more than the saints. She felt such pity for those poor dead, lying there so far from the village and its animation. Even when oil to keep the lamp burning was hard to get, she managed to find some. Eventually, she fell silent, but as she walked, she kept sighing and turning her beads and murmuring snatches of prayer, among which one caught a great many "*Ay, Ay*"s and "*Madre mía*"s and "*Pobrecillos*"s.

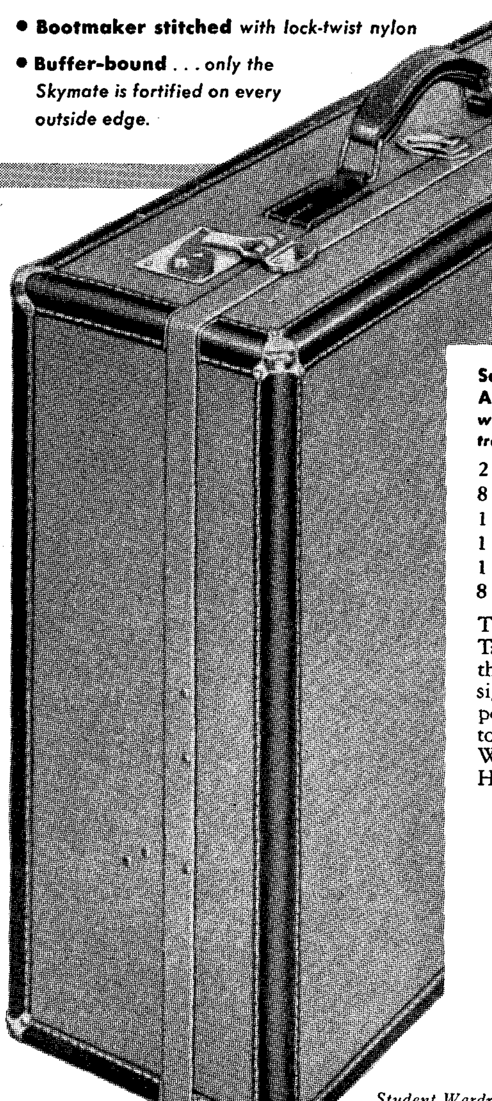
Soon we came to the cemetery, a little, high-walled enclosure. Inside was a commotion of mounds and hollows, with, here and there, a few cheap wooden crosses and artificial wreaths, mostly broken and dilapidated—the rubbish heap of a country where the only things ever thrown away as useless are dead bodies. The woman apologized: This was a poor village—the rich were taken for burial to Granada. And at once she began to pray again, interspersing her monotone with exclamations of how cold it was to come here on winter evenings, and yet what a small sacrifice this was to make to the Lord.

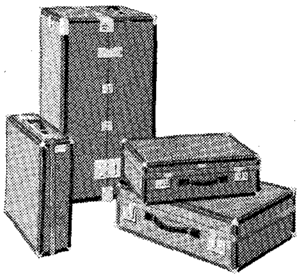
The time had come for me to say what I wanted.

"Listen," I said. "I have come here in search of the grave of a man who was shot as a Red during the first days of the war. Can you help me?"

She did not answer, so I repeated my request.

"There are three or four buried here," she finally muttered, and led the way to the place. Then, as I stood reading the names on the crosses, the impulse to talk became too great for her, and she told me their story. One day some Civil Guards had brought these men here in manacles and had shot





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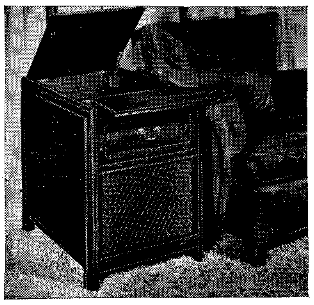

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them against the wall. But as soon as the Guards had left, one of the men, who had only been wounded, had begun to creep away. Along the hill he had gone, under the olive trees, dragging himself on his hands and knees and leaving a trail of blood on the ground. Someone had seen him and given word to the Guards, though, and they had brought him back and shot him again, this time dead. *Ay*, such a pity! The whole village had wept as though he were their own. Later, they heard that a pardon had come for him. But of what use, *Dios mío*, were pardons to him then? After many years, two women had come to visit his grave. Tall women, beautifully dressed in black from head to foot, and they had wept a great deal. And after they had finished weeping, they had prayed and had asked her to pray, too.

I now felt that I must put my cards on the table.

"My friend is not buried here but in the trenches in the *barranco*," I said. "Do you know where they are?"

"In the pits, you mean. *Ay*, *ay*, who doesn't know? But since those days no one has dared to go there."

"Will you tell me how I can find them?"

"They're quite close. I'll take you."

We were leaving the cemetery when a man wearing a brass-studded bandoleer slung diagonally across his chest appeared. He introduced himself as the *regidor* of the village municipality and asked, very politely, what my business was. I replied that I was looking for the grave of a friend who had been shot during the war. I wished, before returning to my country, to say a few prayers over it.

"Have you found it?" he asked.

"Not yet. It seems that he is buried in the pits."

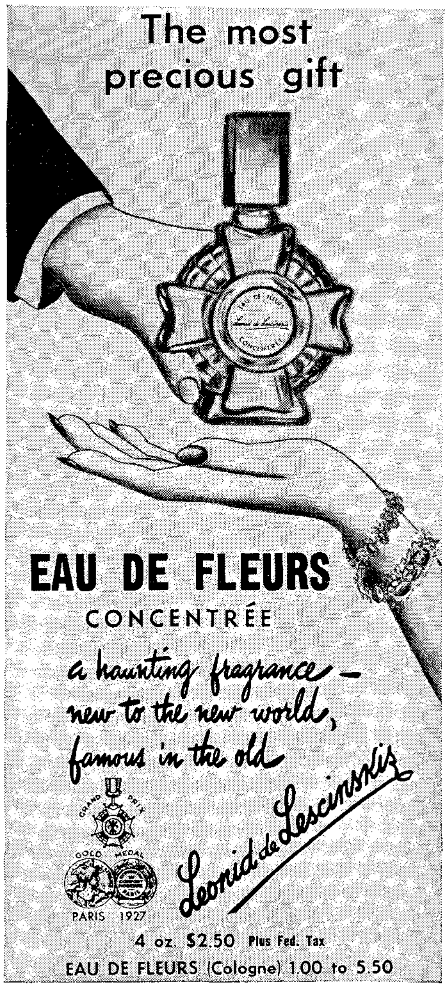
The man did not speak for some moments. Then he said, "If you wish to go there, that is your affair. But you must excuse me if I do not accompany you. The *consejo* has no jurisdiction in such matters."

"I shall be there only a few minutes," I said, to reassure him.

"The fewer the better. *Vaya usted con Dios.*"

The old woman and I set off. After following the path for some time, I found that we were back on the main road, beyond the village. "Where does this road lead?" I asked.

"To the spring that is just beyond the *barranco*," replied the woman. "There it stops. That is why it is called the Camino de la Fuente [Spring]. In the days before the war, people walked



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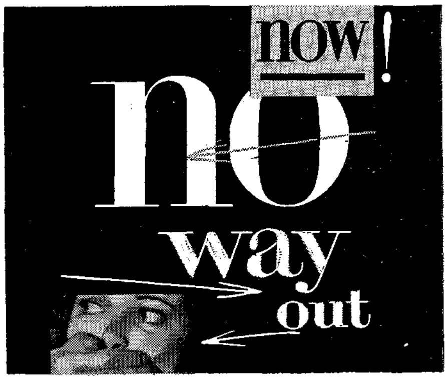

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along it on Sunday evenings and took the air. They drank water from the spring, for this water is famous all around these parts, and very fattening, and the children played there. But now no one goes along it, no one."

The last patch of cultivation was coming to an end, and the road began to plunge into the mountains. On our left, just below it, stood a large red house, ugly and new, and built, apparently, as a summer villa. It was known, the woman told me, as La Colonia. Before the military rising, it had been a sort of Brown House for the Falangists of Granada, where they had met and received training. They had also brought their girls there and danced. Then, when the war broke out, it had been put to a different use. Every night, three or four lorries had roared up the road with their loads of prisoners and had left them there. A Falangist priest was waiting to confess them, and the parish priest was fetched as well; poor man, he had had to be present—that was the regulation. Then they were taken down to the ravine to be— *Dios mío*, you understand— some by the light of the lorries' headlamps and some at dawn. Women, too. The *Escuadra Negra* (here the woman lowered her voice) stuck at nothing.

"And who dug the graves?"

"In the basement of the house they kept prisoners for work of that sort, and later on, so it was said, they shot them, too. *Ay, Dios mío*, what terrible things were done! To think that Christian men should do such terrible things!"

Ahead of us, the road twisted like a snake. It dipped into a ravine—the *barranco*—crossed over the now dry stream bed by a bridge, came out again, ran on a little way, and ended. All around us were bare, shaly slopes and occasional dry bushes. Below lay the green *vega* and its villages, among them the one where Federico had been born, and above us a mountain of harsh gray rock rose sheer, its summit crowned with stunted pines and pointed rock pinnacles. On one of these had been placed an iron cross.

A few minutes more and we had reached the bridge. As we drew near it, the woman ceased her chatter and began to mumble prayers and to tell her beads with increasing energy. A little side path led up the dry watercourse, and there, fifty yards on, was the place. It was a gentle slope of blue clay, scattered with rushes and thin sedge grasses growing in the deposit left by the freshets that ran when the stream was in spate. The entire area was pitted with hollows and dotted with low mounds, at the head of each of which had been placed a rough, unlettered stone. I began to count them, but gave up when I realized that the number ran into the hundreds.

"They buried them here in shallow trenches and then pushed earth over them," said the woman. "What a thing to do! Weren't they all sons of God, and Christians who crossed themselves as we do?" And she began to pray in a low tone: "Holy and Immaculate Virgin, be with us now and in the hour of our death. . . ."

As I stood there on the pitted clay, I heard a sound, and saw that my car had followed us and was drawn up near the bridge. The chauffeur had got out and, to the evident alarm of the woman, was making his way along the path toward us. However, when he saw me standing motionless with bared head, he stopped and removed his hat, too.

I waited, trying to fix the scene in my mind. In front was the red, shaly side of the *barranco*—just one little sample of the interminable barren mountain slopes of this country; on the right, visible through the open end of the ravine, lay the green *vega*, with the Sierra de Elvira rising, like a volcanic island, out of it. Above, the mountain. Such had been the poet's last view, as the dawn rose in brightening circles in the sky and the cock crows floated up from the plain, sounding like their own echoes. I picked a blue grape hyacinth, the only flower growing there among the rushes, and came away.

—GERALD BRENAN

• •

## WHALE AT TWILIGHT

The sea is enormous, but calm with evening and sunset,
rearranging its islands for the night, changing its own blues,
smoothing itself against the rocks, without playfulness, without thought.
No stars are out, only sea birds flying to distant reefs.
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# DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

New York City,
August 4, 1950

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

Having spent several months after World War II as a member of the United States occupation forces in Korea, I was interested in P. C. Tullier's story "The Oriental Mind," which appeared in your issue of July 15th. I knew that relations between the Koreans and the Americans had deteriorated as time went on, but I was surprised to learn that by 1947, a year after I left Korea, friendly social contact was just about at an end and the atmosphere was filled with hostility and suspicion, for during the early days of the occupation I and most of the other American officers were almost overwhelmed with hospitality. I must add, too, that Mrs. Tullier's description of the Koreans jeering at our newly landed troops on their way to receive the Japanese surrender at Seoul is far different from my own memory of what took place.

I was a Japanese-language officer, and when the war ended, I was on Okinawa with the XXIV Army Corps. We had expected to go to Japan, and were dismayed when we were ordered to Korea instead. None of us knew anything about Korea, which since 1910 had been enveloped in secrecy by the Japanese. Our orders were to "disarm and repatriate" the Japanese Army in Korea.

A few officers went ahead by plane to make the preliminary arrangements for the surrender, and the main body of the occupying troops arrived at the port of Inchon on September 6, 1945. A party, in which I was included, went ashore at once for a meeting with Japanese Army officers and found a large group of Koreans waiting on the dock. They waved Korean flags excitedly and cheered as we disembarked. The following day, I rode to Seoul in the convoy going there for the surrender ceremony. The Koreans all along the way had decorated their houses and were waiting to cheer the Americans. Whenever we stopped, they crowded around and shyly offered us flowers and fruit. We wore the flowers, and we accepted the fruit, though we knew it was not safe to eat.

It was an exhilarating experience. Most of us had just come through the Leyte and Okinawa campaigns, and it had been some time since we had seen anything but barren islands, and natives shocked and impoverished by the fighting that had destroyed their homes. The Koreans seemed comparatively well off, and their houses, though drab, were the best we had seen in a long while. We were pleased by the warmth of our reception but, even so, for the first week or two we regarded the Koreans with uncertainty, still not knowing what to expect of them or what they expected of us.

At the time Mrs. Tullier wrote of, 1947, I believe American troops were forbidden to fraternize with Koreans, but at the beginning of the occupation there were no such restrictions. We had two Korean interpreters, both of whom had been in the Philippines on business at the time of the American invasion and had been interned there as prisoners of war. The Army's need for interpreters had resulted in their being sent to Korea, where, although they were technically still prisoners, they were allowed to live at home. One of them, Charlie Kim, regarded his return to Korea as so providential that out of gratitude he immediately set about persuading all his friends to give dinners for us, and we were more than willing to accept their invitations. We were quartered in the two best hotels in Seoul, but because the war had ended so abruptly and we had been sent to Korea in such haste, food was in shor supply and our meals grew lighter and less appetizing day by day.

Most of the parties took place in Kei Sang restaurants—establishment comparable to the geisha houses o Japan—and at the first one Charli came to me and pointed out a man named Pak Kyuh Whan. He tol me that Pak was an exceedingly wealth banker and a shrewd businessman. noticed that whenever Pak spoke, every one around him listened respectfully

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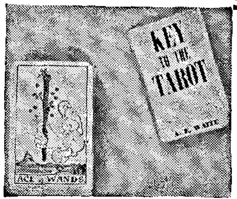

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Charlie told me that Pak had managed to acquire his wealth without aiding the Japanese, an unusual accomplishment in Korea, and that the shrewdness of his transactions with them had gained him great esteem among the other businessmen of Seoul.

Charlie then went on circulating among the guests. These evenings were not times of relaxation for him. He was kept very busy interpreting, ordering food and *sake*, and seeing to it that the Kei Sang girls were ready to sing and dance for us when dinner was over. Toward the end of the evening, he invariably announced that another friend of his would be honored to have the American officers as his guests at another party.

One night, he proclaimed that Pak Kyuh Whan was to be our next host. Although I had seen Pak several times, I had never spoken with him for long, but at his party, a few days later, he and I were together awhile. He spoke no English and I no Korean, but he knew Japanese—a rare accomplishment even among educated Koreans—and we got along quite well, Pak talking Japanese fluently and I with much hesitation. He told me that many of his investments had been in Harbin and that he had lost them when the Russians went into Manchuria. I learned that he had travelled throughout the Orient and had lived for several years in Peking. His interest in Oriental art and religion was enormous. I found his conversation fascinating, and that first discussion led to others, at subsequent parties.

ONE evening, Pak telephoned and invited me to join him at a Chinese restaurant near my hotel. I accepted and, somewhat to my surprise, instead of a large group of Koreans and Americans I found only Pak and a woman he introduced as his wife. Mrs. Pak turned out to be an extremely intelligent woman who spoke excellent Japanese. She had lived in Manchuria in her youth and then had returned to Korea, where she had attended a women's medical college. Before we parted, the Paks invited me to their home the following night.

I knew that Pak had an estate on the outskirts of the city, but I had never seen it. When I arrived the next evening, I went through a gate into a courtyard formed by a wall and three big Korean-style houses. Back of the courtyard, on a small hill, was an impressive-looking two-story Western house.

Pak and his wife came out of one of the Korean houses to greet me, and

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took me inside. There we talked, drank Scotch, which Pak had obtained from Shanghai, and cooked *sukiyaki*, which I found much more to my liking than the cold, highly spiced Korean dishes of the restaurants. That evening was followed by many others, and before long I was spending three or four nights a week with the Paks. After dinner, we usually had long conversations about America. Sometimes the talk would get around to American women, and I would explain that they participated in business and social activities on an equal basis with men. Mrs. Pak said little, but at these times she listened particularly closely, while Pak clucked disapprovingly and changed the subject as soon as possible, generally to some phase of American business methods. He told me a great deal about his own business experiences—about the times he had been able to outsmart the Japanese, and about his belief that Western industrial methods and techniques must be introduced into Korea, but without undermining the fundamental Oriental culture, as they had done in Japan. As time went on Mrs. Pak lost much of her reticence and often questioned me about the life of women in America. Eventually, she asked if I would teach her English. I agreed, and thereafter an hour or so of each visit was devoted to giving her lessons.

One evening, I was met at the gate by one of Pak's sons (he had a large number of children), a boy of about seventeen, who said his father was waiting for me at the Western-style house on the hill. I thought that Pak owned only the Korean house in which I had always been received, so I assumed that he was visiting a neighbor he wanted me to meet. However, he came to the door of the Western house and ushered me into a luxuriously furnished living room, where a very attractive Korean woman of about twenty-four sat pouring tea. Pak introduced her as his wife. He didn't elaborate, and I concealed my surprise as well as I could.

After we had finished tea, Pak suggested that he and I go down to the other house. On the way he explained that the girl I had met at tea was his youngest wife and that he had a wife in each of the four houses on the estate. His first wife was ill and seldom left her home. His second wife was the Mrs. Pak I had known for some time; she was the "chief wife," having come from a family of higher social standing than any of the rest, and was entrusted with dispensing the allowances Pak made to the other wives and handling

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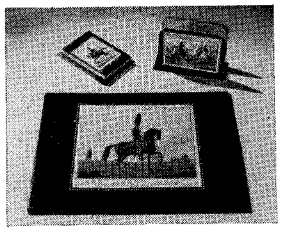

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the expenses of the estate. Wife No. 3 spent most of her time in the country, managing her husband's large summer home and his farms. Wife No. 4, the one I had just met, was a former Kei Sang girl, whom Pak had married when she was sixteen. I later met wives No. 1 and No. 3, but I visited only at the house of No. 2, whom I continued to think of as the real Mrs. Pak.

ONCE, a few weeks after my visit to the Western house on the hill, Mrs. Pak greeted me at the door with obvious excitement. She took me into the living room, where Pak was sitting in one corner. His wives were in a group across the room. It was apparent that tempers were frayed. Pak waved wearily and signalled for me to prepare some *sukiyaki* for myself with the ingredients laid out on a table beside him. As soon as I turned to it, an argument I had evidently interrupted began to rage.

The talk was in Korean, so I could not follow it exactly, but I understood that wife No. 3 had just returned from the country greatly disturbed by the inadequacy of her household allowance. With the inflation then running wild, she found her allowance insufficient to keep up the house and buy enough food for herself and the servants. She was enthusiastically supported by wives No. 1 and No. 2, who also said their allowances were too small. Each time Pak tried to present his side of the question, the three women shouted him down. Wife No. 4 sat quiet while the discussion went on. In the end, Pak acknowledged his defeat and said he would raise their allowances.

All but wife No. 4 left the room, and Pak stared out of the window for a while in unhappy silence. Then she went to him and told him she could

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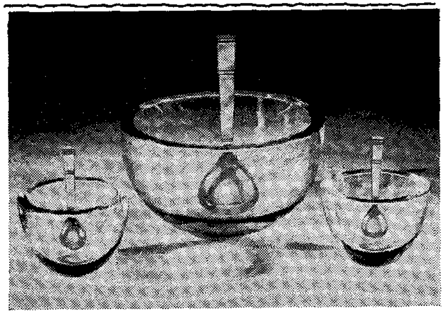

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understand his difficulties, that she sympathized with his having to support such a large number of people, and I gathered she said it was unfair for the others to band against him. In a few moments, he grew quite cheerful, and told her he had decided to buy her a new house, in the center of town.

THE night before I left Korea to return to the United States, I went to Pak's for a farewell dinner. I was elated at the prospect of going home, naturally, but I felt sad, too, and so did the Paks. I had taken along a bottle of brandy, and Pak and I drank several toasts to our friendship. After dinner, Mrs. Pak brought out a box of photographs, and the three of us looked through them. There were many family pictures—pictures taken at the seashore, pictures of the Paks bathing in a little stream near the country house, pictures taken on their honeymoon, and pictures taken when they lived in Harbin and Peking. There were also pictures of Pak speaking to his workers, dedicating a building, and attending a Chinese banquet. His favorite picture was one that had been taken on his fiftieth birthday. It showed him with two wives standing on each side of him and all his many children lined up in front. In the photograph, Pak, his chest noticeably puffed out, had a proud, self-satisfied look. He described the birthday festivities for me, stressing that they had been attended by several hundred guests, and it seemed to me that his face took on the same expression it had in the photograph, and that his chest expanded.

Mrs. Pak then found a batch of pictures taken when she was a pupil in a convent in Manchuria. She began to tell me about herself, speaking, as usual, in Japanese. She said her father had been a wealthy businessman, and had sent her to Christian schools and then to the medical college. While she was there, he had arranged her marriage to Pak, and immediately after her graduation, at the age of twenty, they had been married. Throughout this conversation, Pak gazed raptly at the picture of himself and his four wives and children. Occasionally, when Mrs. Pak or I spoke to him, he would nod or grunt, but it was obvious that he was still reliving the great celebration in his honor.

Finally, Mrs. Pak showed me a picture of herself in her white graduation gown and said, still speaking Japanese, "It was only a few days after this picture was taken that I married Pak." Pak grunted in confirmation. Suddenly she

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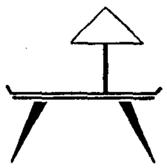

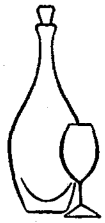

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looked at him, and then, turning again to me, said in English, "I am sorry I did it! Oh, I am sorry!"

Pak, who of course had no idea what she was saying, nodded amiably. Mrs. Pak stared at him for a moment and, breaking into hysterical laughter, said again and again, "Oh, I am sorry! I am sorry!" Pak nodded and smiled complacently, and went on admiring his birthday picture.

AFTER I left Korea, I followed the newspaper reports of the occupation carefully for a while, and I found them more and more discouraging. The Koreans and the Americans seemed to grow almost incomprehensible to each other, while the problems of the Russians and the Thirty-eighth Parallel increased. At the time of Mrs. Tullier's story, the Americans must have been very disheartened. Many of them had apparently stopped trying to understand the Koreans at all, and it is easy to see how, under such circumstances, stories about the "gooks" and their supposed hostility during the early days of the occupation could spring up and circulate widely. Some of us, however, recall a time when Koreans and Americans mingled freely and, in spite of the mysteries of the Oriental mind, became friends.

Yours sincerely,
JOSEPH C. BOTHWELL, JR.

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When Lord Dufferin public school opens in September it will be impossible to alert its 1,200 pupils in case of fire by a public address system now being installed at a cost of $4,689 . . .—*Toronto Star.*

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Augusta* (*Maine*) *Kennebec Journal*]

A bridal bouquet designed by Mrs. Haskell was of spring flowers arranged to form a half moon design, and decorated with white streamers. Mrs. Geneva Breed, who was unable to be present, sang the bridal song, "Oh Promise Me," over the telephone.

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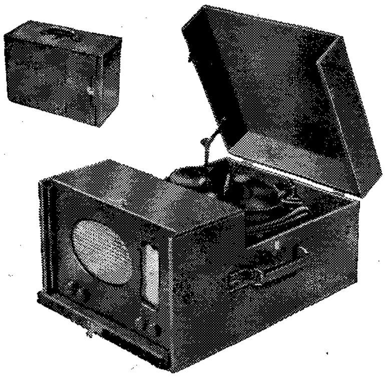

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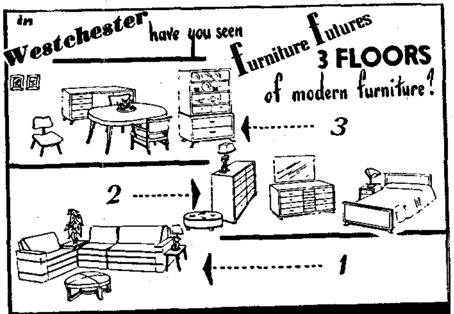
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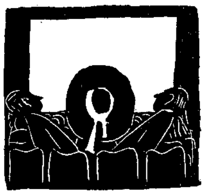

NOT the least unfortunate aspect of "Sunset Boulevard," a pretentious slice of Roquefort starring Gloria Swanson, is the fact that the narrator is a corpse. He is one of the more remarkable corpses in cinema history. Right at the beginning of the film, we are shown a body floating face down in a pool adjoining an elaborate Hollywood mansion. In a crisp, detached tone, the narrator informs us that we are gazing at none other than himself. For the next hour and a half, we are privileged to witness flashbacks of the events leading up to his fatal immersion. He is (or *was*, since the chap is evidently dead) merely a struggling screen writer in Hollywood, and we see him in his simple quarters, pounding away at his typewriter. A couple of credit men knock at the door and tell him they have come to take away his automobile. He eludes them in his car, has a flat tire, and swerves into a huge private garage, overgrown with moss and cobwebs, on Sunset Boulevard. It is the garage of an aging star of the silent screen, the celebrated Norma Desmond, who lives in a huge, mossy, and cobwebbed mansion alongside, dreaming large, maniacal dreams of a successful comeback in the "talkies." Spying our narrator, and thinking him an undertaker come to bury her recently deceased chimpanzee, she summons him to her establishment, where she lives surrounded by hundreds of pictures of herself and attended only by a mysterious German butler (the first of her three husbands). Apprised that our narrator is a writer and not an undertaker, she installs him as a permanent house guest, buys him countless suits with padded shoulders, and puts him to work editing a screen version of "Salome," which she has written with herself in mind for the leading role.

To cut a dismal story short, Miss Desmond gets no further with her dreams of a triumphant return than an interview with Cecil B. DeMille, played by Cecil B. DeMille. During the interview, DeMille—wearing, so help me, directorial puttees—says to her, "Norma, you must realize that times have changed in pictures." Her house guest, with whom she has now fallen madly in love, takes to sneaking out nights to collaborate on another screen play with a writing chick at Paramount. Our narrator finally tells Miss Desmond off and starts to leave the premises. Insane with jealousy, Norma Desmond plugs him in the back. He staggers across the lawn and flops into the pool, face down. Being an all-round corpse, however, he continues to narrate the story until the final scene—Miss Desmond being led away by the police and making a last, desperately poignant appearance before the newsreel cameras.

Since "Sunset Boulevard" contains the germ of a good idea, it's a pity it was not better written. The Messrs. Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and D. M. Marshman, Jr., who fashioned this tone poem, substituted snappy photography and dialogue for what could have been a genuinely moving tragedy. It seemed to me that the authors never quite made up their minds whether they were with Miss Desmond or against her. There are moments when they appear to have a healthy cynicism toward Hollywood, past and present, but before the film is over, it is quite evident that they have a pretty unhealthy contempt for aging stars. "Sunset Boulevard" *has* engrossing scenes, to be sure, since it is peopled with splendid actors, notably Miss Swanson as Norma Desmond, Erich von Stroheim as the zombie butler, and William Holden as the corpse/writer, but their combined highly skilled efforts cannot cover up the essential hollowness of the enterprise.

IN contrast to "Sunset Boulevard," "Panic in the Streets" not only has a good story to tell but tells it well. An unknown waterfront lout is murdered in New Orleans, and during the course of a routine autopsy, health officials discover that he was a carrier of pneumonic plague. An intense and wonderfully complicated search for everybody who had come into contact with the man then takes place. I won't go into any of the details; I will simply urge you to see this one. Elia Kazan's direction has a stunning phrenetic quality about it as he takes his camera through the sordid New Orleans underworld. Richard Widmark and Paul Dougla are quite memorable as, respectively, a young United States Public Healt doctor and a rough-hewn city detective and Barbara Bel Geddes, Walte Palance, and Zero Mostel turn i crackajack supporting performances All in all, a triumph.

—PHILIP HAMBURGE

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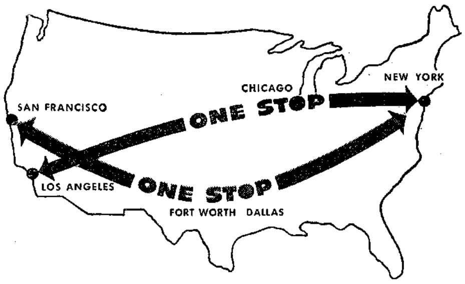

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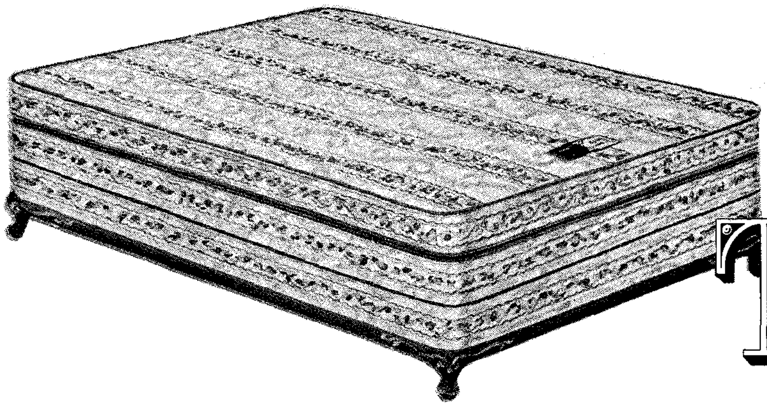

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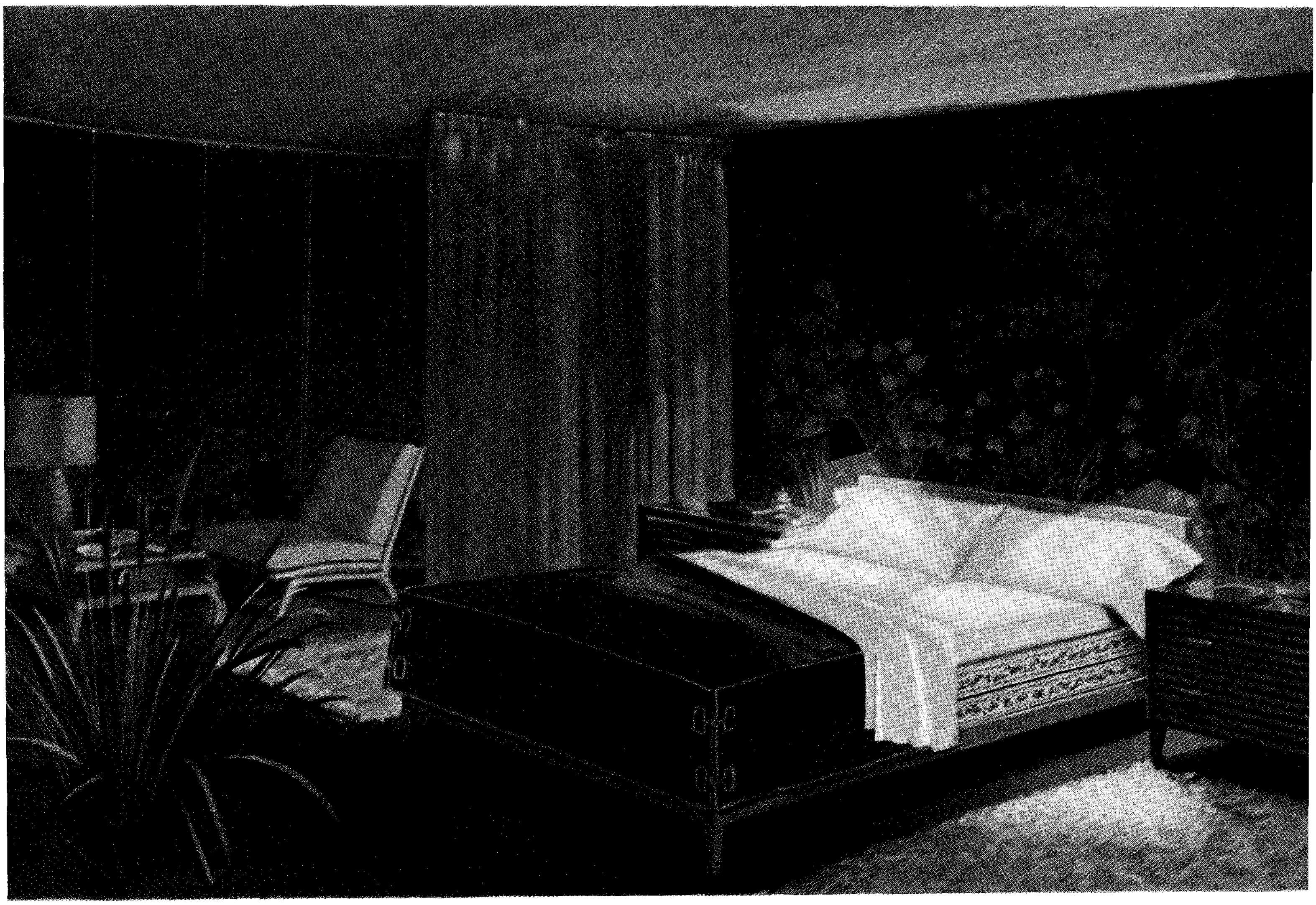

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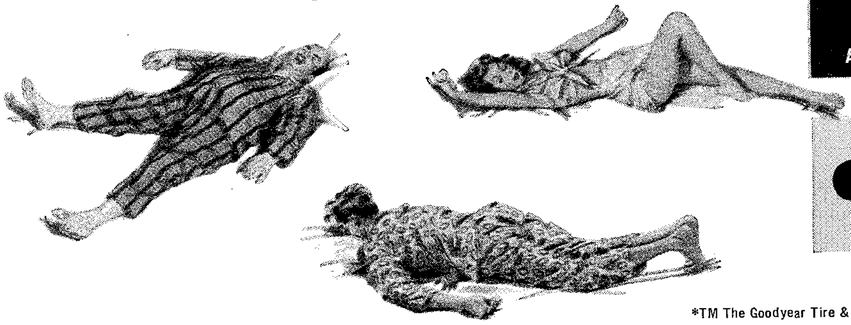

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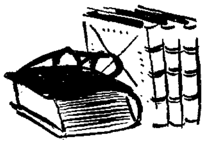
# BOOKS

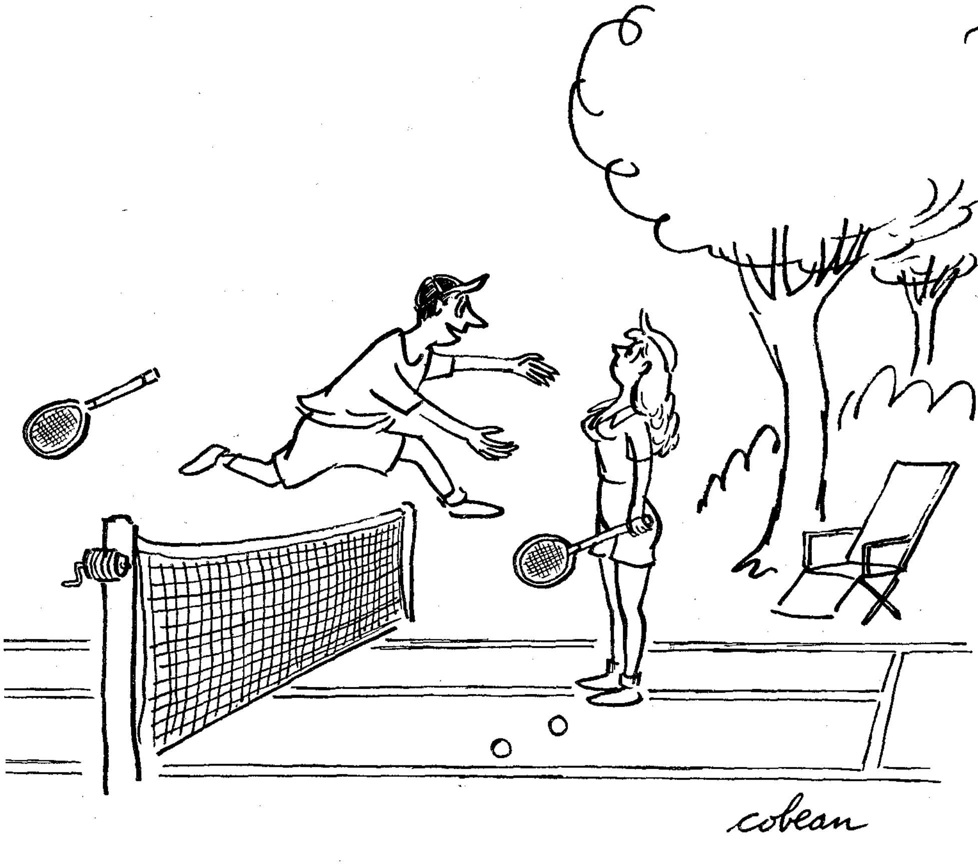
## *Miscellaneous Memorabilia: Oscar Wilde, James Joyce, John Aubrey*



OSCAR WILDE, though his plays are still done, is probably not now much read, and curiosity about his life has been satisfied by several biographies, yet it seems odd that the publication for the first time in English (there was a German translation in 1908) of the complete text of "De Profundis" should so far have excited so little interest, and that bringing it out in the United States should have been left to the Philosophical Library, which has mainly dealt in specialized treatises on aesthetic and scientific subjects.

This long "Epistola: In Carcere et Vinculis," as Wilde himself called it, was written during his last months in prison, not, as he said, to "defend" but to "explain" "a course of conduct that from the outside seems a combination of absolute idiocy with vulgar bravado." It was addressed to Lord Alfred Douglas, who had exploited Wilde's infatuation with him to involve his friend in the ferocious feud between Douglas and his father, the Marquess of Queensberry, and to incite Wilde to bring the libel suit that resulted in the prosecution of Wilde himself; and the letter is mainly an indictment of Douglas, retracing in detail their relationship and holding up to "Bosie," as Wilde called him, a most unpleasant picture of Douglas's character and habits. But the prison authorities would not let him send it out, and he gave it, when he had served his sentence, to another friend, Robert Ross. Ross sent a copy to Douglas, who destroyed it, under the impression that it was the only manuscript in existence. When he discovered that Ross had the original, he demanded it, on the ground that it was a letter intended for him. Ross then sealed the manuscript and deposited it in the British Museum, with instructions that it should not be unsealed for sixty years. He had published, in 1905, under the title "De Profundis," a set of excerpts of parts of the text that did not refer directly to Douglas but described Wilde's prison experience. Ross had kept for himself a carbon, which he left to Wilde's son, Vyvyan Holland (Wilde's wife had taken this name). Mr. Holland wanted to publish the complete text, but was prevented from doing so by Douglas, who was an indefatigable bringer of libel suits. Douglas died in 1945, and the "Epistola" is now published, with an introduction by Mr. Holland.

The impression it makes is painful. Aside from the passages already well known, it has little literary interest, but it reveals the Wilde-Douglas relationship as nothing else has done. The portrait of Douglas is a cruel one. Wilde shows him as spoiled, vain, selfish, callous, hysterical, and viciously bad-tempered. He lived on Wilde, interfered with his work, monopolized his time, and disorganized his life. On one occasion, according to Wilde's complaint, when they were travelling at Wilde's expense, Douglas came down with the flu. Wilde says that he nursed him devotedly but that when Douglas had recovered and he himself began running a fever, Bosie refused to take care of him but went out every evening amusing himself, coming back to their rooms only briefly to change his clothes and pick up more money. When Wilde asked him to do anything for him, Bosie was most disagreeable and reproached him for spoiling his fun. This culminated in a hideous scene, and Douglas left the hotel, abandoning Wilde completely. This episode is typical of the story. Only rarely do we get a glimpse of Bosie in the moods of affection and contrition that Wilde found childishly appealing. But there is nothing new about all this. Douglas's own public statements and acts, and almost everyone who has written about him, confirm Wilde's account of his personality. What is new, and very embarrassing, is the spectacle of Wilde in an abject state, alternately pouring out grievances and pleading for a little attention. Douglas had gone abroad and Wilde had heard nothing from him through the whole of his two years' imprisonment, save the message, conveyed by a solicitor's clerk, that "Prince Fleur de Lys wishes to be remembered to you." Since the solicitor's clerk had come to serve Wilde with a bankruptcy notice for the costs of Queensberry's suit, which Douglas had promised to pay—"an absolutely contemptible sum of money, less than half of what I spent on you in three brief summer months at Goring"—the prisoner was furiously indignant. And indignation does not become Wilde. He makes one all the more uncomfortable because he sometimes reminds one of a man who is raging against a woman for ruining him, sometimes of a woman who has been cast off by a man. And his vehemence of



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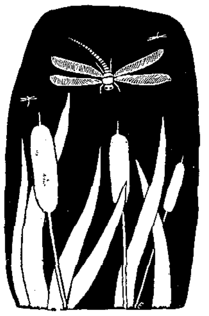
denunciation does not go well with the Christian humility that he says he has been learning in jail. At the end, he rather gives away his case by making it plain that what he most desires is to be on good terms with Bosie again, "to meet you in some quiet foreign town like Bruges, where gray houses and green canals and cool still ways had a charm for me years ago."



One's sympathy is all with Wilde, who occasionally, though mostly in the passages published as "De Profundis," speaks with tragic sincerity and dignity, but it adds a peculiar horror to the darkening of his amiable nature and the breaking of his spirit by imprisonment to see his humor and grace thus turned to gall, and one finally becomes angry with Wilde himself for having allowed that horrid "little brat," as Bernard Shaw once called Douglas, to make such an idiot of him. But he had his revenge. Bosie's state of mind during the years after Wilde's death—his continual libel suits and attempts at self-justification—becomes perfectly comprehensible now that the text of the "Epistola" is published. He knew that Wilde's arraignment would someday appear, and that Oscar would thus have a last word that would characterize Douglas forever. The "Epistola" will undoubtedly be read as long as Wilde is read. The drama of his work and career has been incomplete without it.

TWO interesting new memoirs of James Joyce are being distributed through the Gotham Book Mart: "Recollections of James Joyce, by His Brother Stanislaus Joyce" (published by the James Joyce Society), and "James Joyce and Paul L. Léon: The Story of a Friendship," by Lucie Noel (published by the Gotham Book Mart). Stanislaus Joyce was invited to Trieste by James in 1905, when there was a vacancy there on the staff of the Berlitz school, at which his brother had been teaching. He still lives there and is still teaching. It is characteristic of Joyce as an international figure that this memoir should have been written in Italian and should first have appeared in an Italian magazine. It is important as the only account of Joyce that has been published by a member of his family, and the only one that could possibly be called intimate. Stanislaus Joyce makes clear that the Dedalus of "Ulysses" is not identical with James, since the incident, crucial to the novel, in which Dedalus refuses to pray at the request of his dying mother did not take place at Mrs. Joyce's deathbed. It is harder to accept his assertion that Joyce asked James Stephens, at one point, to finish "Finnegans Wake."

Paul Léon (Lucie Noel is Mme. Léon) was a refugee from Soviet Russia who taught philosophy of law at the Sorbonne. He first met Joyce in 1928 and soon became devoted to him. He read aloud to Joyce, worked with him on "Finnegans Wake," and handled his business with publishers. He was never paid anything for this, and he and Joyce always called one another "sir." Léon proofread "Finnegans Wake," which must have been one of the most difficult jobs in the history of modern bookmaking, and the fact that its over two hundred thousand mostly cockeyed words actually got into print with few errors is mainly due to Léon. When the Germans arrived in Paris, the Joyces and the Léons took refuge in a little town not far from Vichy, and there Léon read back to Joyce the whole of "Finnegans Wake" and listed such mistakes as turned up and such corrections as Joyce wished to make. Then Joyce took his family to Zurich, where, as the result of an operation, he unexpectedly died. Léon, who had returned to Paris, found the landlord of the flat where the Joyces had lived selling off their things for arrears of rent. He had already removed Joyce's papers and now bought what he could of the Joyce belongings. He was a Jew and did this at great risk. The Gestapo searched the Léons' flat without finding Joyce's papers, but they very soon arrested Léon. He was interned in a prison camp in France, where, suffering from cold and hunger, he read aloud to the other prisoners a New Testament tha his wife had smuggled in. He was a convert to Christianity, so devout that he had once been offended when Joyce himself born a Catholic, had expressed himself irreverently about the Pope. In 1942, he was sent away to Silesia and murdered by the S.S. For his disinterested services to literature, he will always be remembered in connection with the great writer he loved and helped

JOHN AUBREY, who flourished between 1626 and 1697, was a English country gentleman of lively intellectual interests but rather infirm character. He was, one suspects, mad unsure of himself by an obtuse an obstructive father, and his life becam a series of projects that almost invariabl ended unsatisfactorily. His education at Oxford was interrupted by the Civil Wars; the estates that he inherited from his father were heavily involved in lawsuits, and he was eventually obliged to sell them all; an attempt to marry resulted in the lady's clapping another suit on him; a collection of biographical material that he had allowed to get into the hands of professional scholars was partly used by them without acknowledgment and partly destroyed or lost. Yet Aubrey was an antiquary of some distinction and a charter member of the Royal Society, and his collection of biographical data turned out to be extremely valuable. As "Aubrey's Brief Lives," it has figured as a source book for historians, and it has just had a splendid new edition at the hands of Oliver Lawson Dick (published in England by Secker & Warburg and distributed in the United States through the British Book Centre).

This edition is, indeed, the first one that has been faithful to Aubrey's text and that has attempted to make a book from his manuscripts. For what Aubrey left was not a book. He loved to compile gossip about famous men and to note their peculiarities, and in pursuit of this information he often went to considerable trouble. It was said of him by one of his friends that he expected to hear of Aubrey's breaking his neck someday as the result of dashing downstairs to get a story from a departing guest. But he did not keep his records in order. He would try to get things down on paper the morning after a convivial evening—"Sot that I am!" is the apologetic cry that is reiterated in his writings—when the people he was visiting were still in bed and he himself was suffering from hangover. He sometimes mixed anecdotes about different people, sometimes wrote the same story several times, and sometimes noted down under a subject's name only a few words or a mere list of dates and facts. Mr. Dick has selected from the four hundred and twenty-six headings in Aubrey's manuscripts a hundred and thirty-four that have something substantial attached to them; he has restored to them the passages expurgated by nineteenth-century editors; he has arranged them alphabetically and illustrated them with admirable portraits; and he has written for them an introduction, itself as long as a small book (more than fifty thousand words), called "The Life and Times of John Aubrey," which is a masterpiece of its kind—for, using wherever possible the words of Aubrey himself, put together from his scattered writings, Mr. Dick has suc-

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—EDMUND WILSON

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE BACKWARD BRIDE, by Aubrey Menen (Scribner). Three Sicilians—Aquila and his bride, Anisetta, and Aquila's genial Uncle Giorgio—pay a visit to England. Aquila and Anisetta are on their honeymoon and having a rather difficult time, and Giorgio, who is incidentally a celebrated bandit, is along for the ride, and to pay the bills. The three seek out a famous British philosopher, Professor Lissom, who is known for his extreme views on women and

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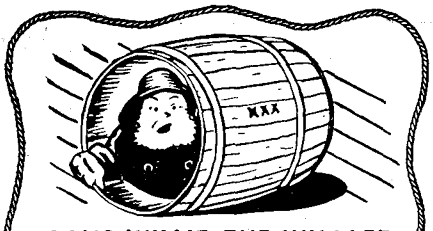

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morals. This account of their adventures, their conversations, and their opinions is given by Mr. Menen in a manner that is very deliberate, very arch, and seldom very entertaining.

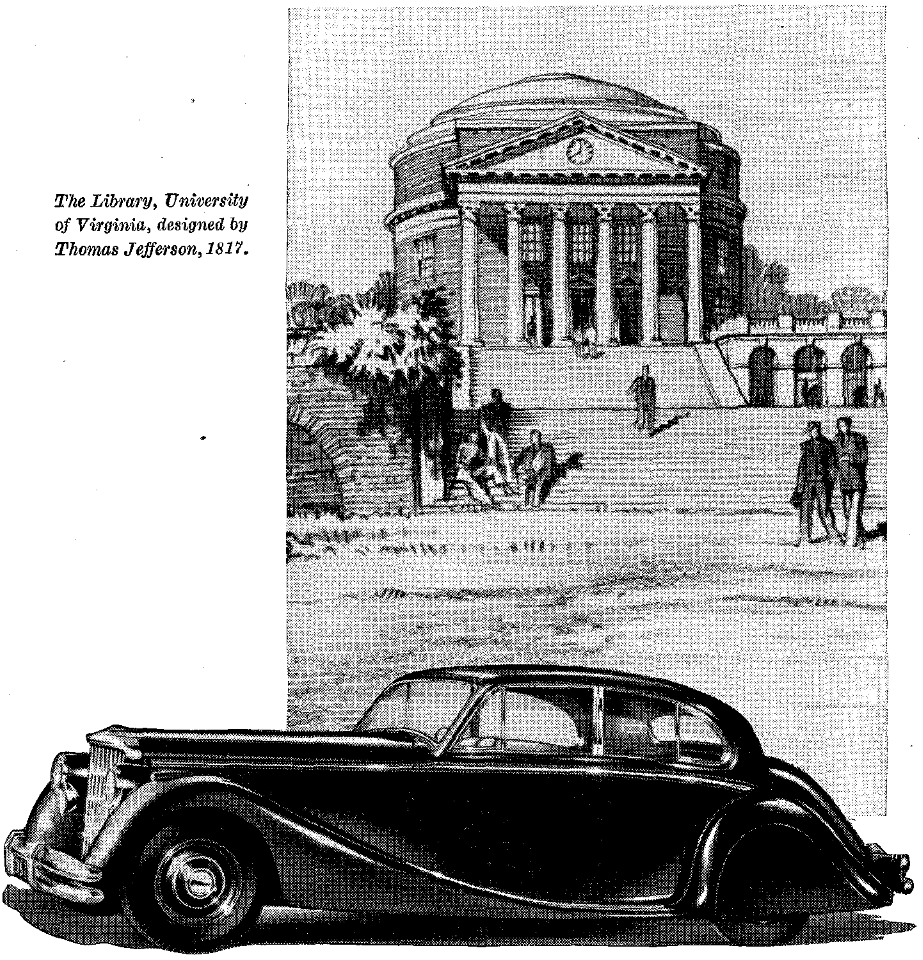
The Little World of Don Camillo, by Giovanni Guareschi (Pellegrini & Cudahy). Don Camillo is an Italian priest, and his little world is the parish of which he is pastor. His chief adversary in the parish is Peppone, the mayor, who is also the leader of the local Communists. The priest and the mayor, both big-hearted, hammer-fisted buffoons, are well matched in spirit by the elephantine cuteness of Mr. Guareschi's storytelling. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for August.

Brimstone in the Garden, by Elizabeth Cadell (Morrow). A comfortable, humorous story of two kinds of love—young and middle-aged—and several kinds of worldly wisdom in a small English village called Deepwood. The story begins and ends during a heat wave, in an atmosphere of old-fashioned flowers, excellent home-cooked food, and solid ease, with family problems to pass the time and a happy ending guaranteed for everyone concerned.

### GENERAL

Themes and Variations, by Aldous Huxley (Harper). More than three-fifths of Huxley's latest volume of essays is devoted to a long study of the "Journal Intime" of the nineteenth-century philosopher Maine de Biran, a study that soon turns into a sermon on the miseries of our own day and eventually dissolves into a tract on mysticism. During the course of it, Huxley gets in another vote for the loveless marriage of means and ends, and has a good deal to say about the wonders of extrasensory perception and related branches of parapsychology in a jargon full of "cerebrotonics," "viscerotonics," and childish repetitions—all cast in a maddening present tense. The six brief essays that fill out the book include five on the plastic arts, a subject toward which Huxley shows a fineness of response wholly lacking in his treatment of philosophic ideas, and an absurd neo-Malthusian political editorial, entitled "The Double Crisis," which seems to argue that the threat of war is small potatoes compared to the menace overbreeding holds for our collective I.Q.

Springtime in Paris, by Elliot Paul (Random House). Mr. Paul has



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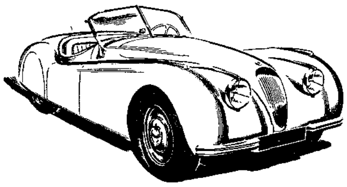

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been back, after a ten-year absence, to the Rue de la Huchette he made famous in "The Last Time I Saw Paris." He takes up once more the rambling story of the street and its denizens, or at least those of them who survived the war and the temptation to collaborate with the Nazis. The result is the same mixture as before—an anecdotal, discursive book that pokes around into out-of-the-way corners of the French capital and the French mind. It is written with the combination of total recall, tangential wit, and curious wisdom that is peculiarly Mr. Paul's. There are also traces of a lighthearted patronizing of the French that will not appeal strongly to all citizens of the current Republic. It's all quite pleasant, just the same.

THE OLD BAILEY AND ITS TRIALS, by Bernard O'Donnell (Macmillan). A history of the Central Criminal Court in London, with special emphasis on the gradual changeover from the highly arbitrary variety of justice dispensed there in the seventeenth century to the more humane and even-tempered present-day type. Mr. O'Donnell lingers rather too long, though understandably, in the early, picturesque era, when highwaymen, perjurers, impostors, and people who had only filched a bit of ribbon were being sentenced within the walls of the original Old Bailey. In dealing with more recent trials, he has managed to steer clear of the merely flashy ones and has stressed less well-known cases that hinged on interesting or debatable points of law. Photographs.

MARK TWAIN AS A LITERARY ARTIST, by Gladys Carmen Bellamy (University of Oklahoma Press). A full-dress study of Mark Twain, concentrating, or attempting to concentrate, on his achievements as a writer. The author feels that other critics, notably Van Wyck Brooks, Bernard De Voto, and Edward Wagenknecht, have been too much concerned with Mark Twain's personal life, his internal conflicts, and the effect his environment had on him. She also maintains that, far from being a purely instinctive writer, he was a most punctilious and artful craftsman, fully aware of what he was doing. She finds plenty of evidence to back her up. The book is stimulating and knowledgeable, but the author, trying to focus the reader's attention on the literary artist in Mark Twain, has been pretty much defeated by the spectacular strength and brilliance of the man's personality; it just keeps intruding itself everywhere you look. Photographs.

CATS AND PEOPLE, by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Lippincott). Its broadminded title notwithstanding, this volume contains relatively little material on the human race, which, as far as the Lockridges are concerned, seems to have been created chiefly for the convenience of cats. The latter are viewed in an entertaining fashion and from every conceivable angle, with chapters devoted to their origin and occasional deification, their proper upbringing and care (both formidable projects indeed), and their reactions to such natural enemies as mice, rats, birds, and psychologists who want to give them intelligence tests. A fine, comprehensive job, with illustrations by Helen Stone, whose heart is obviously in the right place, too.

RISE UP AND WALK, by Turnley Walker (Dutton). The author of this little book was enjoying his small family and a successful career as a writer and public-relations man when he got infantile paralysis. For the next five months, he lay in a New York hospital, gradually and with terrible effort and suffering reëducating the muscles of his legs. He tells here what must be a fairly typical story of a polio (as victims of infantile paralysis call themselves)—the initial depression, the anxiety, the pain, the therapy, and the slow dawning of hope for recovery. In doing so, he pays tribute to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which, soon after he was stricken, sent him a letter saying that all his expenses and those of his family would be paid by the Foundation until he was able to work again. It is a well-written, terse, and moving story, but the author's consistent use of the second person is unfortunate. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for August.

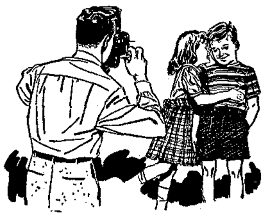
THE SATURDAY BOOK, edited by Leonard Russell (Macmillan). A British miscellany, the ninth in a series of annuals. This volume, which is the first of the series to be published here, is so handsomely printed and illustrated that some of the writing seems somewhat frail by contrast, and just a trifle overdressed. However, that's a minor flaw in a book that includes such captivating items as a history of Toby jugs, a beautiful set of photographs of English shopwindows and another of Siamese cats, a short story by Desmond MacCarthy, clerihews written and illustrated by Nicolas Bentley (the son of Edmund Clerihew Bentley, who invented the four-line jingle that is named after him), three bird paintings by Edward Lear, a travel piece by Julian Huxley, and quite funny interviews with, among other people, Elizabeth Bowen, G. B. Stern, and Hermione Gingold.

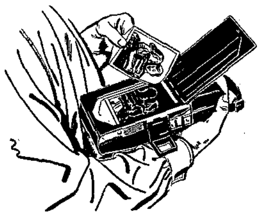
### MYSTERY AND CRIME

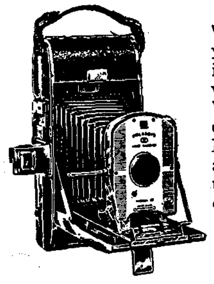
POISONOUS RELATIONS, by Joanna Cannan (Morrow). Neither the d'Estray family nor their paying guests are especially fond of Elizabeth Hudson, a bossy old lady who gives unwanted advice on morals, botany, and horsemanship, but when she is poisoned, by an infusion of dropwort ("œnanthotoxin" is the scientific name), something obviously has to be done, and Detective-Inspector Price, of Scotland Yard, is called in. The Inspector is perfectly sure that Bunny, Lord d'Estray's bohemian second wife, is guilty, and most of the household, including her husband, agree with him. How wrong they are is proved in a very satisfying way, and Bunny and her daughter go happily back to their Riviera home. A literate and amusing book, with exceptionally believable characters.

THE HUNGRY SPIDER, by Selwyn Jepson (Doubleday). Eve Gill's troubles begin when she impulsively goes to the assistance of her father, an irresponsible old party with a wooden leg and a weakness for smuggling brandy into England. For one reason and another, this leads her into a house dominated by the wife of Colonel Forsyth, who very shortly dies of a lethal dose of potassium bromide, and from there into a police station commanded by a chronic admirer of hers, a sergeant named Christopher Smith. Eve's subsequent adventures are complicated almost beyond belief, but Mr. Jepson has a lively style and a neat gift for plot, and his book is a great deal better constructed than any attempt at synopsis would suggest. A nice choice for those who don't object to a little implausibility as long as things move briskly enough.

THE KILLER WATCHES THE MANHUNT, by A. B. Cunningham (Dutton). John Elk, a harmless young clerk, is skating to work when suddenly the frozen river gives way under him and he is drowned. At first, this calamity seems to be simply the result of carelessness on the part of workmen who have been sawing out







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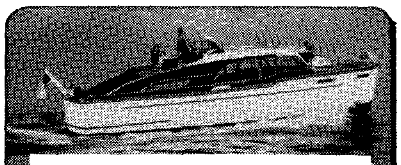

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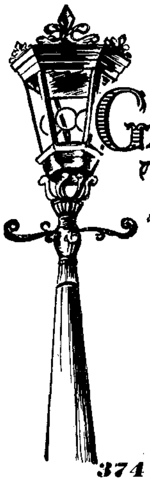

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blocks of ice, but soon it becomes clear that a far more sinister agency is involved. Jess Roden, a backwoods sleuth, whose genius is only partly obscured by his dialect, is called in to figure out who, in the tiny community of Blandy, could have hated Elk enough to arrange so elaborate a mantrap for his destruction, and he does so, but not before the murderer has claimed another victim, this time employing a pair of scissors. Mr. Cunningham's prose is occasionally a bit too tormented for comfort, and he deals rather profusely in red herrings, but his methods are ingenious and his atmospheric effects seem authentic, though perhaps a little thick.

KEEP COOL, MR. JONES, by Timothy Fuller (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Who locked the square dancers in the deep-freeze room, which, up to then, had been for the use of pheasants only? Was it Arnold, the Indian; Slim, the showgirl wife of a former bootlegger; or the young editor of a liberal magazine? And how does all this tie up with the search for ninety thousand dollars in gold buried somewhere in the little village of Saxon, near Boston? After the murder of the chief of police, Jupiter Jones, that gifted amateur, takes over, and, with the help of his seven-year-old daughter, solves an intricate riddle and captures the murderer. Jupiter continues to be a pleasant and perceptive man, and the story is well above the average in plot and characterization.

•

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A quiet dinner, a magazine.
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Nostalgia, on the edge of sleep.

Will the charred woods cast out
Our sons at dusk? Somewhere, about
Now, they bend to the barren table,
To the last can, dented, without a label;
No music, no frozen peas.
Asleep, what memories,
What nostalgia shall come to these?

—JOHN BERTERMAN

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After the "Eroica," any symphony has a fair chance of being a letdown. The epic style of a lesser composer, even as honest a man as Sibelius, seems Fustian by comparison.—*Howard Taubman in the Times.*

Johann Sebastian Fustian?

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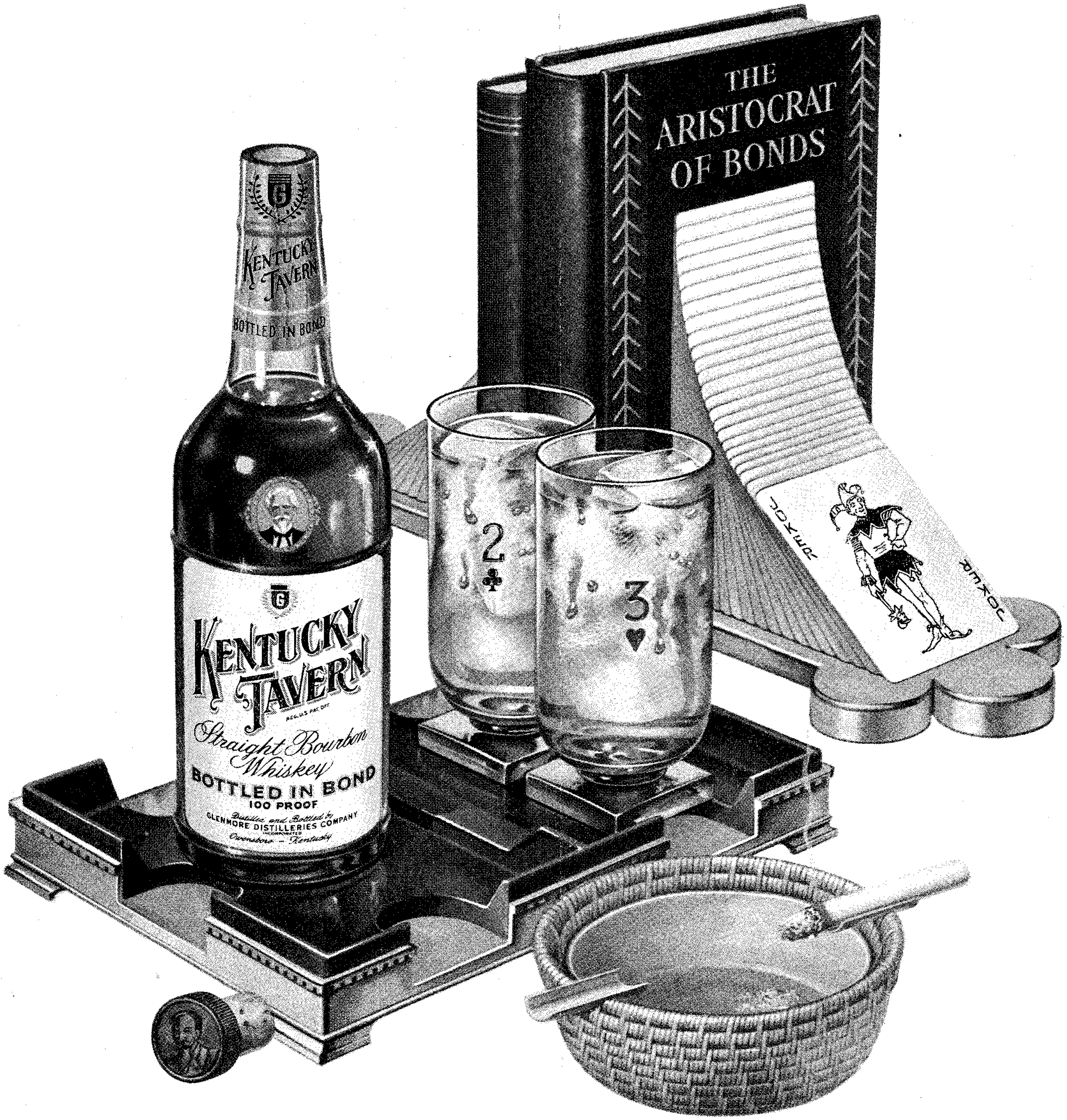
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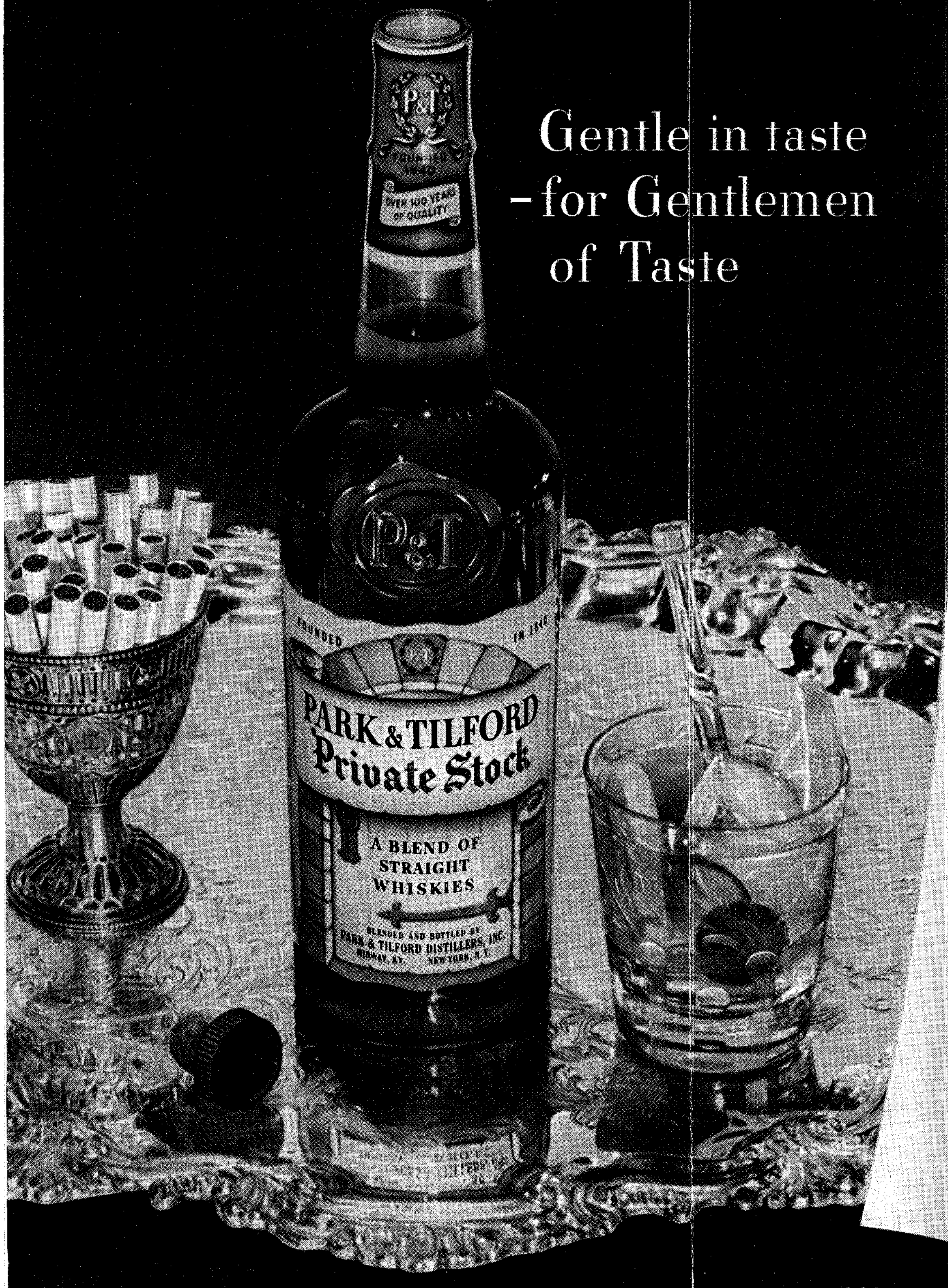
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